POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AUGUST 24-AUGUST 31 • 1963 20c

Crime in America–II

A NEW YORK MOBSTER TELLS GANG SECRETS TO QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Can Barry Goldwater win?
by Stewart Alsop

In color:
Motorboat madness

John O'Hara fiction / **Ray Charles** a blind musician's triumph / **H. Allen Smith** humor

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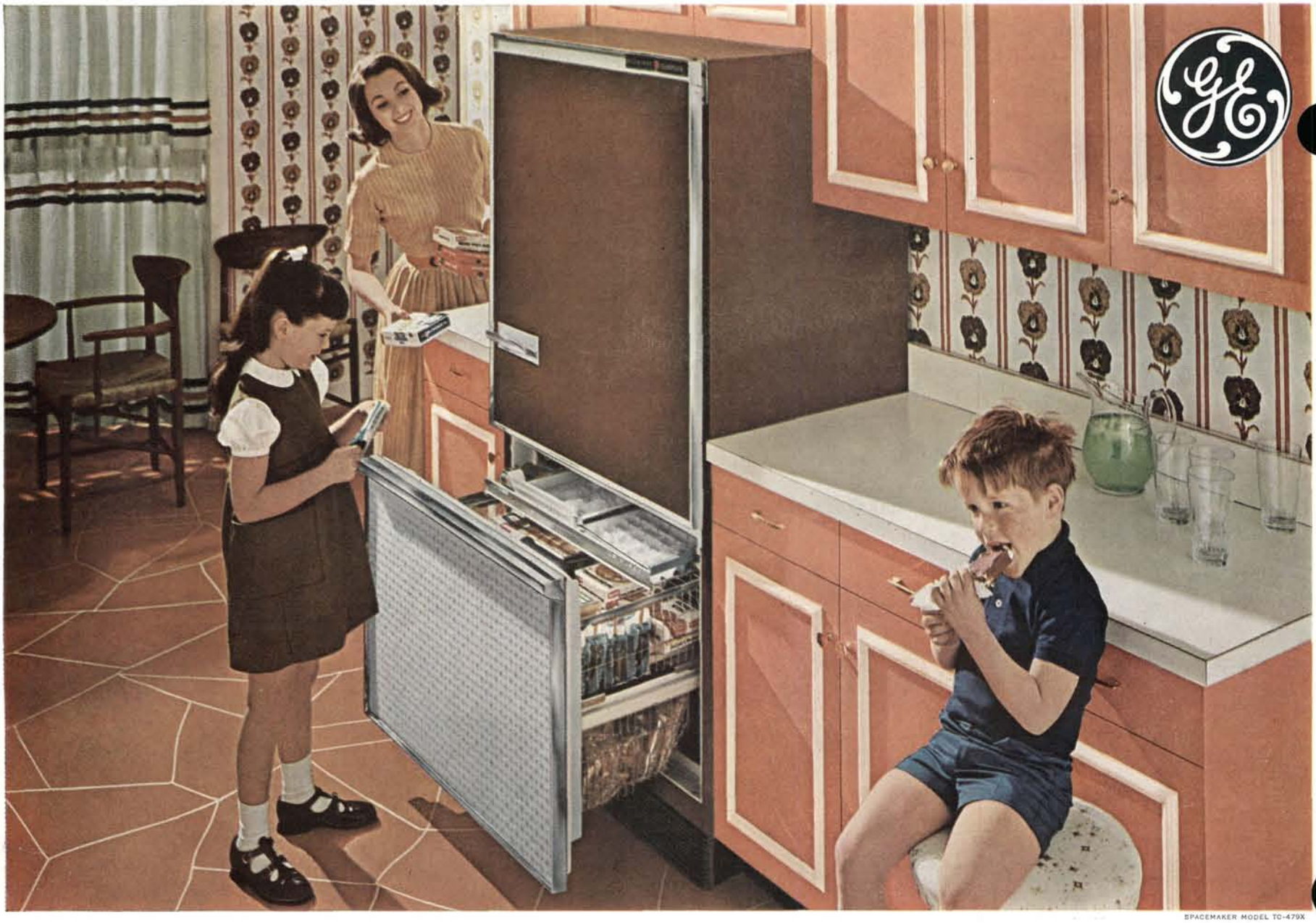

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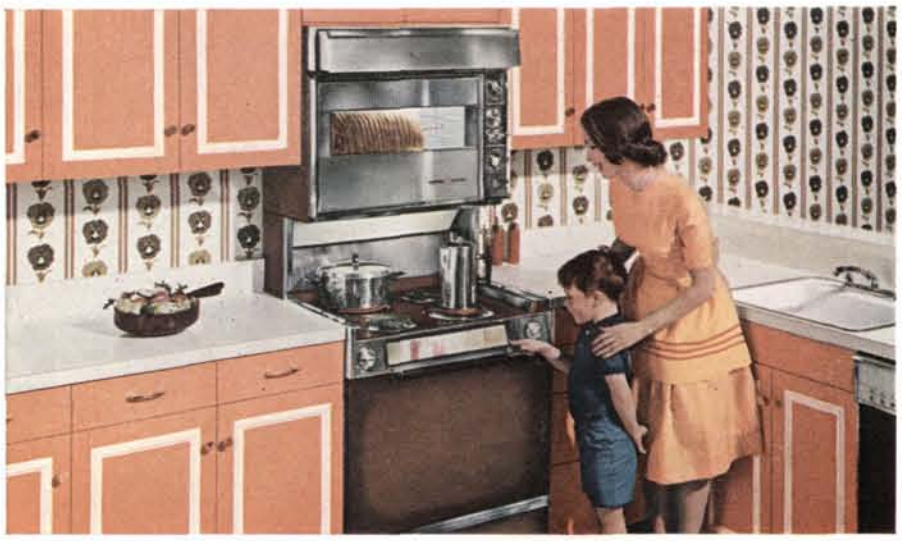

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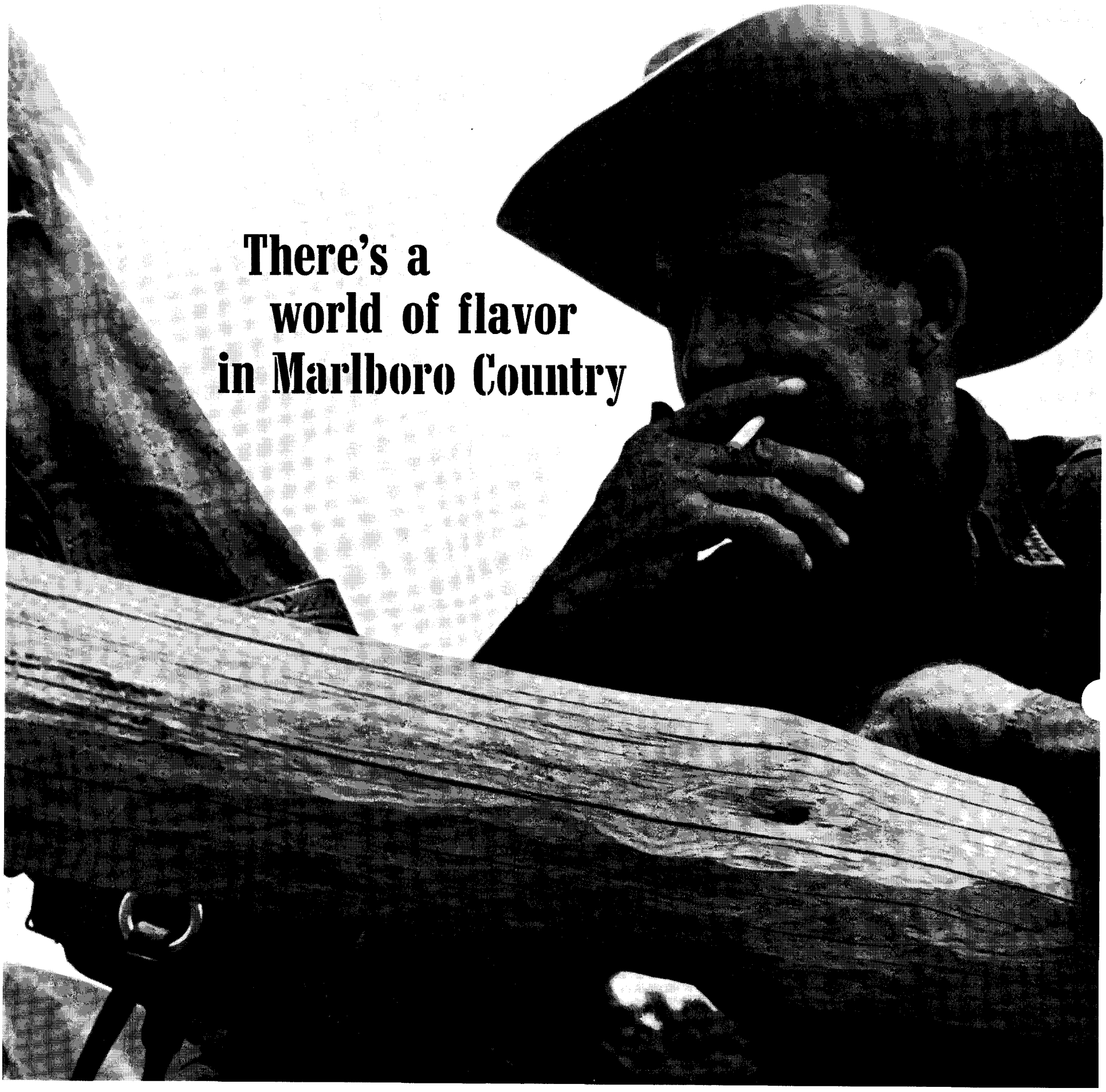

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POST

AUGUST 24 – AUGUST 31, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 29

Articles

Who's that tampering with my clock? (Speaking Out) . . *by H. Allen Smith* **10**

Can Goldwater win in '64? . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **19**

Even his foes agree that Barry Goldwater has already achieved the miraculous. Bucking the tradition that a presidential aspirant should be pegged close to the political center, this arch-conservative is now the man to beat for the G.O.P. nomination. Washington editor Stewart Alsop provides an intimate portrait of a paradoxical politician and explains why his chances of becoming the candidate will shrink just as fast as his ability to lick President Kennedy seems to grow.

TV's prosperous pitchmen . . . . . *by Bill Davidson* **26**

When the Russians try to invade suburbia . . . . . *by Anne Chamberlin* **28**

Water torture . . . . . *photographs by Robert Huntzinger* **30**

Motorboat madness . . . . . *by Roger Vaughan* **34**

My life inside the mob . . . . . *by Sidney Slater with Quentin Reynolds* **38**

What's so great about Ray Charles? . . . . . *by Alfred G. Aronowitz* **74**

Laos: the war that never stops . . . . . *by Jerry A. Rose* **78**

Hucksters of hope for arthritics . . . . . *by Ralph Lee Smith* **83**

Fiction

The elopers . . . . . *by Dawn Powell* **56**

Our friend the sea . . . . . *by John O'Hara* **60**

It was different with Cinderella . . . . . *by Wilma Shore* **66**

Departments

Letters **4**

Post Scripts **72**

Hazel **80**

Editorial **88**

The authors. Celebrated humorist **H. Allen Smith** takes a not so nostalgic look at the past. . . . For the first time contributing writer **Bill Davidson**, who describes the stars of TV commercials, met actresses who actually were on time. . . . The *Post's* **Anne Chamberlin** assumes the name of Boris and writes wryly about why the Russian Embassy is unwelcome in Chevy Chase. . . . Associate editor **Roger Vaughan** warns of the dangers in the boating mania. He learned port from starboard while racing from Newport to Bermuda. . . . Former mobster **Sidney Slater** always arrived at **Quentin Reynolds's** apartment with two detectives toting guitar cases containing tommy guns. . . . **Dawn Powell** has long made her home base in Greenwich Village. . . . **John O'Hara** presents his sixth *Post* story; **Wilma Shore**, her first. . . . Free-lance writer **Alfred G. Aronowitz** plumbs the psyche of publicity-shy jazz artist Ray Charles. . . . Contributing writer and foreign correspondent **Jerry A. Rose** returned to the Asian kingdom of Laos to describe the bitter, bloody skirmishes that may end in a Communist takeover. . . . **Ralph Lee Smith**, a former staff executive of the National Better Business Bureau, posed as a patient for his report on the arthritis hucksters. He wrote *The Health Hucksters.*

The cover by photographer **Bob Huntzinger** shows three Kansas City girls whipping around a Missouri lake on a towed makeshift aquaplane.

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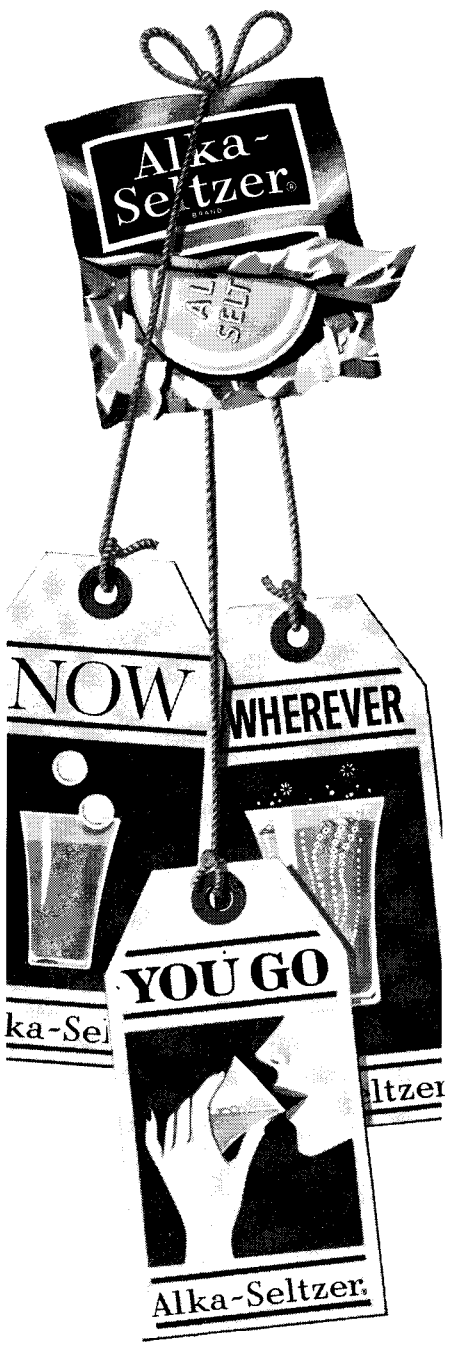

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LETTERS

Amory's animals

I was shocked and surprised by the story, SCIENCE IS CRUEL TO ANIMALS [by Cleveland Amory, July 27–Aug. 3]. Most specifically, I was amazed at the undocumented attack on the excellent research performed by Dr. Charles M. Wilhelmj. . . . We protest, as a God-centered institution, what is grossly unfair and inaccurate concerning the work we have done to help people have healthier, longer and better lives.

RICHARD L. EGAN, M.D.
Dean, Creighton University School of Medicine
Omaha, Nebr.

• Mr. Amory states "At Harvard University, scientists forced dogs to inhale flame and then did not kill them until three to five days afterward." These experiments were performed at the request of the National Defense Research Council during the Pacific phase of World War II in 1943. I quote from a letter written by one of the scientists responsible for them:

"I take it that we are being criticized for using animals to get certain information that both we and the military experts thought was needed to protect our own troops. I suggest that these same critics would be even more acrimonious if it had turned out that the information had been needed but that we had failed to anticipate the need by having the necessary facts available."

GEORGE P. BERRY, M.D.
Dean, Harvard Medical School
Cambridge, Mass.

• A man or woman who goes into biological research is impelled by an inner desire to help resolve some of Nature's mysteries, so that human suffering can be eased. Persons thus motivated do not become transformed into sadists when they enter their laboratories.

JAMES V. WARREN, M.D.
President, American Heart Association
New York, N.Y.

• Somehow I can't help believing that the gratitude of countless thousands of human beings whose lives have been saved or prolonged will tip the scales in favor of men like Banting and Best, who learned from animal experiments how to use insulin for diabetes.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

• Mr. Amory is mistaken when he says the A.S.P.C.A. sells animals to laboratories. . . . In the case of stray and homeless animals, we first try to arrange adoptions by new owners. When homes cannot be found, we are forced to put animals to death. If, however, qualified laboratories requisition any of these animals, under New York State law we must supply them. Last year 1,616 were requisitioned by laboratories through the New York City Department of Health.

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, *President*
A.S.P.C.A.
New York, N.Y.

• Eventually, many of us will undergo some of the same torture in the interest of restoring health and prolonging life, but I for one will find great consolation in at least knowing that it worked on dogs before they try any of these devilish cures on me.

FRED W. MC CLURE
Phoenix, Ariz.

• *The Post* is needlessly cruel to science.

CHARLES D. WISE
Muncie, Ind.

A matter of fiction

Your story, A MATTER OF STYLE [by Joseph Judge, July 27–Aug. 3], actually cut me to the quick. While sitting behind a receptionist's desk all day, I have occasion to read all sorts of stories. But never have I read one so entertaining or touching as this.

JEANNE RICE
New York, N.Y.

• The story TWO ROADS TO PETRA [by Michael Shaara, July 27–August 3] very ably illustrates the problem our country faces in the Middle East today. If we put ourselves in the position of the Arab nationalists, we certainly can sympathize with them. If we put ourselves in the position of the Israeli nationalists who claim the land as their ancestral homeland, we face a similar problem.

EDDIE LOU BILGER
Sherman, Texas

• A poignant truth shimmers along the TWO ROADS TO PETRA: The miracle of America consists in the simple fact that no true American can hate his fellowman.

MRS. MARGARET V. LINDEN
Fergus Falls, Minn.

The flying jackasses

As the mother of a pilot on a major airline, I find myself compelled to answer your editorial of July 27–Aug. 3, GET THE JACKASSES OUT OF THE AIR. Articles like this are detrimental to the hundreds of pilots who feel the responsibility for the safety of their passengers very deeply.

MRS. BETTY DROVER
Riverside, Ill.

• I am going into my third year as a stewardess, and in view of your findings there has been an important ingredient missing from my career. I'm almost ashamed to tell you, I have never sat on a captain's lap (in flight or out); I've never flown at the controls of an airplane; and, most disappointing of all, I've never been able to catch a crew member reading anything but maps and charts in the cockpit.

CARYL JOHNSON
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

• Three cheers for your editorial on the airline prima donnas . . . As a passenger on a U.S.-owned airline flying between Frankfurt and Vienna, I told the stewardess about the severe oil leak on number-three engine. The American copilot came back and asked me to go forward while he chatted with a delightful passenger. The American pilot (who *was* in his seat) introduced me to his German girl friend who occupied the copilot's seat. Noting that I was a pilot, he asked me if I wished to make the landing at Munich. I declined, though I would have felt safer. Part of our U. S. skating team was on board.

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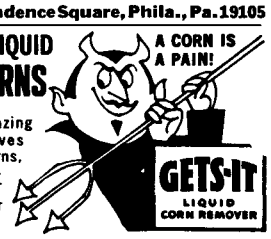

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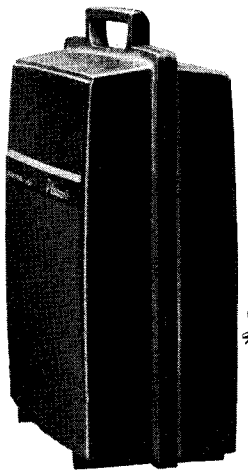

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LETTERS

dedicated, disciplined men. However, it's the other five percent that I'm afraid my family rides with.

DAVID S. KAHNE, *USAF*
Laramie, Wyo.

Spy story

Stewart Alsop's article, THE BATTLE FOR SECRET POWER [July 27–Aug. 3], is, in my opinion (as wartime Director of Research & Development for Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan, Director of the OSS), the finest, most informative and timely report ever made to the public in this sensitive field.

STANLEY P. LOVELL
Watertown, Mass.

"Big Daddy"

I was moved by Edward Linn's realistic portrait of Lipscomb [July 27–Aug. 3]. The poetry certainly expressed the driving, sensuous pulse of the man.

CAROLE BANKEY
Glendale, Calif.

Hidden cancers

The article entitled COLOR MOVIES FIND HIDDEN CANCERS [by George J. Jaffe, June 29–July 6] attributes to Dr. Henry Colcher the pioneering work done by others in developing and making possible the Gastroduodenal Fiberscope. . . . [This instrument] was developed by L. E. Curtis, Basil Hirschowitz and C. W. Peters, and the instrument was first presented at the national meeting of the American Gastroscopic Society May 16, 1957. . . . From the beginning the Gastroduodenal Fiberscope has been manufactured by us and has carried the name, Hirschowitz Gastroduodenal Fiberscope.

F. J. WALLACE, *President*
American Cystoscope Makers, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

That girl from Brooklyn

With much interest I read your article on Barbra Streisand [GOOD-BYE BROOKLYN, HELLO FAME by Pete Hamill, July 27–Aug. 3]. She is like a living manifestation of an abstract painting.

ELIOT HUBBARD
Kittery Point, Maine

• I am 16 years old and go to Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, which, if I am not mistaken, is the same school Miss Barbra Streisand had the "bad fortune" of attending. Erasmus leads the country in Westinghouse Science Talent Search winners and is the oldest public high school in the United States. In my past two years there, I have not noticed the atmosphere "gluey with fraternities, sororities and 14-year-old couples who exchanged sweatshirts." I, for one, feel it is my *good* fortune to be studying in a school such as Erasmus.

HARRIET BIEDERMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Eulogy

The Hughes Rudd piece on Faulkner in your July 13th issue is immense. It does a great deal to enhance the new personality of *The Post*.

GARSON KANIN
New York, N.Y.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Crime on the Waterfront
By Budd Schulberg

The bizarre world of the Hollywood starlet

How I didn't buy a baseball team
By BILL VEECK

Why lawyers should be ashamed
By attorney Morris Ernst

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*
19–Wide World. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26–From J. Walter Thompson; Allan Grant. • 30, 31, 32, 33–Robert Huntzinger. • 38, 40, 42, 43–New York Daily News. • 46–New York Post. • 56, 57–Robert J. Lee. • 60–Ray Prohaska. • 66, 67–Frank Mullins. • 74, 75, 76–Jim Marshall. • 78–U.P.I. • 83–Larry Fried. • 84–J.J. Senecal (La Patrie, Montreal); 6 from The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. • 85–Arthur Shay. • 86–Ollie Atkins. • 87–Larry Fried.

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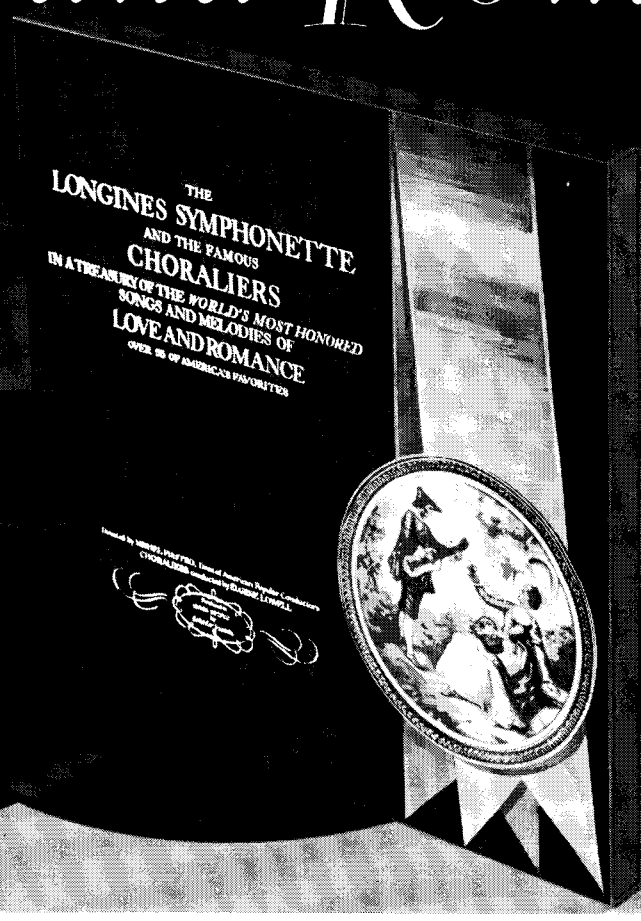

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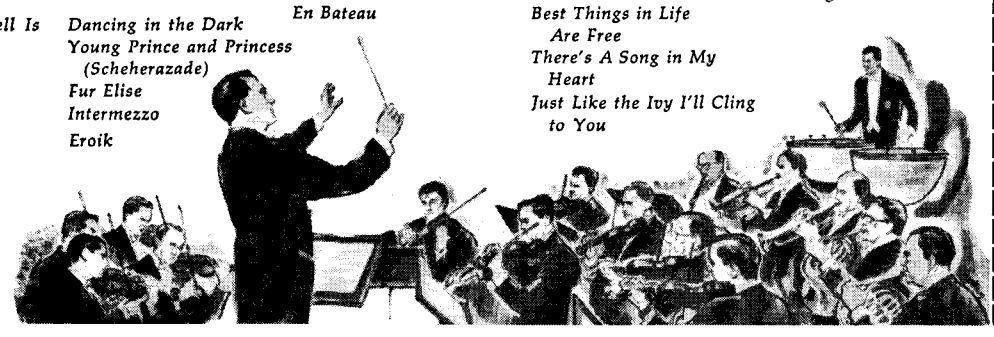
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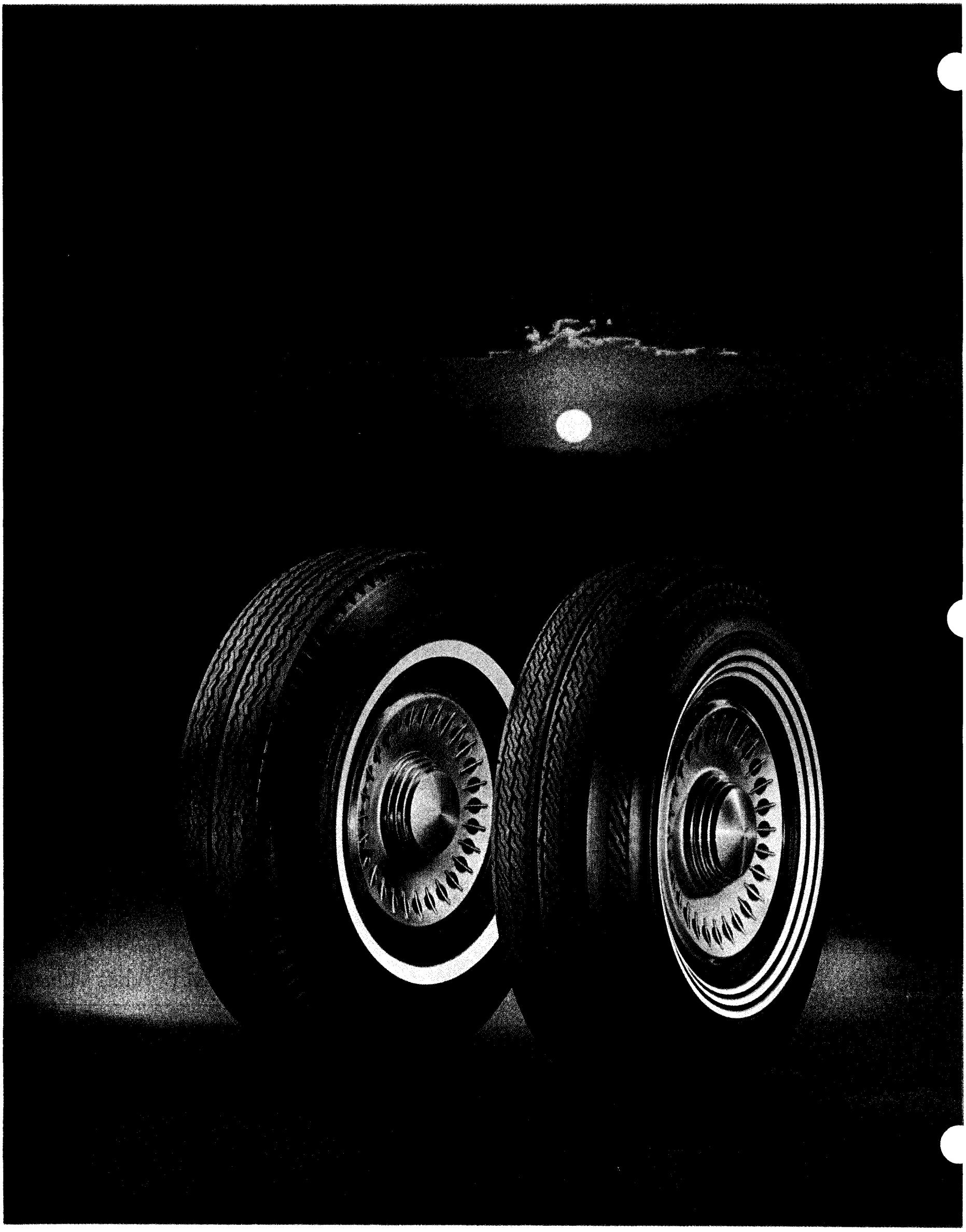

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SPEAKING OUT

WHO'S THAT TAMPERING WITH MY CLOCK?

By H. ALLEN SMITH

A noted humorist investigates the current fad of doing things "the old-fashioned way."

Any direction I turn these days I seem to run into people who want to go back. They talk about what a fine guy that Grover Cleveland was, and ice cream that you make by turning a crank, and they yearn for a world in which the Wright brothers stayed home and looked after their bicycle business and didn't go smart-alecking off to Kitty Hawk.

There must be a reason why so many people hanker for the horse-and-buggy days. The Bomb has something to do with it, but there's more to it than that. For all our talk of Growth and Expansion and Bigness I suspect that many of us own a certain instinct for slowing down rather than speeding up, a feel for the small and simple things of life.

Winston Churchill has said, "I have always considered that the substitution of the internal-combustion engine for the horse marked a very gloomy milestone in the progress of mankind."

H. L. Mencken has written that he would enjoy going back to the 18th century, when existence was far pleasanter and more spacious and more intelligent than ever before or since.

So, people are beginning to ride the cross-country trains again, and travel to Europe by ship rather than by jet plane has become a firm status symbol. "Which airline did you take?" they ask you. "Oh, we didn't fly," you respond, "we went over on the *Liz* and came back on the *Constitution*." It is spoken proudly, with a touch of snobbery, for it asserts that you are a person who can afford leisurely travel and the elegant living that goes along with it. During the season the ships of both the Atlantic and Pacific sail with every bed and every cot occupied, and waiting lists as long as the *Kungsholm*.

It doesn't seem probable that we will ever live again under conditions where household help is cheap as well as plentiful, but there are more than a handful of people around today who are baking their own bread and making dandelion wine. Not long ago I was in a popular supper club in Hot Springs, Ark. It is jam-packed every night, and the manager told me that the place draws most of its customers because it features real country butter.

In the cities and in the suburbs the owners of fine living quarters are steadily acquiring decorative items that date back to the time of Louisa May Alcott. The cigar-store wooden Indian has commanded astounding prices in the antique shops for years, and now other reminders of yesteryear are being sold in quantity. Things made out of other things stir fond memories of the Age of Serenity. Cobblers' benches become coffee tables and wooden churns are made into ivy planters. Pedal-operated grindstones and red buggy wheels and replicas of street lamps out of the gaslight era decorate the grounds of many a handsome home. I wouldn't be surprised if somewhere there is a Frank Lloyd Wright house with a cast-iron deer on the lawn and a gilded American eagle over the fanlight.

Old-timey country stores are popping up in our stylish suburban areas. They deal in many commodities, but they feature penny candies such as jawbreakers and lickrish whips, grade-school slates with their screechy pencils, the new editions of McGuffey's Readers, coal-oil lanterns, finger rings made from horseshoe nails, coffee grinders, fly paper, bolts of calico and muslin, buckets of lard, carpet tacks, castor oil, gunpowder tea and the cardboard signs that inform the iceman how many pounds you want today.

There is a man in our semirural neighborhood who drives around with a horse and wagon. Quite often as many as a dozen small children will be walking along on either side, staring at the horse as if it were a flame-snorting brontosaurus. In a sense, we of the tired-blood set are like those kids. Our taxes have built tremendous six-lane divided highways and taken care of all the graft inherent in such great public projects, and so now what is happening? A class of traveler known as the shunpiker has come into being—the touring motorist who scorns the thruways and takes to the old narrow, twisting roads. There are already so many shunpikers that guidebooks are being written especially for them, and new motels are mushrooming along the side roads of the nation.

I know quite a few men who are unhappy about automatic transmission in automobiles, and refuse to have it in their own cars. The stick shift on the floor is, of course, The Thing, as it was in 1920. And the antique-car craze has spread. Not long ago this particular hobby belonged to the late James Melton and a few others; today there are thousands of collectors of ancient horseless carriages, and it is no longer astonishing to meet a Stutz Bearcat or a Marmon roadster on the open road.

I have a Connecticut friend named Matson who recently acquired the loan of an old Rolls-Royce. The big car stood in the Matson driveway and was an object of fascination to his 18-year-old son. One day the boy summoned his dad to the driveway.

"These English people," said the young man, "are really on the ball. Clever. I want to show you a terrific

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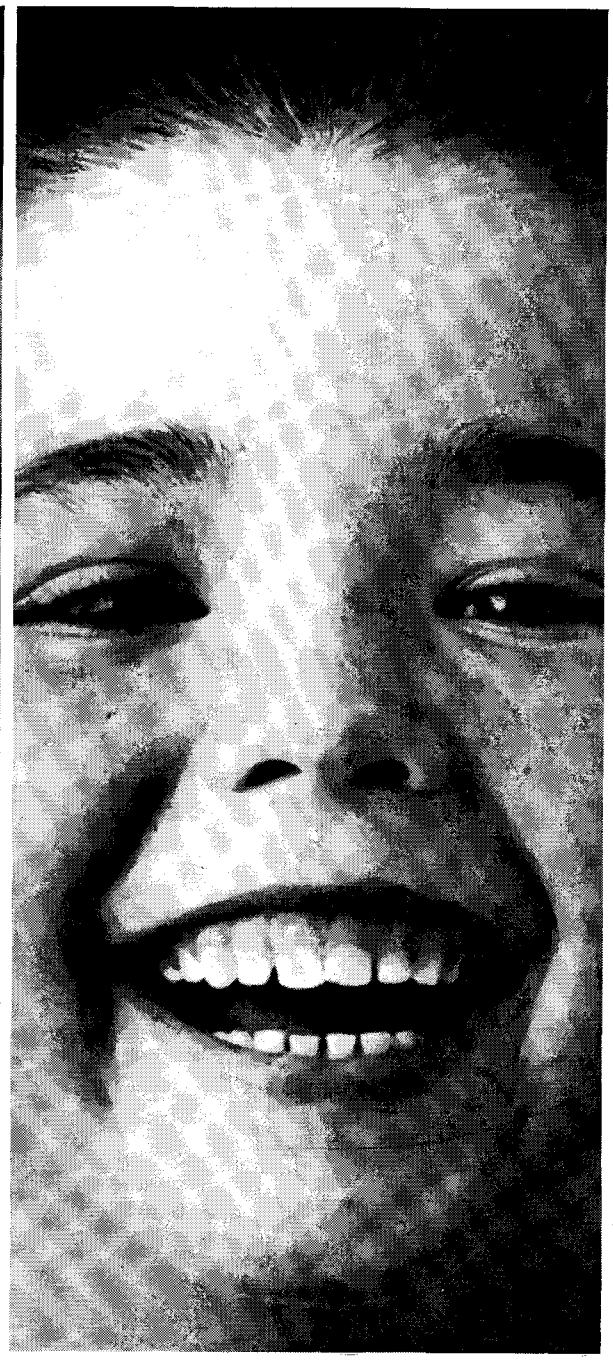
"I won!"



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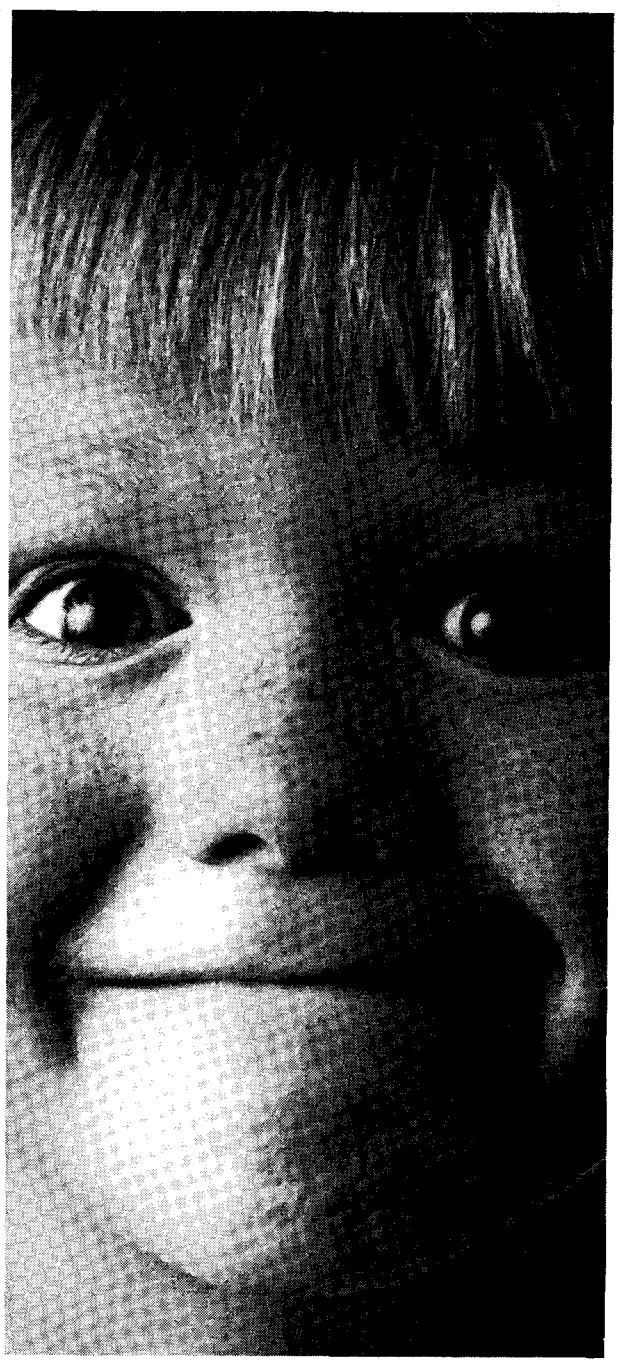

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**Journal of Dentistry for Children*, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

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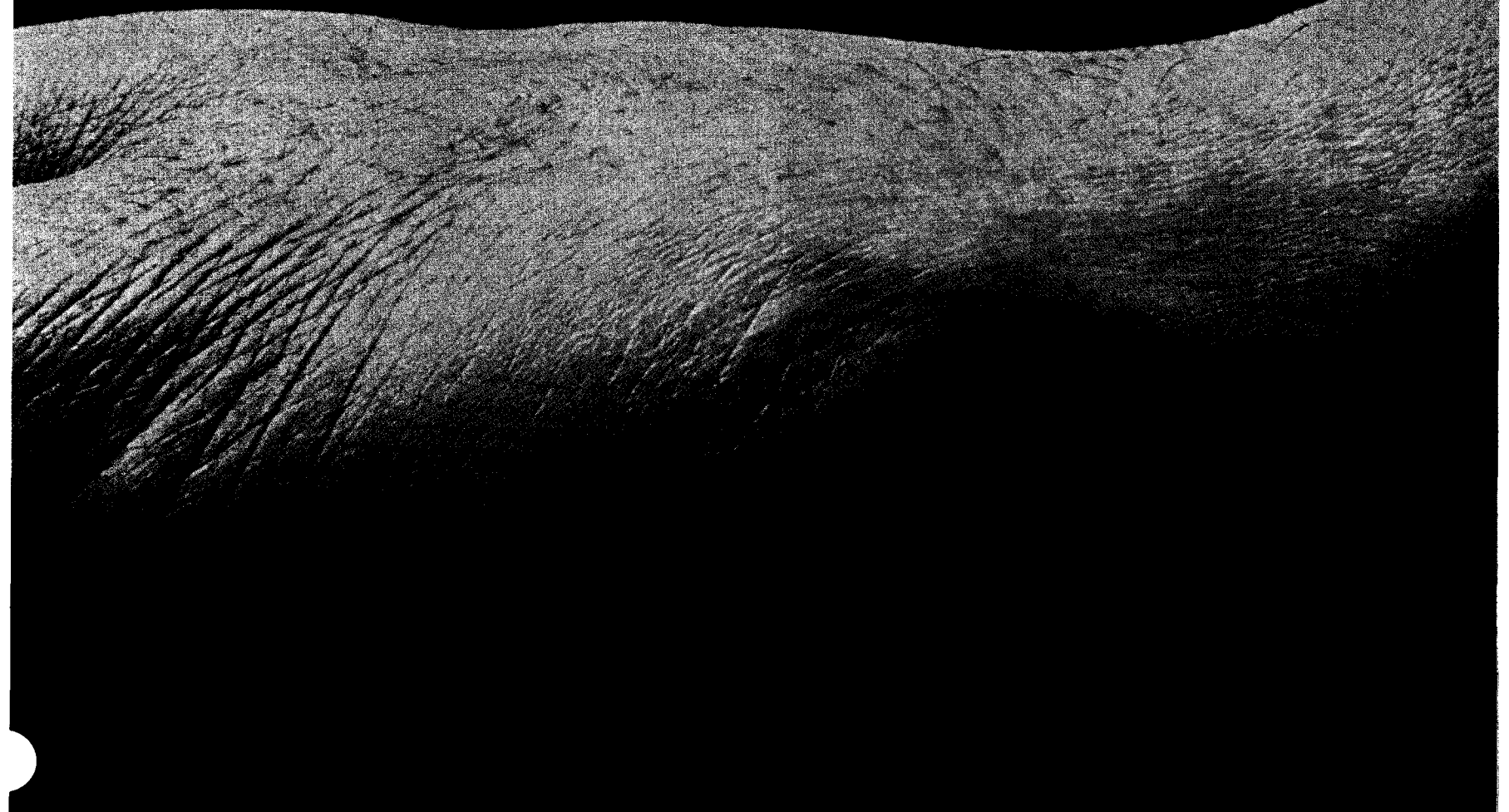

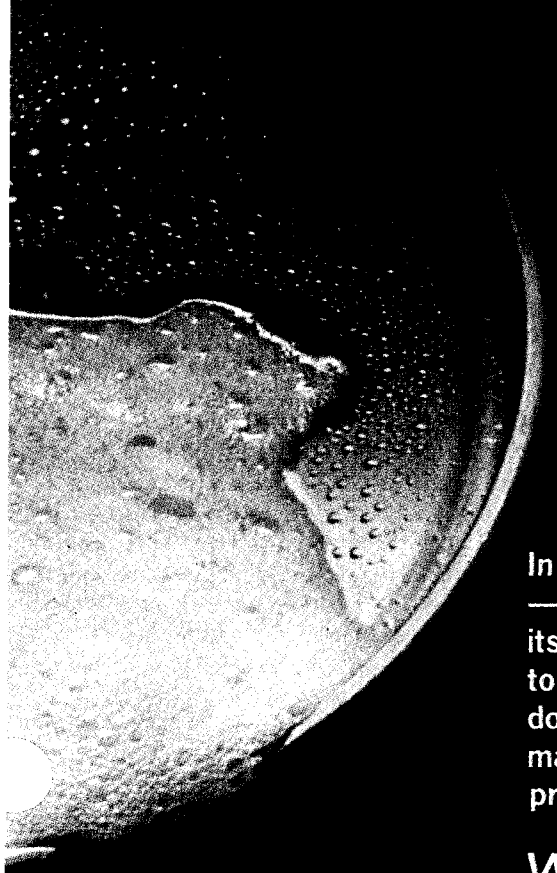

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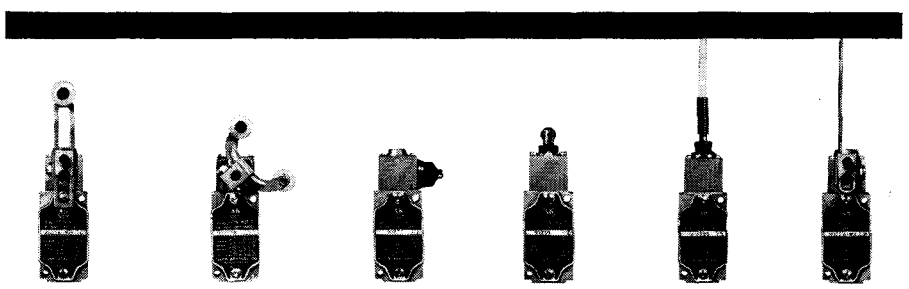

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SPEAKING OUT

thing they've come up with." He raised the hood (bonnet) of the Rolls and removed a heavy automobile crank from a pair of metal clips.

"You'd never guess," he said, "what this gizmo is for. Get a load of this."

He went to the front of the big car, inserted the crank, gave it a few turns and the motor started. The boy grinned and said, "How about *that?* Those British! They're really with it!"

For a moment my friend Matson thought he'd hold his tongue, but then he felt the urge to demonstrate the natural superiority of fathers over sons. "Never," he said, "grab hold of a crank with your thumb around the handle. It might kick and break your arm, the way it happened to me in San Francisco when I was sixteen."

City people are flocking to the country to build weekend places, the trend being away from waterside cottages to log cabins in the woods. It is becoming more and more likely that 40 or 50 years from now we may have a President who was born in a log cabin. Camping expeditions have become a major recreation in the land, and whole families head into the mountains and forests with tents and sleeping bags, to catch their fish and broil it on the end of a willow stick.

Robin Hood's sport, archery, has become enormously popular indoors and out, and today there are clubs made up of men and women who stalk wild game with bow-and-arrow. On George Washington's Birthday in 1963 a young man walked into a New Jersey church basement where 300 persons were playing bingo, and with a bow-and-arrow tried to hold up the place. He was unbowed and disarrowed by a cop who happened to be present.

I've heard people say recently, since arithmetic dialing came in, that they'd dearly love to go back to the old-fashioned party line. They yearn for the days when a girl named "Central" or "Hey there, Emma" would give you the latest gossip and wake you up in the morning if your alarm clock was on the fritz. I know a well-to-do and clean-shaven man who has taken to drinking his coffee out of his grandfather's moustache cup. And I'm aware of a whole new school of musicians who have learned to pound the keyboard so that it sounds like the old-time player piano that stood in the parlor back when Hector was a pup.

Currently we hear much talk of the minor revolution against the use of chemicals which are supposed to be silencing the springtime. Feeling is so strong in this matter that we may have bloody rioting directed against lindane, Malathion, methoxychlor, dichlorodiphenyltrichlorethane and Flit. In this connection I take oath that I know a woman in North Carolina who visits the orchards of her region looking for apples with worms in them; the presence of a worm assures her that the fruit has never been sprayed, although I think her assumption may be wrong—it could be that the grower has simply used the wrong chemical, one that'll tend to kill people rather than worms.

There is, too, the matter of raising children, a hobby of many Americans. We are reverting to the methodology of grandma and saying pooh to certain modern pediatricians and child psychologists. A few years ago the rule said that babies should be fed and burped and bedded on rigid schedules. Today the young mothers are feeding their infants whenever they howl and putting them to bed whenever they droop. And the older kids are not only being spanked; they are being whaled. In our attitude toward children we seem to be taking tentative steps on the Pathway of Progress. There are rare moments when some of us feel the child-labor laws ought to be repealed and short haircuts made mandatory.

A minor but amusing symptom of the advance backward occurs in haberdashery. We have been through a trying period in which French cuffs were almost required by law on men's shirts, and cuff links grew as big as fried eggs. Now the dressy male is growing tired of the outsize cuff links and, in fact, of cuff links period. Still, he's stuck with all those French-cuffed shirts, so somebody has invented a sort of invisible cuff link. It consists of two normal-sized pearl buttons linked together. That's know-how.

Best of both worlds

You are dying, of course, to get my opinion of all this. Well, I'm willing to settle for things as they were in A.D. 1900. I'll go back to those leisurely days quite readily, back to the horse-drawn sleighs, the Welsh-rabbit suppers, the shivarees for newlyweds, the Japanese lanterns on the lawn. I'll go back under certain conditions. Keep your calomel and let me have those fine antibiotics. I won't chew tobacco or use a straight razor or drink milk that has been pasteurized by straining it through a piece of muslin. I don't want my womenfolk wearing underthings of a bulk and rigidity to compare with a fullback's dainties. I refuse to stir apple butter for three days hand running. In my parlor I prefer color television over that old stereopticon stuff. I want my "facilities" in the house, please, and no bathing in the washtub beside the kitchen stove. If I see any kids turpentining a dog, I'll take my bung starter and raise knots on their precious little heads. I won't attend the oldtime entertainments—the gaitered gentlemen reading the poems of James Whitcomb Riley with hand gestures, and the lady pucker-whistler rendering *Listen to the Mocking Bird.*

You say I can't go back unless I accept all those things? OK. In that case I'll stay right where I am. Hey, James. Fetch my Apperson Jackrabbit around to the side door. I want to run it into a great big tree. THE END

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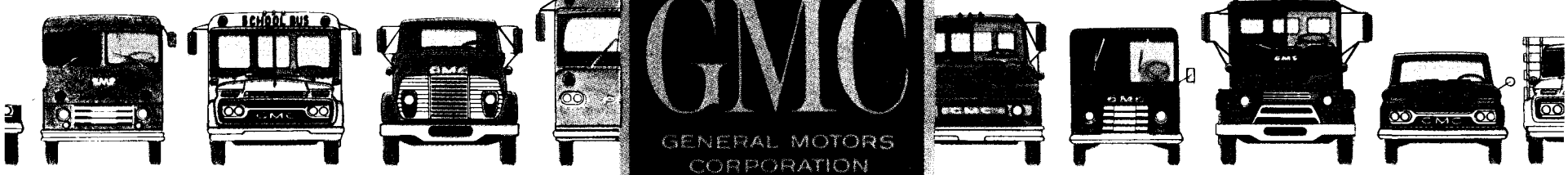

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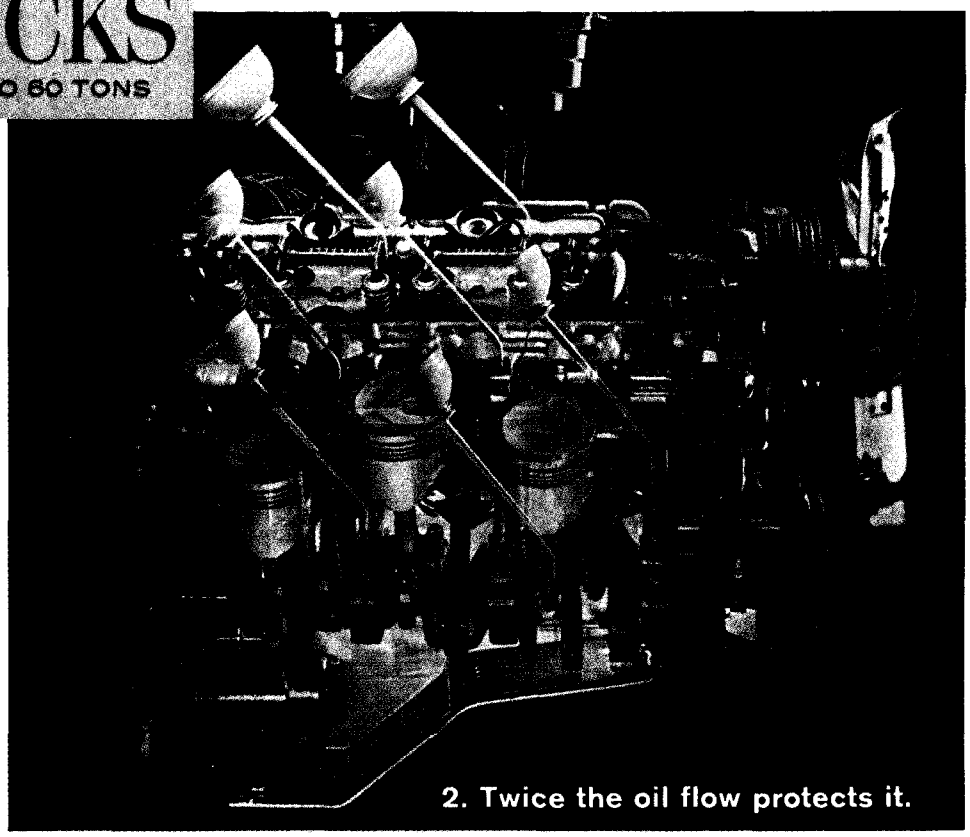

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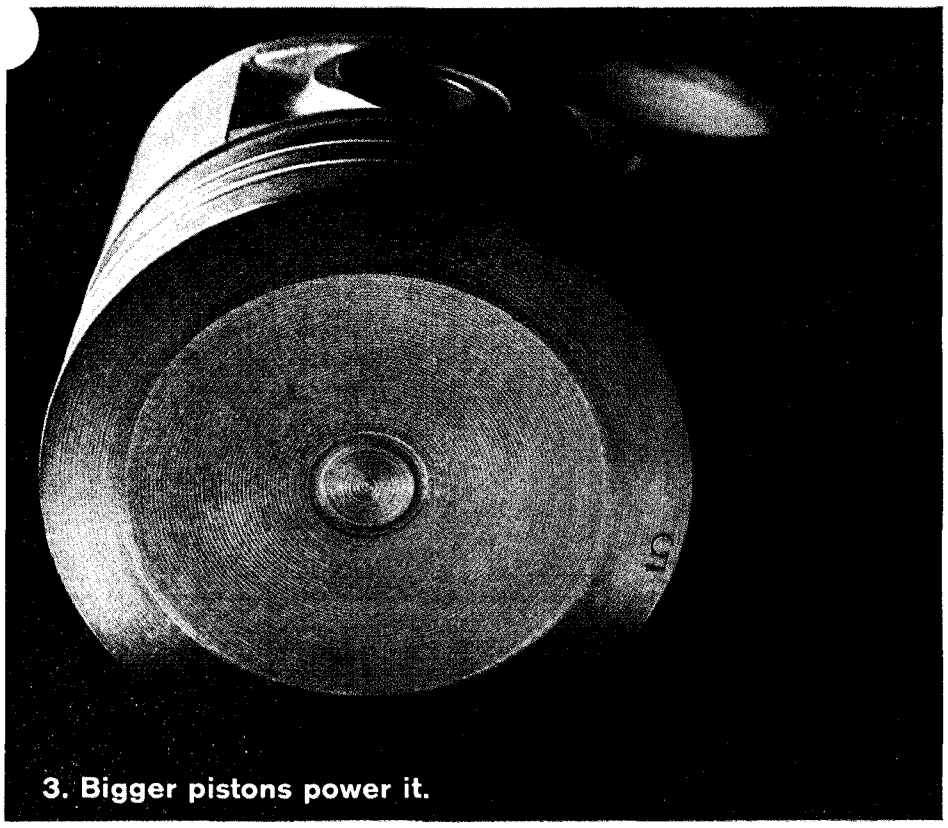

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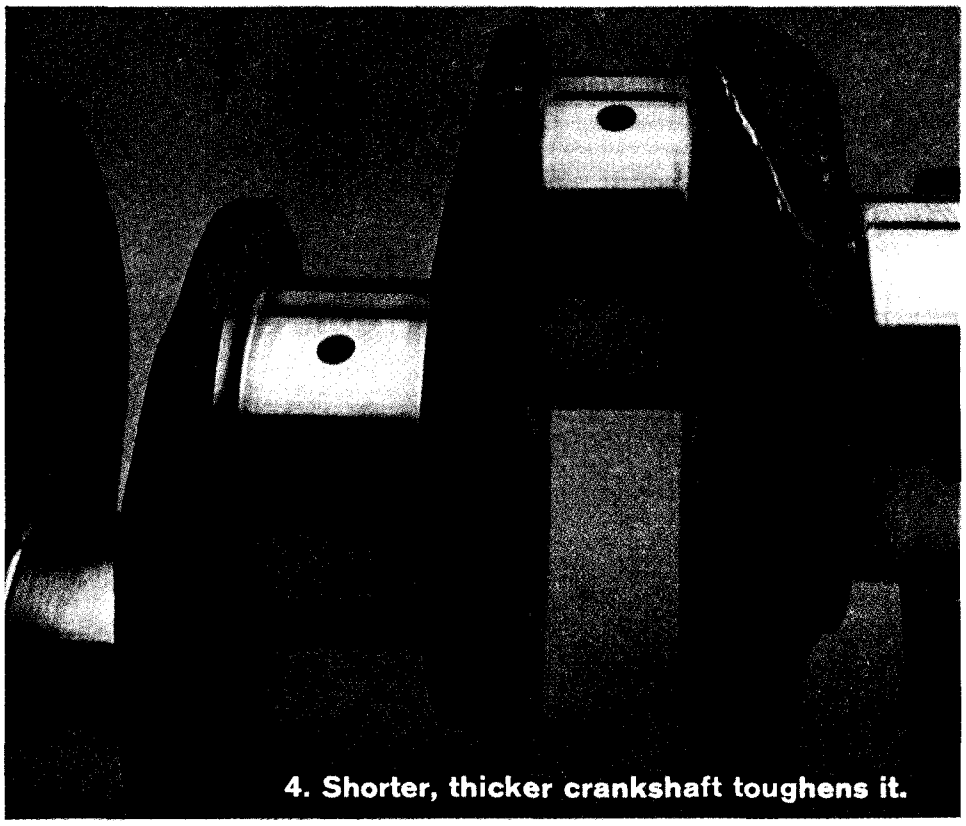

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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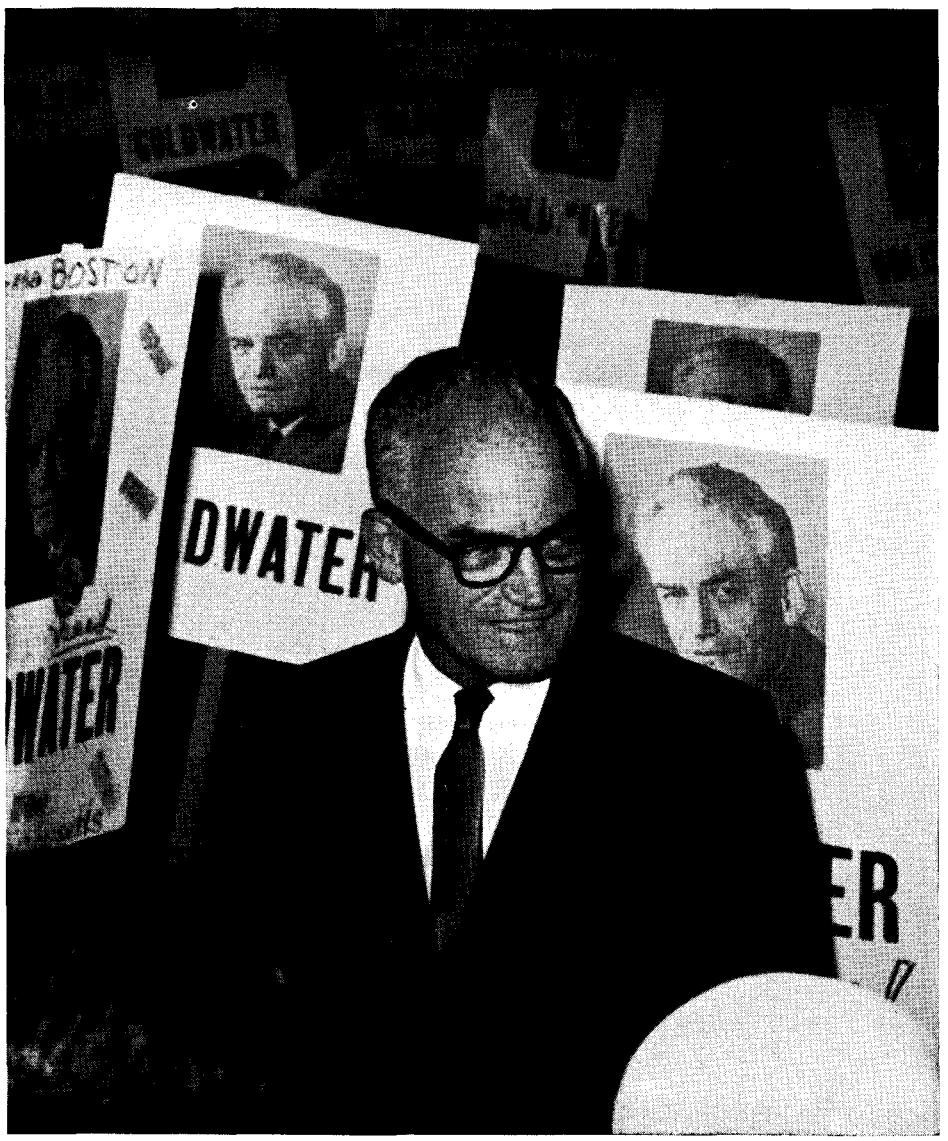
CAN GOLDWATER WIN IN 64?



THE RACE ISSUE, "HAPPY," HIS PERSONAL CHARM MAKE HIM THE GOP'S SURPRISE FRONT-RUNNER.

By Stewart Alsop

Let us try to imagine a politician with no chance whatever of becoming President of the United States.

First, let us suppose that our man is a junior senator from a small state with a mere five electoral votes, and that he is half-Jewish. No such politician has ever been nominated for the Presidency, much less elected.

Then, just to make sure that our man hasn't a prayer, let us suppose that he has consistently taken positions nicely calculated to alienate *all* the major voting blocs in the country—labor, the aged, the teachers, the Negroes, the subsidized farmers, all the beneficiaries of the welfare state, the liberal-minded independent voters, and finally, just to make doubly sure, the inhabitants of the entire East Coast.

It is not easy to come upon a description of a less likely presidential candidate. Yet the above description precisely fits the current front-runner for the Republican presidential nomination—Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

The fact that Goldwater is the front-runner is thus, on the face of it, an almost incredible fact. Talking to Goldwater, it is easy to sense that he himself is amazed, and a bit appalled, by what he calls "this President thing." Yet however incredible, the fact is a fact—Barry Goldwater now is unquestionably the man to beat for the Republican nomination. Moreover, among the political professionals there is beginning to be a feeling that Goldwater just might make it all the way to the White House, in 1968 if not in 1964. The Goldwater phenomenon is plainly a most peculiar phenomenon, which needs explaining.

Part of the explanation lies, of course, with the charming "Happy" Rockefeller. Before his marriage, New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller had the nomination just about

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An unstuffed shirt, Barry is crazy about jet planes, Indians and mechanical doodads. The idea of waking up as President

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says, "Frankly scares the hell out of me."

sewed up. Another part of the explanation lies with Goldwater himself. "Barry's a damned hard man to dislike," says a liberal senator, "though some of us have tried pretty hard."

Likability is not surprising in a politician—it is a necessary tool of the trade. But it is surprising to find an extremely conservative politician extremely likable—to find, instead of a purse-mouthed ancient in a high collar, a pleasant man with boyish enthusiasms for jet planes, ham radios, Indian tribes and corny jokes about himself.

Because of a bad back—he shares President Kennedy's lady doctor—Goldwater walks like an old man, head bent forward, steps short and stiff. Otherwise he is, at 54, in a remarkable state of preservation. With his bronzed and rugged face, he is visibly what the Latins call *muy macho*—very much a man—and this is doubtless one secret of the Goldwater charm.

A more important secret is the fact that Goldwater's shirt is astonishingly unstuffed. During a long plane ride from Washington to Arizona, and again at intervals between Goldwater-piloted flights in an elderly plane to remote Arizonian outposts, this reporter interviewed Goldwater at length. Here are a few Goldwaterisms, culled from my notebook, which suggest why Goldwater is a "damned hard man to dislike":

On the possibility that he might actually wake up to be President one day: "Frankly, it scares the hell out of me."

On his own intelligence quotient: "You know, I haven't got a really first-class brain."

On his leaving college in freshman year to become a salesman in the family store: "Worst mistake I ever made. But then I guess a peddler doesn't need a higher education."

On the possibility that he might emulate Lyndon Johnson, and safeguard his Senate seat by running both for the Senate and the presidency in 1964: "No, I can't do that after what I said about Lyndon in 1960—they'd run me out of the country. But if I hadn't opened my big mouth so loud, I might do it."

On how he achieves his vast literary output—he has produced three best-selling books and innumerable magazine articles, and he signs a thrice-a-week column that goes to about 175 papers: "Oh, hell, I've got ghosts all over the place. I pick up a lot of Fletcher Knebel's stuff too. I sent him an item about Bobby Kennedy's pool, and he sent me two bucks. I sent it right back—I wrote him if we began paying each other off, I'd owe him $2,000 right off the bat."

On a draft he had written for a humorous speech: "I took it back to the apartment and read it to my wife Peggy and a couple of her girl friends. I thought they'd be rolling on the floor, but they never cracked a smile. So I said, what the hell's the matter and Peggy said, look, this is a sophisticated audience, they're not a lot of lame-brains like you, they don't spend their time looking at TV Westerns. You can't give them that corn."

Goldwater says this sort of thing with a small, lopsided smile, which is as disarming as his unpretentiousness. Moreover, however superficial reactionary many of his political views may seem to the liberal-minded, nobody can accuse

At Draft-Goldwater-for-President HQ in Washington, volunteer worker Carolyn Birely displays materials to be used in campaign for nomination—and perhaps for election.

"Pooping about" home state in his private airplane, Goldwater salutes Legionnaire guard at San Manuel.

Goldwater of pussyfooting—except, perhaps, on one vital subject. Before interviewing him, this reporter made a selection of his more extreme political sentiments. Having interviewed other politicians who heard the beating of distant presidential drums, the reporter waited confidently for the hedge and the weasel. They never came. Here are a few more jottings from the notebook:

REPORTER: "You have been quoted as saying that you oppose the progressive income tax, that everyone should pay the same rate."

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I still believe that."

REPORTER: "But do you really think it's fair that a man with five million a year should pay the same rate as a man with five thousand?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I do."

(Goldwater explains that the poor man would benefit from the rich man's investments, while in his mind's ear the reporter hears liberal orators make mincemeat of candidate Goldwater as "the rich man's candidate" in 1964.)

GOLDWATER (*volunteering*): "You know, I think we ought to sell TVA."

REPORTER (*scribbling busily*): "You really do?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes. Yes, I do."

(Oops, thinks the reporter, there goes the whole Tennessee Valley.)

REPORTER: "You were quoted some time ago as favoring the 'prompt and final termination of all farm subsidies.' Do you still believe that?"

GOLDWATER: "Yes, I believe that. Might take three years, might take five. But it's not right to force an inefficient farmer to stay on the farm when he'd be much better off in industry."

(Oops again, there go the farm states.)

Goldwater's other views, on subjects ranging from Medicare and Walter Reuther to Castro and the welfare state—he's against them all—are similarly simple and refreshingly forthright. And aside from private charm, Goldwater also has public charisma—star quality, call it what you will. Although he is no great shakes as an orator, this quality has helped to make him, after the President, the most sought-after public speaker in the United States.

Goldwater's star quality obviously has a lot to do with the Goldwater phenomenon. To understand more about the phenomenon, it is necessary to visit Goldwater on his native heath.

Flying into Phoenix, his hometown, Goldwater looked down affectionately on the arid, sunlit land below. "If you'd dropped a five-dollar bill down there before the war," he said, "it would be worth a couple of hundred now." After a short colloquy with his younger brother Bob at the airport ("Straighten your tie, Barry, it's all crooked"—the potential President obediently straightened his tie), Goldwater drove eagerly to his house, which he obviously adores.

Like just about everything else in Arizona, the house is new—it was built in 1957, on a small dusty hill outside of Phoenix. Aside from books,

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The Negro vote, the "effete" East appear lost. So why not hunt where the ducks are?

Pat aimed at a non-voter makes contact with a voter as Goldwater shows charm on home-state stumping tour.

there is nothing old in the house, nothing to suggest that the Goldwaters have been in Arizona for a hundred years. Barry Goldwater's grandfather, Big Mike Goldwater—born Michel Goldwasser in Poznan, Poland—founded the family fortune when he moved to Arizona in 1860 and set up shop as a storekeeper. The Goldwaters have been storekeepers ever since, and prosperous ones—grandson Barry's house is certainly worth more than $100,000.

Goldwater's house is built in a desert—the land round about hasn't enough green stuff on it to support a jackrabbit in reasonable comfort. For those not born to it, the desert takes some getting used to. Goldwater's wife Peggy, whom he married in 1934 after snatching her away from another suitor, former Michigan Gov. G. Mennen Williams, came from Indiana. At first, Goldwater recalls, Peggy hated Arizona. "I found her crying and I asked her what was the matter, and she said it was because she missed the leaves changing in the fall."

Nowadays Peggy Goldwater, a chic grandmother, loves Arizona with the passion of the converted, and she spends far more time in the Arizona house than in their Washington apartment. Only one of the four Goldwater children lives in the house, but the others come back often. Yet to a remarkable extent, the house is Barry Goldwater's house, and his alone. It tells a lot about the man, as houses often do.

For one thing, the house suggests that Goldwater has never quite grown up—a not unusual characteristic in a successful politician. "You must remember," wrote the British ambassador about Theodore Roosevelt, "that the President is about six." Goldwater is about 12. His house might have been built by a dexterous 12-year-old boy suffering from an overdose of *Popular Mechanics*, which is in fact one of Goldwater's favorite publications.

The place is alive with electronic gadgets, which are constantly getting out of order—the flagpole with the electronic eye, which raises Old Glory at sunup and lowers it at sundown, had not been working for several weeks, Goldwater admitted with annoyance. He was also having trouble with the motion-picture screen which lowers automatically from the living-room ceiling, but his other gadgets, like the ham-radio sets, the wind-speed indicator, the garage door with the electronic eye, the intercom system and the bedside push-button console were working fine.

The fact that he has never quite grown up is another secret of the Goldwater charm. Goldwater's favorite gadget is an airplane—any airplane—and "pooping about" Arizona with him in an airplane is fun. ("Pooping about" is a favorite Goldwater expression—when a friend suggested that it was about time he put together a national campaign organization, he replied, "I seem to have done all right so far pooping about on my own.") The pooping can be a bit hair-raising. "Gee, that was a boo-boo," he said, after landing on a cow pasture at an Indian reservation. "Know what I did? I feathered the props before landing." But, as with other men who have forgotten to grow up, Goldwater is fun to be with.

Goldwater's house tells other things about Goldwater the man, and about Goldwater the political phenomenon as well. The desert on which Goldwater's house is built is a uniquely American desert. It is an overpopulated desert—anywhere else in the world it would be nomad country, camel country. When Goldwater built

Sunshine, speech and a box lunch for a gathe

his house, only six years ago, the desert was what most deserts are—empty. In those days, Goldwater says, "you could shoot a thirty-thirty in any direction and never hit a thing."

Now, all around Goldwater's house, there are $50,000 and $100,000 houses crowded together on a few arid acres which often cost more than the houses. Goldwater remarked happily that a single hillside lot he owned would sell for around $30,000. Before the war this desert land went begging for a few dollars an acre.

"I can remember when Phoenix was a little town of 10,000 or so," Goldwater says. "I can remember when Phoenix got its first paved street, its first telephone. I wish my kids could have the experience of growing up with a town like this."

Growing up with a town like Phoenix is a rewarding experience, financially as well as spiritually. Phoenix is pushing 500,000, and its population has quintupled since 1950. In the post-war period any reasonably shrewd Arizonian with a bit of capital has seen his net worth multiplied by ten, or a hundred. The Federal Gover ment has had a lot to do with the amazing A zona boom. Federally supported reclamation projects going back to Teddy Roosevelt's day have made the state habitable for human beings as well as jackrabbits. And defense spending, of

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publican faithful at Oracle, Ariz. Out where the skies are not cloudy all day, says Goldwater, "we're not harassed by the fear of what might happen."

which Arizona enjoys a lot more than its per capita share, is at the heart of the current Arizona boom. But to the beneficiaries of the boom, as to Goldwater, the Federal Government, with its nasty interfering habits, is The Enemy.

One key to the Goldwater phenomenon, in short, is money—new money, boom money. Wherever there is a lot of new money in the United States—in the West and Southwest, in Texas, in the newly industrialized South—there is fanatical Goldwater support. In such areas, for the first time, an actual majority of the voters belong to what Prof. J. Kenneth Galbraith—one of Goldwater's pet hates—has dubbed "the affluent society." The newly affluent provide Goldwater with the broad base of his support.

Another key to the Goldwater phenomenon is what sociologists have called the "revolt of the South and West." That revolt is now complete. The era when the South and West were semi-colonial dependencies of New York-dominated capital is over, but in these areas "the East" is still regarded with a mixture of suspicion, dislike and envy. Goldwater perfectly expresses this attitude—to an extent hardly recognized in the East, he is the anti-Eastern candidate. He once remarked—perhaps only half jokingly—that the East Coast ought to be "sliced off and set adrift."

On the second day of whistle-stopping-by-airplane, Goldwater and his attendant reporter came to the little town of Oracle, high on a naked mountain, and at a dude ranch there Goldwater addressed a Republican gathering. The assembly—the floppy-hatted ladies especially—had the country-club look of gatherings of Republican faithful anywhere. But to Goldwater they were a different breed from the "effete Easterners"; and perhaps he was right.

Who's afraid of Khrushchev?

"I wish the President would take a tour," he said, "and get out where the people of this country live, out where people live without the constant fear of what would happen if we got Khrushchev mad. What's happened to us? Why must the United States fear a little island like Cuba that's not as big as some counties in Arizona? We grovel, we back off, we seem to be afraid. I've never known Americans to be afraid of anything. Out here in the West and Midwest we're not constantly harassed by the fear of what might happen. Sure there are risks, but we've always taken risks."

There was a big burst of applause. And indeed, on that sunny mountain it did seem rather silly to worry about Nikita Khrushchev and his bombs. Perhaps if Goldwater had lived his life in a place of mists and rains and vagrant weather, his thinking might lack some of the simple absolutes which are its chief hallmark. But there are plenty of people who like to think in similar absolutes. Goldwater's trumpet call for "total victory over Communism" may sound like shallow and dangerous semantics in the "effete East." But out where the skies are not cloudy all day, it strikes a responsive chord. Goldwater's remarkable talent for the unsubtle and the unqualified is a third key to the Goldwater phenomenon.

The fourth key to the Goldwater phenomenon is the ugly racial crisis which now confronts the United States. If there were no racial crisis, it is most unlikely that Goldwater would be a serious presidential contender. For the Goldwater candidacy is squarely based on the assumption that he could carry the South and, in so doing, defeat John F. Kennedy. And Goldwater's views on the racial issue in turn underlie that assumption.

The Goldwaterites argue with passion that *only* Barry Goldwater could defeat Kennedy. Their reasoning is simple.

The industrial East is lost anyway, sure to support Kennedy. So is the northern Negro vote, overwhelmingly Democratic. Therefore, in Goldwater's words, the Republicans should "stop trying to outbid the Democrats for the Negro vote." Again in his words, the Republicans should "go

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ALSOP ON GOLDWATER'S CHANCES FOR THE NOMINATION

Sen. Barry Goldwater's nomination at the Republican convention is probable, as long as his election is considered impossible. But if it begins to seem that he might actually win in November, his nomination will be a lot less probable and may even be impossible.

To understand the sense behind this paradox, consider the words of Walter Lippmann: "If they wanted to make American politics logical and clear . . . I think it would be just as well . . . to let Kennedy and Goldwater, who is supposed to be a true Republican, fight it out and see what the country wants."

Until recently this Lippmann theory has been widely shared within that amorphous but powerful body, the Eastern Establishment—on the rather complacent assumption that John F. Kennedy would murder Barry Goldwater at the polls. In this event, the notion that the Republican Party is the minority party because it is not conservative enough would be exposed as a myth. And the Eastern Establishment, the moderate-internationalist, old-money wing of the party, would be left to pick up the pieces.

But lately the Establishment, which twice vetoed the nomination of Sen. Robert A. Taft, has been having second thoughts: Is the assumption that Kennedy would murder Goldwater necessarily valid? A Goldwater victory would require a peculiar combination of circumstances—say a sudden economic downturn combined with Communist triumphs in Latin America or elsewhere. But there would have to be an X factor as well. The X factor might be the racial issue, now the dominant issue all over the United States.

It is not only in the South that President Kennedy's forthright stand on civil rights is unpopular. In this situation it is not inconceivable that such Negro extremists as the Black Muslims might make Goldwater President. "A few race riots in the North," remarked an old pro on Capitol Hill, "and Barry might make it."

The mere idea that "Barry might make it" is enough to give the Establishment the galloping colleywobbles. Even if Goldwater polled no more than 45 percent of the votes, this, by his own formula, would be enough to give the right-wing-nationalist-new-money-anti-Eastern wing control of the Republican Party.

Lately Goldwater has been at pains to dissociate himself from such figures of the radical right as Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society. But certain of his own positions are radical in the exact sense of that word. His view that the "jackassian" decisions of the Supreme Court are "not necessarily the law of the land" is genuinely radical in that it clearly implies a constitutional upheaval.

Goldwater, if elected, would have to back away from his candid prescription for "total victory over Communism" or accept a grave risk of nuclear war. The men who have hitherto had the last word at Republican conventions want no such risks. Nor do they want a bitter partisan conflict on the racial issue.

This is why, if it begins to seem that Goldwater might *not* be sunk without trace by Kennedy, the Establishment will marshal all its power to block his nomination. In the past that would have been enough—given the other factors against him—to stop Goldwater cold. But there is no visible candidate to fit the miracle-man role of Willkie in 1940 and Eisenhower in 1952. Goldwater's supporters are fanatical and well heeled. It is already clear that next year's convention may be far more than a meaningless exercise to select a sacrificial lamb.

hunting where the ducks are." The ducks are in the electoral votes of the West, the Middle West and the South.

A presidential candidate needs 268 electoral votes to win. Give Goldwater the Old Confederacy (103 electoral votes), Texas (24), California (40), and every other state Nixon carried in 1960 (151), and Goldwater coasts home with 318 electoral votes. He could lose California, or another big state carried by Nixon in 1960, and still win. So runs the Goldwater argument. The South, obviously, is the *sine qua non* of the argument. But if numerous polls are accurate, Goldwater really *is* popular in the South.

Goldwater is popular in part because, in the South as in the West, the industrial boom has made his brand of conservatism popular. But the basic reason is that, in the South, Goldwater is regarded as a sort of honorary Southerner where the racial issue is concerned.

In some ways it is ironical that Goldwater should be the hero of southern conservatives and segregationists. He made his first political reputation as a member of the Phoenix city council, when he fought for the integration of the city's high schools, before he went to the Senate in 1952.

He was at the time a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He claims that his views have not changed at all—he only left the N.A.A.C.P., he says, when "they began calling me an s.o.b."—and he is still a member of the antisegregationist Urban League. He states flatly that the Federal Government has a constitutional obligation to prevent discrimination on interstate bus, rail and air lines, and to ensure that qualified Negroes have the right to vote.

All this would hardly seem to make him the hero of southern racists. Moreover, Goldwater himself does not talk like a racist, and never has. On the plane to Phoenix he pointed to a picture on the front page of a newspaper on the reporter's lap. The picture showed a Negro on the floor of a Mississippi restaurant. A white man was kicking the Negro while white spectators grinned at the revolting spectacle.

"That sort of thing's going to make a change in the South," he said. "Kicking a man who's down, and those guys smiling. White or black, it makes no difference. Decent people won't take that."

The indignation in his tone sounded real. "I made a speech up at Andover school," he said a little later, "and a boy asked me a very perceptive question—would I be patient if I was a Negro in, say, Alabama? Hell, no, I wouldn't be patient; I'd be damned impatient. That's the only honest answer."

How is it, then, that despite this "honest answer," this part-Jewish member of the Urban League is a hero to the southern racists? Part of the answer is a matter of attitude, which derives, oddly enough, from Goldwater's own racial heritage. "You can't force people to associate together," he says. "I know as being part Jewish—there are no more racially inclined people than the Jews. My second cousin ran away to marry a Gentile, and the family practically ostracized him."

But the heart of the answer lies in Goldwater's interpretation of the Constitution, which differs markedly from that of the Supreme Court, whose decisions Goldwater has described as "jackassian." Asked whether, and how, he would enforce the Supreme Court's ruling on school integration if he became President, Goldwater's answers turned fuzzy for the first time. "I don't necessarily buy the idea that what the Supreme Court says is the law of the land. . . . The school question is a problem for the states.

"If the Federal Government moves in to en force integration, it also moves in to control t schools. . . . I don't think there's any legal wa to solve this thing. It's a question of man himself, his own worst enemy."

Since the Administration's civil-rights bill was presented, Goldwater has talked of giving the Attorney General the right to intervene in school cases, on "proof of grievance." But he opposes the heart of the bill, which would prevent discrimination in public accommodations. And as a practical matter, if "there is no legal way to solve this thing," that means leaving the "thing" in the hands of such impeccable States' Righters as Governors Ross Barnett of Mississippi and George Wallace of Alabama. This is enough to suggest why, although Goldwater himself is no racist, he is acceptable to southern racists.

It is also enough to suggest why the nomination of Goldwater, and the adoption of the "southern strategy" by the Republican Party, would force a radically new political alignment. It would bring the Republican and Democratic candidates into direct conflict on the race issue, at the moment of the greatest race crisis since the Civil War.

Goldwater's leading rival, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, has blasted the "Southern strategy" as a recipe for disaster. Many northern and border-state Republicans agree with him. "My God," says a respected Republican senator, "we'd be the *apartheid* party." But even in the East some professionals in high party posts are coming around to the view that a Goldwater candidacy would be a political plus. "With Barry at the head of the ticket," says one pro, "I'd guarantee a whole passel of new Republican seats in the House, and some in the Senate too." Some are even beginning to believe that Goldwater—and only Goldwater—just might defeat Kennedy.

Trade black votes for white?

There is an unspoken, or rarely spoken, reason for this view. It is the growing belief that white votes for Goldwater might at this time of racial crisis vastly outnumber black votes for Kennedy, in the North as well as in the South.

Whites, after all, outnumber Negroes at the polls by a ratio of more than ten to one. This is still another reason why Goldwater, who seems at first glance so wildly unlikely in the role of presidential candidate, is nevertheless the Republican front-runner.

One senses that Goldwater himself, who likes "pooping about" the country making headlines, seems somewhat dismayed by the Goldwater phenomenon, and half hopes that the Goldwater boom will fade away. "A senator can say things a President can't," he reflects, and then he tries to laugh off "this President thing" with small jokes. But Goldwater has passed the point of no return, and in his heart he knows it. As a friend says, "Barry has reached the point where he can't not be a candidate."

And so this pleasant, uncomplicated, unpretentious, very likable man confronts the Republican Party with a historic choice. Should the Republican Party, which freed the slaves, now abandon claim to Negro support and go all out instead for the electoral votes of the Old Confederacy? The political shape of the future ma depend on the answer. THE END

As girl piper plays familiar tune, a solemn Goldwater sets the pace and Legionnaires fall into step behind.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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TV'S PROSPEROUS PITCHMEN

Almost by mistake, a handful of unknowns a

On two occasions last spring Miss Hedda Hopper, that tireless chronicler of Hollywood's vices and vicissitudes, devoted more space in her column to an actor-singer named Don Kent than she did to such luminaries as Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Elvis Presley and Hedda Hopper. Kent, she gushed, is "handsome, virile" and "if there's one thing we need, it's a little masculinity to bolster some of our pip-squeak leading men." Later Miss Hopper ran several letters of affirmation from readers, one of which reported that Kent's "voice and happy face make one feel that God is in his heaven, and there are some things right with the world."

To those of you who may ask, "Who is Don Kent?" the answer is that you probably have seen and heard him a great many more times in the past year than Miss Taylor, Mr. Brando or Mr. Presley, and certainly more than you have seen or heard Miss Hopper. Kent is the Apolloesque six-footer who comes riding across your TV screen atop a fiery charger in the Gallo-wine commercials—singing lustily, in a booming bass voice, that Gallo makes wine with loving care.

Kent is typical of the 6,000 or so unknown faces and voices of television who work exclusively or almost exclusively in commercials. These talented folk—some of whom earn upward of $200,000 a year—comprise a strange and separate world of show business. They have their own stars, their own big directors and producers, their own studios, even their own Oscars, which are called Clios, after the Greek Muse of history. And yet, unless a Hedda Hopper occasionally singles one out for immortality, they toil, for the most part, in obscurity.

For example, the winner of the 1963 Clio as the "Best Off-camera Spokeswoman" is a tall, attractive blonde named Darlene Zito. Miss Zito could walk into a convention of TV fans without a soul recognizing her—but, in an average day of televiewing, her remarkably versatile voice is heard more frequently than all the big-name stars of television put together. She sings of the deep, dark deliciousness of Yuban coffee, of the extra margin in the filter of a Parliament cigarette, of having a love affair with the sun when you use Bain de Soleil.

In a doll commercial she warbles like a three-year-old child; in a shoe commercial her voice is that of a bouncy young teen-ager; for a detergent her vocal cords produce a throaty, sexy mating call not unlike that of Julie London. In a large city, such as New York or Chicago, Darlene is heard more than a hundred times a day.

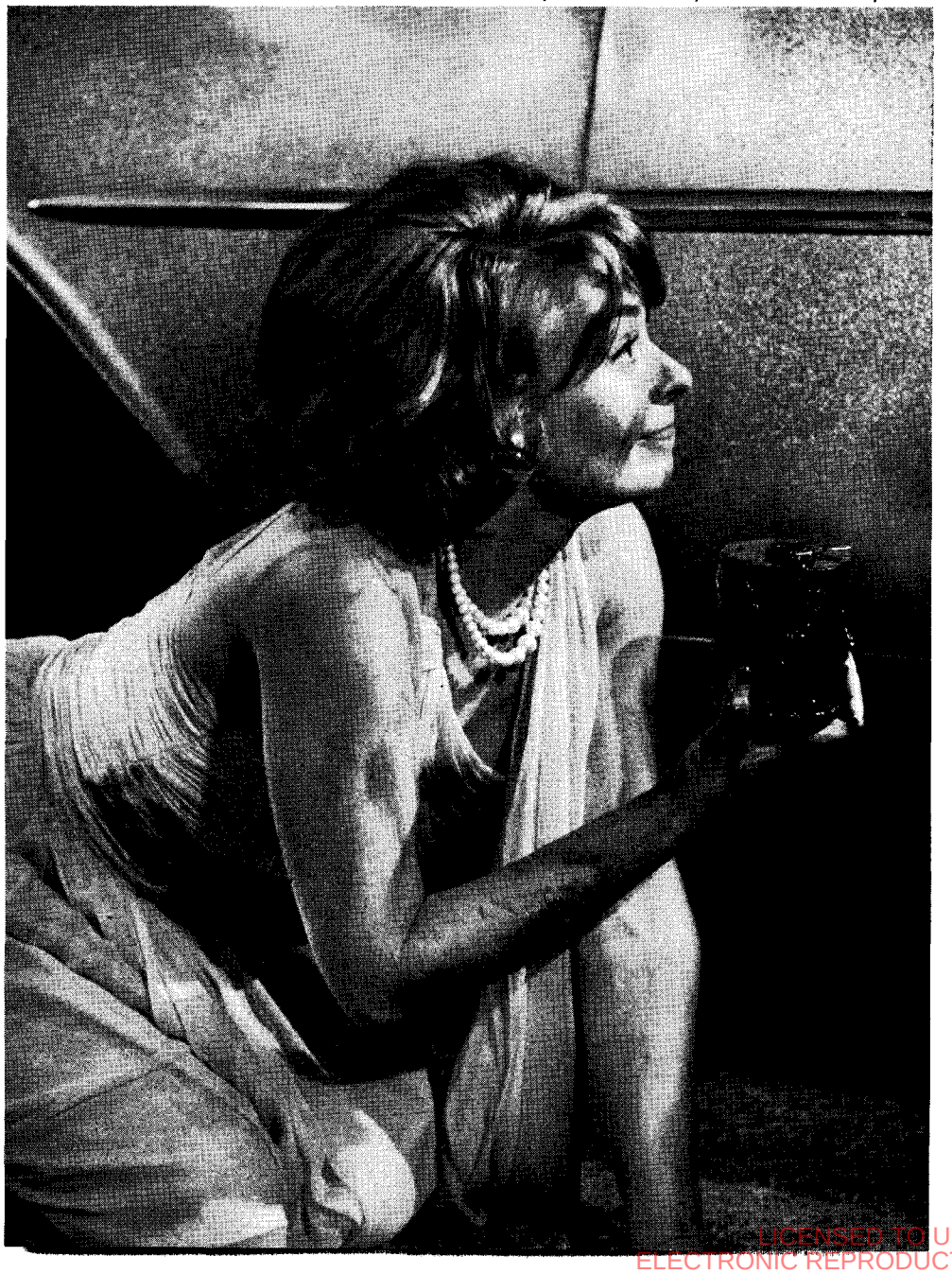
In addition to Miss Zito, there are nearly 75 other relatively unknown performers who earn at least $100,000 a year out of commercials. Their remarkable affluence stems from a more or less accidental application of a TV labor-management agreement calling for "residuals"—extra fees which must be paid to performers whenever a filmed or taped program is reused on television.

With the rapid development of the medium in the 1950's, the Screen Actors Guild (which represents performers in filmed TV shows) and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (which controls actors and actresses in live and taped shows) both insisted that residuals be paid to their members when shows are repeated. Little did anybody realize what this provision would do for the performers in commercials, all of whom belong to one or both unions.

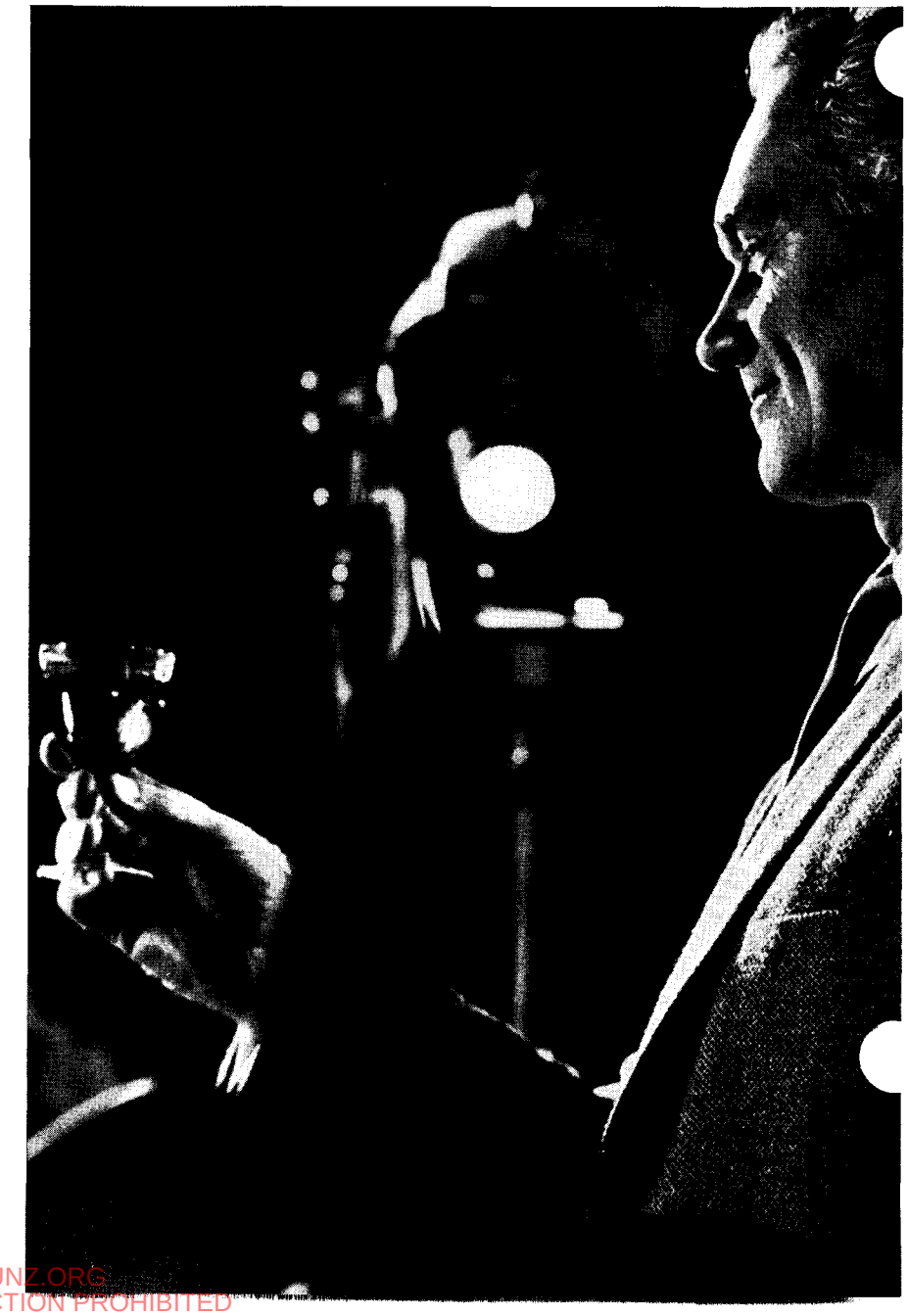
Some commercials, of course, might earn an on-camera performer only the basic minimum rate of $95 and then go nowhere, but it isn't unusual for a single one-minute spot to bring in $12,000 in residuals in the course of a year. Thus, for a superstar like Miss Zito, who makes about 40 commercials in an average week, the annual income from her labors can be staggering.

Another unknown TV tycoon is a large, ruggedly handsome gentleman named Jim Thorne, whose purring voice you hear while golfer Arnold Palmer sinks a putt or some unidentified Adonis retrieves a kitten from a roof in the L & M cigarette commercials. Thorne, a former newspaperman and obscure movie actor, makes so much money from just a few days' work a year for L & M and Bell

Joan Anderson struck it rich with one successful commercial for automobile oil filters.



Don Kent, who once sang for Tennessee Ernie show, now sells wine with loving care.



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By Bill Davidson

ow TV's richest actors.

Jim Thorne, now living on a Chinese junk, earns so much from only two commercials that he has time to write movie scripts.

and Howell, that he can indulge himself nearly full-time in another less lucrative career—underwater exploration. And then we have a beautiful young cupcake named Joan Anderson, who, after serving a brief apprenticeship as a dancing girl for White Rain shampoo, leaped to instant stardom last year with a commercial for Purolator oil filters. In this gem, as you probably recall, she is driving with a boy who wants to neck; instead, she flings herself under his car and emerges, oil-covered, with the news that his motor is malfunctioning because he is using a Brand X filter and not a Purolator.

How do such performers get into this lucrative field? Joyce Gordon, one of the superstars of the industry and spokeswoman for Easy-Off oven cleaner, Sunshine Biscuits and Crisco, has as typical a story as any. Miss Gordon, a handsome blonde of statuesque proportions, began her career as a conventional actress. Born in Des Moines and raised in Chicago, she studied speech at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Illinois, and got her start as a child star on Chicago radio stations in the early 1940's.

The natural progression in those days was to migrate to New York to sob in the radio soap operas, which Joyce did at the age of 19. When television came along she graduated to the Kraft Theater, he Robert Montgomery Show, etc., and married another television actor, Bernard Grant. Acting being a spotty profession, she found herself back in soap opera—this time on television—to make ends meet after their two children were born.

One day in 1956, on a soapy epic called *Edge of Night*, Joyce was about to fire a shot into her unfaithful beloved when she was cut off the air for a detergent commercial. "There I was with that silly gun in my hand," Joyce says, "feeling ridiculous. When the commercial was over, I was expected to retain the same emotional peak I had reached just before I was supposed to pull the trigger. I said to myself, 'Who *needs* this? If commercials are that important, that's where I want to work.'"

A movie director told me, "I've directed Kim Novak and I've directed Joyce Gordon, and Joyce compresses more difficult acting into a one-minute commercial than you can squeeze out of Kim in an entire two-hour film."

Miss Gordon is so proficient at her craft that she works in three of the seven major categories of TV-commercial performers. The top category is what is known as the Chairman of the Board. These people are spokesmen in the true sense of the word, with voice and face becoming the corporate image to the public-at-large. They work under exclusive contract for two or three noncompetitive products, with a guaranteed annual income from each. Fatherly Nelson ase for Ivory soap, bankerlike Ed eimers for Allstate Insurance and suavely earnest Rex Marshall for Reynolds Aluminum are all members of this elite group. Betty Furness used to be its top female tycoon until she got tired of opening refrigerator doors, and her place has recently been taken by Joyce Gordon.

The second category, which enjoys less prestige but makes more money, is the V.O., or "voice over," group. You hear them deliver the sponsor's message while some scene is being played out on the screen. Because you do not see them, they can work for many more sponsors, and the residuals come rolling in. Some fine actors from stage and screen labor anonymously and profitably as V.O.'s—deliberately so, in order not to hurt their public careers. Gary Merrill, for example, is the voice of Chesterfield cigarettes, and one of Broadway's best, Alexander Scourby, speaks for Excedrin pain pills.

The third group consists of less sensitive celebrities who openly lend their faces and voices to undisguised salesmanship. Here we have the likes of Roger Maris shaving on camera, Jimmy Durante contributing his nose for the sniffing of coffee and Edie Adams using her fabulous figure to enhance the virtues of cigars. Such celebrities are looked down upon as interlopers by the regular practitioners of the commercials craft.

In the fourth category are the trick-voice people such as June Foray and Paul Freese. These specialists can produce believable voices for inanimate objects like Paper-Mate pens and semianimate objects like beautiful-but-empty-headed human models. Miss Foray is so versatile that it was once suggested that she re-dub all of Elizabeth Taylor's lines in *Cleopatra* in order to make Miss Taylor sound more like the queen of the Nile and less like a shrill, 20th-century housewife.

The fifth category is another skilled group—the people who play dramatic vignettes. Here we have Don Kent, the galloping Gallo horseman; Tom Pedi, the washing-machine expert for Dash; and Joan Anderson, the Purolator pitchwoman. All these people are fine actors in their own right. Kent was under contract to RKO and sang on Tennessee Ernie Ford's television show for five years; Pedi has been one of Broadway's best character actors for years, and Miss Anderson played leading roles in *A Thurber Carnival* and *Come Blow Your Horn* on Broadway.

In the sixth category are the singers—like Darlene Zito and her West Coast counterpart, Peggy Taylor. These people, too, are highly skilled artists. Miss Zito studied voice from the time she was a four-year-old tot, and became a member of a singing group of the 1940's known as Three Beaus and a Peep. After working their way up through the nightclub and theater circuits, the group finally reached what was then the acme of show business, New York's Palace Theater. At this point the group would have to do four shows a day, seven days a week, for a joint salary of $650 a week. At the same time they were doing 20 minutes' worth of singing commercials each week for Ivory soap, for which they were receiving a *thousand* dollars. Miss Zito has devoted herself to the world of commercials ever since.

In the seventh and lowest category is the unskilled labor of the commercials world—the models. Some earn as little as $600 a year. They are called in by the advertising agencies to simper at the camera, pat their hair or smear their faces with shaving cream, and then you may never see them again. The voice you hear while they perform their chores is always that of someone else.

All the commercials are created and cast by the advertising agencies and then are farmed out to specialized studios. More than 70 percent of the commercials are made in New York, the rest on location or at such outposts as Hollywood, Chicago or Colorado Springs. Depending on the technical difficulties involved, it can take anywhere from a few minutes to several days to complete a commercial.

It is a comparatively easy life for the established performer, but like everything else, the field has its drawbacks. First of all, there is the phenomenon of instant obsolescence—a face or a voice can go out of style overnight, according to the whims of advertising-agency executives, sponsors or sponsors' wives. Then, too, some on-camera stints can be nightmares. Once, in Canada, Joan Anderson had to drink coffee that was jazzed up with beer and soap to make it more photogenic—and promptly became sick at her stomach. In the United States—where such shenanigans are now prohibited by the Government—she frequently has scalded her mouth on coffee that has been brought to the boiling point so it can steam realistically. Finally, the anonymity and lack of opportunity rankle on some of the stars of the commercials. A few years ago Darlene Zito attempted to satisfy her frustration by recording an album called, *Come Over, Darling*. Although her voice is heard more frequently than any other singer in the world, and has been compared favorably with such greats as Ella Fitzgerald, the album got nowhere. "Miss Zito," said the recording company which refused to promote it, "is an unknown." THE END

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When the Russians try to invade

WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR IVAN,

I have not written for several months because there has been so much excitement here in Washington about finding a place for our new embassy-chancery. A lot of people think this city was built for the U.S. Government, museums and foreign embassies. Well, wait until you hear what has happened to us.

From our standpoint the situation is quite simple. Ever since the United States recognized the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in 1933, we have been trying to accomplish the work of the people's democracy from a most unsuitable building. It was bought by the czarist regime from the wife of Mr. George Pullman, who made a fortune by his connection with railway sleeping cars. The whole structure is an annoying reminder of the period of czarist decadence. It is a jumble of columns, damask wall coverings and gold cupids—the sort of clutter which impedes the advance of socialism.

To be sure, the mansion has a good location on 16th Street, in the center of Washington—just a stone's throw, so to speak, from an odd establishment called Trader Vic's, an even odder one called the Gaslight Club, and the Philip L. Murray Building (named for one of their early syndicalist leaders). But unfortunately it is this very central location which has led to our problem. I don't know if *Pravda* and *Izvestia* have kept you current on the extent to which the automobile has seized control of this country. Because of typical capitalist mismanagement, there are more cars than the Americans have room for. Since our work can best be accomplished by following local customs, the 125 of us assigned to the Soviet Embassy have acquired 57 official cars, which have been thrown wholeheartedly into the race for parking places. Here our building puts us at a tremendous disadvantage. Its driveway, suitable for discharging ladies in long taffeta skirts from horsedrawn carriages, now provides parking for only three cars if they are not too big. Important visitors have to get out on the street and walk to our door. All of us have had to rely on inventiveness and imagination in parking our cars—a talent which is rewarded by the police here with something called a "parking ticket." It is perhaps immodest to mention this, but members of our embassy have consistently been awarded more parking tickets than any other embassy in Washington.

A few months ago we located the perfect solution in a piece of deserted terrain a few yards from the embassy itself, from which someone had sensibly removed a small white hotel. The custom here for acquiring neighboring territory is to seek out the owner and offer to rent it or buy it, so we were put in touch with a Mr. Martin Decker of Philadelphia. Mr. Decker understood our problem perfectly, but has had his mind set on putting up an office building which he said would be more profitable than a parking lot. He suggested that we sell him our embassy instead so he could add that space to his lot, buy the building in between and put up a really big office building, which would be even more profitable. We would be only too happy to let him have our embassy if we could just find another one. So Mr. Decker, too, began to take an interest in our problem.

You would be surprised how many others have joined him. First, there is a Mr. Nathaniel H. Luttrell Jr., who has been living alone in a nine-room Tudor-style *dacha* on 15 acres of woods and meadows. He called it Bonnie Brae. He has been trying for two years with 20 real-estate agents—and several others, he says, "breathing hard"—to sell his *dacha* and move into something smaller. A Washington real-estate firm named Ewing and Farr has taken a most friendly interest in our problem. It would also like to see Mr. Luttrell sell his house and help Mr. Decker to acquire our embassy on 16th Street.

A most logical plan developed. Mr. Decker would buy Bonnie Brae, build a Soviet embassy-chancery, and turn it over to the Soviet Union in return for its 16th Street house. Mr. Decker asked a California architect, Mr. Arthur Froehlich, to design a beautiful building that would cost two million rubles. It would have 150 rooms, including four ballrooms, a billiard room, medical offices, a mail room, 109 offices and 19 bedrooms. Outside there would be a swimming pool, a reflecting pool—both considered signs of power and status in this area—and most important, a private parking lot.

I should explain to you that Bonnie Brae is in a part of Washington called Chevy Chase. It is easier to describe Chevy Chase as a state of mind than as a geographical area. It has a classification known as R-1-A, which we thought at first was part of a CIA code, but we found it meant that only one-family houses on 7,500-square-foot lots could be built there. We would have to go before a special group of zoning commissars known as the Board of Zoning Adjustment to get something called a "variance." It depended on whether our chancery would not unduly add to the "population density" and "automobile density" of the area, and whether the chancery building itself would be "compatible" with the rest of the neighborhood.

We soon discovered that the inhabitants of Chevy Chase are banded together in a sort of political-action cell of some 2,000 people called the Chevy Chase Citizens Association, which has a Zoning Committee dedicated to keeping the neighborhood exactly the way it is. They were joined by the Hawthorne Citizens Association of about 300 people. Mr. Decker met with them and told them they were "good Americans"—a very popular theme here—and explained it was all right to do business with us, because "if you're a good American you're a good businessman." But the two associations voted overwhelmingly, and noisily, I might say, to oppose the "establishment of a Chancery by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics or any other foreign government" at Bonnie Brae.

One of the ladies in the Chevy Chase Citizens Association organized volunteers who went about collecting 323 signatures on 13 pages of petitions to show the Zoning Board that nobody wanted us. Other citizens' associations chimed in from as far away as the Planning Board of Chatham, Massachusetts. ("Remote as Cape Cod is, we have similar problems,"

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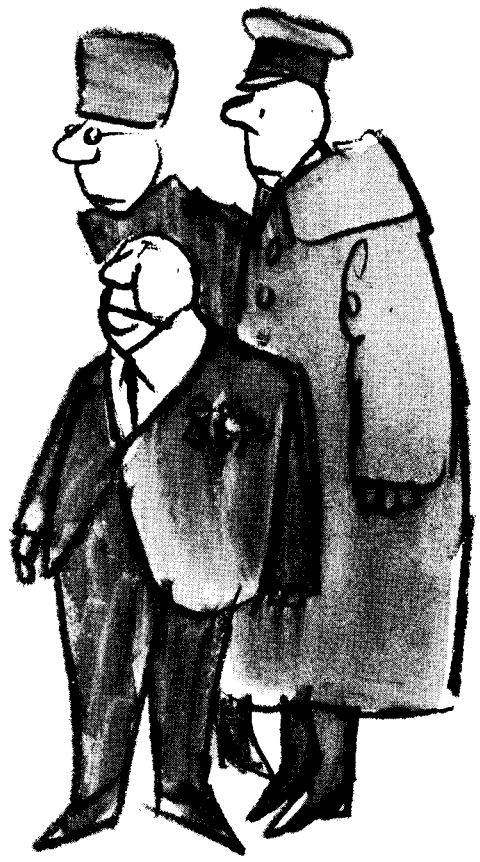

suburbia...

Committees sprout, insults fly, senators take action, so do judges, and everyone's up in arms

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

their letter said.) By the time the first Zoning Board hearing was held in April the Chevy Chase and Hawthorne cells had been joined by the Federation of Citizens Associations of the District of Columbia, the North Washington Council of Citizens Associations, the Rock Creek East Neighborhood League, Inc., the American University Park Citizens Association, the Progressive Citizens Association of Georgetown and the Palisades Citizens Association. It was sobering to us to realize the extent of underground political activity in Washington, D.C., which doesn't even have its own government or a chance to vote.

In the weeks that followed, nearly everybody got mad at somebody, including the newspapers. The Washington *Evening Star* said, "A chancery by any name would be an office building, and offices are places of business." One lady accused the Board of Zoning Adjustment of "wishy-washiness" and "lack of guts." A Chevy Chase resident wrote that he was "against the channcery (sic) business because I am AGAINST having the *commies* living in my neighborhood, even if it means the embassy only. . . . They are liars, thieves, murderers, avowed enemies of yours and mine. . . . Once the *pigs* get a piece of property such as that in question, it becomes a piece of Russia."

A number of people mentioned radio and TV interference, electrified fences, prowling watchdogs, watchtowers, gun emplacements. "We don't want a prison-type farm there," said the president of the Hawthorne Citizens Association. A number of people objected that there would be traffic jams, sightseeing buses, tourists, pickets and at least 1,000 guests when we celebrate the anniversary of the October Revolution. Speaking of pickets, there was even an objection from a gentleman who has been picketing our embassy on his day off for the past year. He felt that our moving would make it more difficult to get there with his picketing signs.

The State Department approves of our move and seems to feel that a spacious chancery with parking facilities is a happy chancery and that every little bit of *détente* helps. Also, although it has not been said formally, it is hoped that if we can build here, the Americans can build in Moscow. The Americans there are even more crowded than we are here, in a chancery that has been described as a "pigpen." Our ambassador tactfully said, before he left for Moscow with a copy of our Bonnie Brae plans, "Of course there is no direct connection between your plans to build a new embassy in Moscow and our needs here, but . . ."

The U. S. Senate has become involved because Sen. J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and a man of strong internationalist tendencies, owns a house next to the French chancery on Belmont Road in one of the best residential districts. The French have not only put in a swimming pool and stocked it with pretty secretaries during the lunch hour, but they are also rumored to be planning to add to the chancery building. Mr. Fulbright, although personally threatened by this French expansionist policy, has said that he does not wish to create an international incident in our case. To be on the safe side, however, he is sponsoring a new bill (S-646) to see that no further foreign chanceries get built near people's houses in places like Chevy Chase.

The Zoning Board has been cross at Mr. Fulbright, arguing that the board can handle the problem without any help from the Senate, which in turn has made Sen. Wayne Morse mad (which is not unusual). Senator Morse says that Mr. Walter Tobriner, chairman of the District Commissioners, "has been asleep too long to exercise power now."

In any case the Zoning Board hearings have been very exciting. Our embassy has been anxious not to cause any more turmoil than necessary, and so only our first secretary, Mr. Boris G. Kolodjazhnyi, attended, and most of the people did not know he was there. When the chairman asked everyone opposed to us to stand up, everyone stood up except a Mr. Kenton L. Harris, who said he thought the project would stabilize the neighborhood and be better than having the estate divided up into small houses.

All the others started shouting angrily at him, and he said, "I am sick of the whole bunch of you." So they started yelling, "Why don't you move?" and, "We'll pay your moving expenses!"

An architect took the stand with a big folding cardboard display showing how the chancery would be the only thing of its kind in the area. No one was quite sure what point that made, but he left the display on its easel, and it blew over on the head of the next witness.

Mr. Bruce Sundlun, who is Mr. Decker's lawyer, and Mr. Ewing of the real-estate agency brought in some new signatures showing that people owning property immediately around Bonnie Brae now voted 21 in favor of the chancery, 15 against and 7 not heard from—perhaps because they were out collecting other signatures. One of the ladies present said, "Is that twisting it!" Another accused Mr. Ewing of offering her a strip of property in exchange for a favorable signature. Mr. Sundlun said, "I've tried to try this case . . . on the facts, but I do not intend to take insinuations and misrepresentations." He also showed how our chancery would be relocated on a spot 20 feet lower than Mr. Luttrell's *dacha*, and its volume would be reduced by 273,000 cubic feet to make it more "compatible," and that the parking lot, the most treasured part of our plan, will be screened by evergreen foliage.

Generous as these concessions may seem to you, they had little effect upon the Chevy Chase Citizens Association. The Zoning Board finally granted our variance, but the Citizens Association got a temporary court order to keep the District of Columbia from giving us a building permit. And now the Senate has passed Mr. Fulbright's bill, so we still haven't been able to start building.

We have all found the whole experience very interesting. But I do hope that you will tell Nikita Sergeyevich to be thankful Mr. Kennedy sent only Averell Harriman to the nuclear-test-ban talks in Moscow. I think if he had sent the Chevy Chase Citizens Association we'd have had to pull all our people out of Cuba, settle Berlin—and still not have the room to park here in Washington.

Your friend,
BORIS

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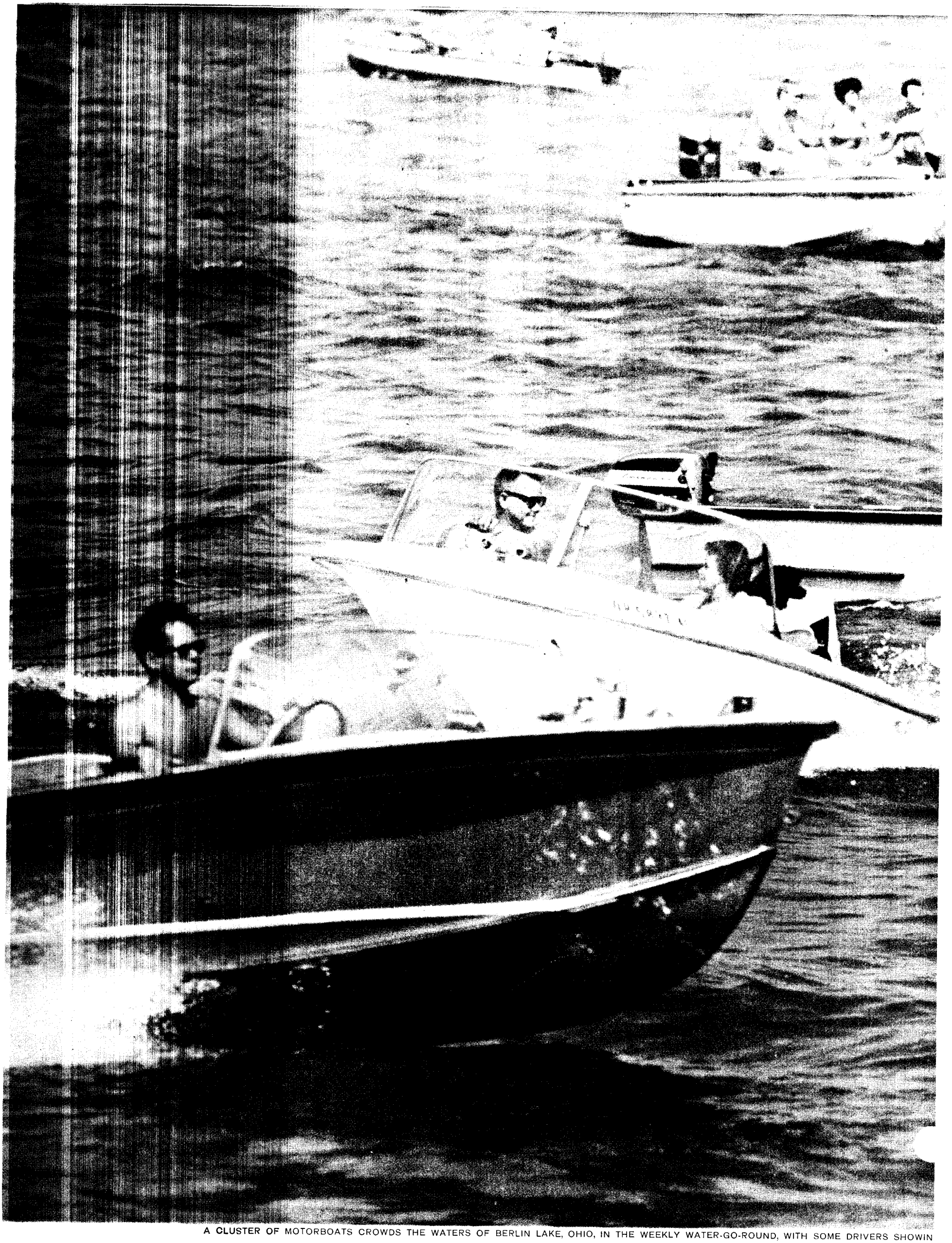

A CLUSTER OF MOTORBOATS CROWDS THE WATERS OF BERLIN LAKE, OHIO, IN THE WEEKLY WATER-GO-ROUND, WITH SOME DRIVERS SHOWIN

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ORE APPARENT ENTHUSIASM THAN CAUTION.

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

WATER TORTURE

The fun of a quiet Sunday-afternoon spin at the lake is endangered by crowding, careening, carelessness and the antics of big-horsepower water jockeys, who are too busy to bother keeping their eyes front.

A NERVOUS NOVICE GRIMACES AT 25 KNOTS ON KENTUCKY RESERVOIR, BUT ASTERN ALL ARE RELAXED.

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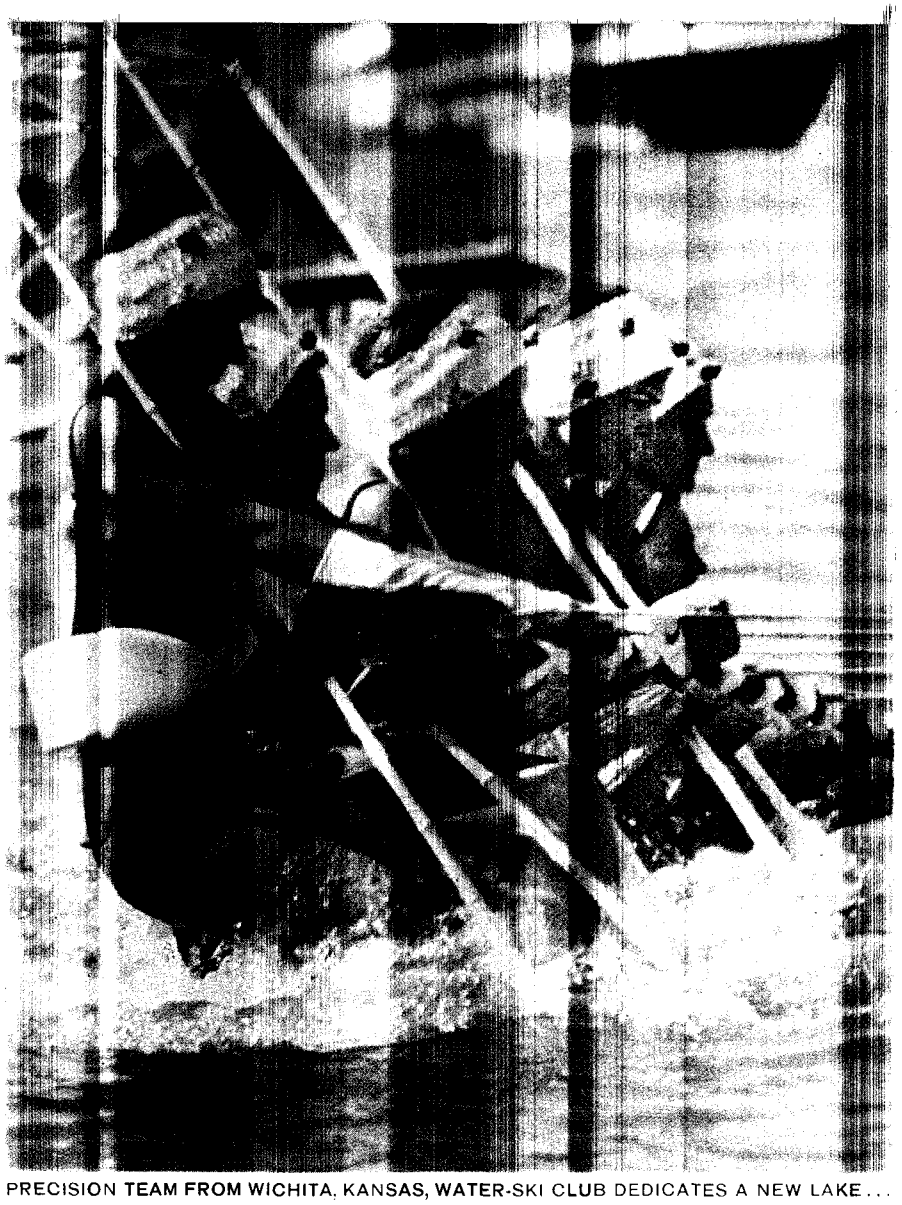

PRECISION **TEAM FROM WICHITA, KANSAS, WATER-SKI CLUB** DEDICATES A NEW LAKE . . .

Glamour, clamor and an occasional hot rodder.

On placid Berlin Reservoir in Ohio one day not long ago, a young man was proudly displaying his stripped-down speedboat. It had a hull, a motor and little else. Stripping the craft, the lad had discarded even life preservers and floating cushions. "But, man," he told his guest, "don't werry about it. At the speeds we're gonna go, we couldn't sink, even if the boat was full of water." In America these days, one needs a license to drive a car, even one with automatic shift, power steering and a radio that finds its own favorite station. One needs a whole set of licenses to pilot an airplane under varied weather conditions. But boating is unique. To boat, all anyone has to have is a hull, a motor, a few other essentials and enthusiasm. Good sense is an option. Some seven and a half million small craft cruised America's coastal waters, lakes, reservoirs and rivers all summer. Most were operated by safe, sensible people. But with no control, the would-be skippers of *PT-109* sometimes take over, treat other craft as though they were enemy destroyers. Are water's hot rodders an important menace to the others cruising nearby? Last year the Coast Guard registered almost 4,000 accidents among the pleasure craft.

NEW LAKE WAS FORMED BY THE TUTTLE CREEK DAM IN MANHATTAN, KANSAS. OVER 150,000 BOATING BUFFS LINED THE SHORES DURING FESTIVITIES.

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POUNDING ACROSS SOMEONE'S WAKE PROVIDES AN EXCITING INSTANT, BUT IT'S ROUGH ON THE BOAT AND ITS OCCUPANTS—AND FRIGHTENING TO CAREFUL BOATMEN.

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Flocks of amateur admirals are out for fast frolics, but when it comes to safety—duck!

MOTORBOAT MADNESS

By ROGER VAUGHAN

A girl driving a small, fast runabout was making a tight turn as she towed her husband on water skis, 75 feet behind. The small craft turned and turned until, abruptly, it was headed right for the skier. He crouched, and as the boat bore down on him he left his skis and lunged for the bottom. As he submerged, the boat sped over him. The propeller cut a pattern into his back.

A modern American Tragedy? Not at all. The girl and her husband had been getting along very well. It was just that she had never driven a boat before that day on Berlin Reservoir at Deerfield, Ohio. After some weeks of hospitalization the husband recovered.

Boating is great sport. Few things are as invigorating as an afternoon spent on the water, sailing a racing yacht, water skiing behind a fast runabout, or fishing from a rented dory. More and more people are discovering what fun boating can be. Manufacturers of boating equipment claim that 7.5 million recreational boats are now in use in the United States, a figure nearly doubling that of 1952. Does it follow, then, that twice as many people are having twice as much fun? Not exactly. Coast Guard records for last year listed almost 4,000 pleasure-craft accidents, a statistic which becomes frightening when one remembers that only accidents involving serious damage or physical injury are reported, and that the Coast Guard's jurisdiction does not extend to most of the lakes in this country. As boating booms, the perils of boating increase. Skin divers, not an overly cautious lot, have had to design their own red and white warning flag to keep boats from running them down.

Until recently pleasure craft were concentrated in coastal waters such as Long Island Sound, on large lakes such as New Hampshire's Winnipesaukee, and on the big rivers. Then, most boats were in the hands of people whose technical knowledge of seamanship was matched by respect for the dangers of any large body of water. In other words, they knew port (left) from starboard (right). Lately, in the mass American exodus to the water, knowledge and respect have fallen far behind such considerations as horsepower and speed. The results have been unpleasant to knowledgeable boating people and dangerous to the new boaters—mainly because they must share the water with one another.

On many lakes this summer, novice boaters have run rampant around shoreline areas, endangering swimmers and slamming moored boats against piers with their wakes. Water skiers going in all directions "buzz" passing boats and occasionally become entangled with one another. This summer, on Walter's Lake near Pontiac, Mich., a boat speeding close to shore in order to drop off a water skier ran over a 12-year-old boy swimming 30 feet from his own dock. The boy's right arm was severed, his hip and collarbone were broken, and he sustained three fractures of the skull. Clearly, it may be only a matter of time before the ordeal by water becomes as hazardous as the trial by turnpike.

In coastal areas and other parts of the country where boating has long been established, novices are kept under relatively good control. Veteran and competent boat people there still outnumber newcomers, so helping hands are never far away. Further, indignant shouts of condemnation for safety violations continually ring across these waters. In addition, Coast Guard and lake patrols check equipment at launching ramps and hand out tickets for overloading, speeding in restricted areas and for general foolishness. Dozens of civic-minded communities, such as Westerly, R.I., have established their own municipal water police as an added incentive for boaters to behave themselves. But in areas where boating has only recently arrived, there is not much more than chaos.

Boat madness has grown feverishly and suddenly in many parts of the nation's landlocked interior. Huge, man-made lakes created by power projects such as the Tennessee Valley Authority dams, the new Tuttle Creek Dam in Kansas, and the Denison Dam at Lake Texoma, on the Texas-Oklahoma border, have recreation potentials just starting to be realized. Hundreds of smaller lakes dot the central part of the country, and except for the few places where horsepower limitations or fishing restrictions are posted, the eager boatmen who arrive in droves every warm weekend from June to September turn these lakes into churning wakes of activity. As one native Kansan said recently, "Come Sunday, you won't be able to stir 'em with a stick."

For most novices in states which have just discovered boating, the approach to the sport assumes a pattern. First comes the visit to the dealer and the selection of a boat. A prime factor is the size of the engine. If your neighbor is sporting a rig with a 75-horsepower motor, a 50-hp job will not do. No one wants his neighbor passing him on the lake with a wave and a smug smile. High speeds are a must.

In some areas, the real hot-rodders scorn the stock motors put out by Evinrude, Johnson, Mercury and others. Into streamlined, cut-down hulls that barely stay afloat when standing still, these speedsters drop engines of astounding sizes. When the custom machines are revved, the noise is deafening. While other boaters watch enviously, some local expert explains, "I've got a full Thunderbird in this rig. Do over seventy-five." One couple from Cleveland, Ohio, who had never owned a boat before, purchased an 18-foot, 210-horsepower inboard at a cost of $4300. Their first day of boating lasted just one hour, and then they tore the bottom out of the boat when they crashed into a stump at 40 miles an hour.

Next to the dangerous buying inducement of horsepower, come color, shape and accessories—in that order. Women are most color-conscious. One in Kansas watched a boat being launched and gave a little shudder. "Ugh!" she said. "How could they put a blue motor on that green boat?" One manufacturer's brochure proudly lists as standard equipment: "color-keyed bunks, fold-down doors, airfoam headliner, forward hatch, sliding side windows, rain gutter, plastic floor covering, side-wall-padded color-keyed covering, and vinyl rubrail with aluminum trim." In the same brochure, cabin handrails are listed as optional, but who cares about a handrail if you have a "side-wall-padded color-keyed covering" to catch on to?

Tail fins: a big decision

Shape is only important above the water line. Some want the tail fins and some don't. Size often seems to be determined by how much money is left over after the motor has been bought (most 75-hp motors cost more than $1000). If there is only enough left in the budget for a 14-footer, then that is what the 75 growling horses are harnessed to. (Putting a 75-hp motor on a 14-footer is like putting a jet on a jeep.)

Construction and workmanship matter little, judging from the many production-line, poorly made hulls that a number of boat companies stamp out daily. Because of the nature of the molding process by which some fiber-glass boats are made, the finish is usually excellent. But if buyers poked their heads under the deck and saw what a flimsy hull separated them from the water and how hastily the hardware was bolted into a one-eighth-inch layer of fiber glass, they might think twice about making those fast turns in the middle of a choppy lake. Two boaters at Kentucky Reservoir tried to pull the nose of their boat onto the beach so they could unload picnic supplies. They gave a tug and pulled the bow cleat right out of the flimsy fiber-glass deck.

Somewhere along the line the new boater figures out how to launch his craft and make a test run. In areas such as northern Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, where boating has been established a bit longer, the novice may join clubs whose members will help him distinguish the bow from the stern. These clubs promote safety afloat, urge Coast Guard courtesy inspections, and organize pleasure cruises which teach water safety painlessly. The Outboard Runabout Fleet of Milwaukee issues a cruise directory each year to its members, and uses the blank space at the bottom of each page to remind boaters: "Be courteous," "You are responsible for your wake," and "Use common sense afloat." However, where boating is just getting started, the new boater is lucky to get a lesson in connecting the trailer to the car. Then it's buckety, buckety, off to the lake.

Although some new sailors go about their diversion with a desire to learn something more than where full throttle is located, there are many who subscribe to the theory that all you have to do to a boat is "start it up and off you go." Perry Wallace, who operates a marina and boat dock at the foot of Broadway in Paducah, Ky., where the Tennessee and Ohio rivers meet, has seen the boats get thicker and faster every year. He reflects the thinking of many veteran boat people when he says, "I don't know but what they'll have to start issuing boat operators licenses before long." However, with all the talk about licensing, only one state, New Jersey, has put the idea into actual practice.

The Coast Guard, whose concern has always been to maintain the tranquillity of the waterways, feels that licensing boat operators is a naïve approach. Its plan for making boating more pleasant for everyone involves the three "E's": education of boaters, through dealers, manufacturers, boat clubs and other organizations; engineering, or maintaining quality in the design and manufacture of boating equipment; and the enforcement of good boating practices through water patrols. Adm. E. J. Roland, commandant of the Coast Guard, said recently in a message to boaters, "There is no excuse for anyone remaining ignorant of safe boating practices. Excellent courses are now offered by the American Red Cross, the U.S. Power Squadron and the Coast Guard Auxiliary, to name just a few. Yet despite the safety instruction available at most harbors and marinas, most accidents are caused by boatmen themselves."

That something must be done to educate new boaters, whether by licensing or some other method, is evident. Shortly after talking to Perry Wallace, one veteran inland sailor was cruising toward Wallace's dock when he nearly got clipped by a boat overloaded with young people. "I don't suppose he knew we had the right of way," a passenger said. "No," said the helmsman. "Nobody worries much about that around here." THE END

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This is the Open World of L·O·F glass

See America in your automobile. See such sights as the Teton Mountains in the Jackson Hole country, Wyoming.
And see it all *clearly*—through L·O·F Laminated Safety Plate Glass.

America never looked better **than through a windshield of L·O·F Safety Plate Glass. First—you get a *big* look. The wider, higher L·O·F windshield has opened up your world at the wheel. Second—you get a *comfortable* look. To produce the smooth surfaces needed for clear, undistorted vision, L·O·F precision-grinds and rouge-polishes the plate glass for every windshield. And if you're bothered by sun heat and glare, L·O·F even helps you there—with windshields of tinted and shaded Safety Plate Glass. These are three reasons why you'll find L·O·F Safety Glass in more cars than any other brand.**

Look for this trade-mark

Look for this trade-mark **(L·O·F) on the glass of the next car you buy, and ask for it if you ever have to have glass replaced. Then go look at America. You'll see it never looked better.**

Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company
Toledo 2, Ohio

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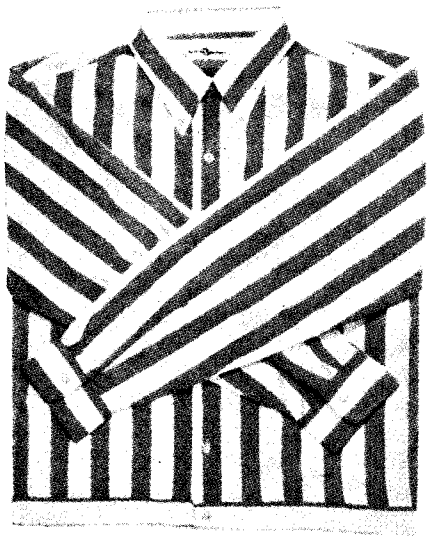
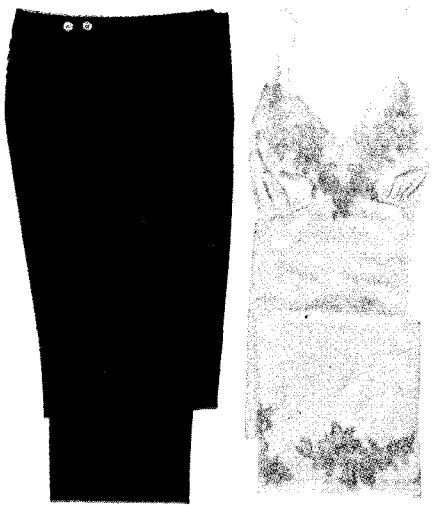
Now a remarkable way to get clothes cleaner with less wear
Kelvinator – the washer with the Golden Touch

Read about the different kind of washer that prescrubs automatically, washes 1 to 12 pounds, and carries a five-year parts guarantee.



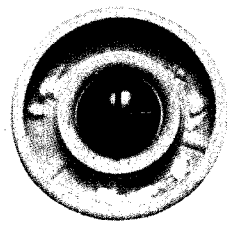
Prescrubs for you

Now Golden Touch agitation makes possible a unique, automatic prescrubbing action. For a full minute before the wash cycle, Kelvinator prescrubs your clothes in a small amount of water with the full amount of detergent. These concentrated suds loosen stubborn stains and ground-in dirt, bring back the "like new" look to your clothes. You never need prescrub by hand again!



Safely washes all fabrics

Golden Touch agitation is gentle enough to wash one pound of filmiest lingerie safely without special tubs or equipment. At the same time, it's thorough enough to get 12 pounds of dirty work clothes completely clean. The remarkable Kelvinator can do this because it surges suds through every bit of laundry 300 times a minute, instead of pulling clothes back and forth 50 times a minute as ordinary agitators do. Such old-style agitation concentrates the washing action at the bottom of the tub. That means clothing at the bottom is scrubbed roughly, while clothing at the top of the tub gets very little agitation. Golden Touch agitation works throughout the full tub, gets your whole washload uniformly clean without any rough scrubbing.

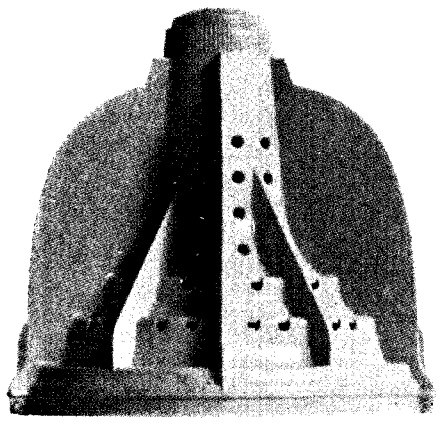


Saves wear on clothes

Because Golden Touch agitation is so gentle, your clothes last longer. The Kelvinator doesn't beat clothes back and forth and pound lint out of them. It's amazing how little lint several washings produced in the Kelvinator lint filter above. Less lint means less wear. In fact, Golden Touch agitation is so safe it can even wash a delicate paper napkin without tearing it!

Rinses 3 separate ways

1. There's a spray rinse that thoroughly soaks every bit of laundry.
2. There's an agitated rinse that makes sure there's no soap or detergent left lurking in your clothing.
3. An overflow rinse floats suds and dirt out over your laundry instead of pulling them through the clothes you've just washed. There is a rim of small holes well above the washing area in a Kelvinator that lets the rinse water out with no chance of depositing scum on your clean clothes. That's one more important reason why this Kelvinator, with the Golden Touch, gets clothes cleaner than you probably ever expected any automatic washer could.

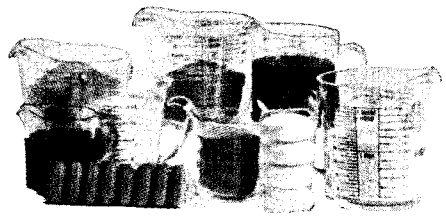


Golden Touch agitation has no gears to go wrong

We know you're too busy to put up with washer breakdowns. That's why we eliminated the biggest single cause of washer failure, the gears. Result? The simplest, most dependable mechanism you can imagine. You'll never have to pay a $70 bill for gear repairs when you choose the remarkable new Kelvinator with the Golden Touch. It's a product of American Motors ingenuity, an example of the imaginative approach to better living that developed Rambler automobiles. Kelvinator is built better to last longer, engineered to do a better washing job and keep right on doing it year after year after year. That's why Kelvinator can offer such a generous guarantee.

5-year parts guarantee

This gearless drive mechanism is so foolproof that Kelvinator guarantees its reliability. Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part for five years and any other defective part for one year. Your dealer will even pay labor costs the first year.

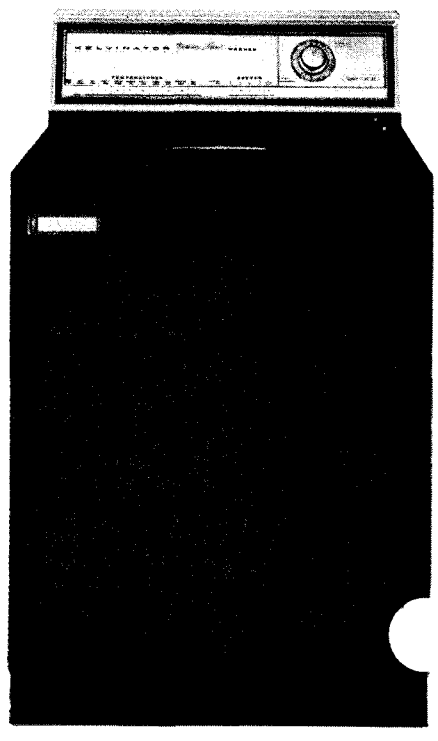


Saves water and detergent

Golden Touch agitation takes place in a solid tub instead of a perforated tub. Other washers use up to 50% more hot water and more total water than Kelvinator with its solid tub. Using less water means important savings because considerably less soap or detergent is required.

There's never been anything like this Kelvinator with the Golden Touch. Delicate lingerie and the most soiled work clothes come spanking clean when you wash them with the Golden Touch. It's the crowning achievement of our 50th Anniversary Year.

KELVINATOR KELVINATOR 50th ANNIVERSARY



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See the Washer with the Golden Touch at the Kelvinator Dealer in your neighborhood

ALIFORNIA

ALAMEDA
Alameda Automatic Appliances
676 Central
Kahn's Furniture
2319 Santa Clara Ave.

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Evan's Appliance
B. F. Goodrich Store

AL TAHOE
Lusetti's

ANAHEIM
B. F. Goodrich Store
524 W. Center St.
Signal Stores

ARCADIA
P. J. Miller Home Appliance

BAKERSFIELD
B. F. Goodrich Store
21st & K Streets

BANNING
McMahans
260 W. Ramsey

BARSTOW
Barstow Furniture Co.
McMahans
300 W. Main

BELL
Garner Furniture & Appliance

BELLFLOWER
Signal Stores

BELL GARDENS
Coffee Appliance

BELMONT
Coast to Coast
1029 Alameda De Las Plugas

BERKELEY
Hink's Electrical City
2440 Shattuck Ave.
Jarrells Appliance
2516 Shattuck Ave.

BLYTHE
McMahans
120 E. Hobsonway

BRAWLEY
McMahans
525 Main St.

BURBANK
Corradi's
F. Goodrich Store
K. Thomas

CALEXICO
McMahans
104 Second St.

CARMICHAEL
Pete's Plumbing & Appliances
8220 Fair Oaks Blvd.

CHINO
McMahans
12605 Central Ave.

CHULA VISTA
Wood's Appliances

CITRUS HEIGHTS
Jack's Appliance

CLOVERDALE
Al Montedonico
131 First St.

COLTON
McMahans
236 West "I" St.

COMPTON
B. F. Goodrich Store

CONCORD
C. B. S. Dept. Store
1111 Monument Blvd.
B. F. Goodrich Store
2094 Concord Blvd.

CORONA
McMahans
320 W. 6th St.

COVINA
Barron Wholesale Appliance Co.
1174 E. Edna Pl.

DOWNEY
Wallar's Furniture & Appliance

E. LOS ANGELES
B. F. Goodrich (3 stores)
Check Your Yellow Pages

EAST PALMDALE
Steve's Discount House

EL CAJON
Poor Boy's Appliances

EL CENTRO
McMahans
742 Main St.
B. F. Goodrich Store

MONTE
ilver Furniture Co.

ENCINITAS
Tiedy's TV & Appliances

ESCONDIDO
Superior Hardware Supply

FAIRFIELD
Fairfield Furniture
1309 Texas St.

FONTANA
McMahans
8560 Nuevo St.

FORT BRAGG
Lilley's Bldg. Supplies
441 Franklin St.

FRESNO
B. F. Goodrich Store
1955 Broadway

Josephine Furniture
922 Van Ness

GARDENA
Torrance Furniture
14000 Crenshaw

GARDEN GROVE
Appliance Center of Garden Grove
Weber's Appliance

GILROY
Murray's Home Furnishing
Highway 101

GLENDALE
B. F. Goodrich Store
Serv Well Furniture Co.
Stanley Vick's Furniture

HAYWARD
Associated Consumers
20820 Oak St.
Coast to Coast Hardware
31169 Mission Blvd.
B. F. Goodrich Store
24087 Mission Blvd.
Ralph's Appliances
24975 Mission Blvd.
Settles Furniture
21564 Mission Blvd.

HEMET
Johnson Air Conditioning Co.
25550 San Jacinto St.
McMahans
101 E. Florida St.

HUNTINGTON PARK
B. L. Russell & Co.
Signal Stores

IMPERIAL BEACH
Crowley's Appliance Service

INDIO
McMahans
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INGLEWOOD
B. F. Goodrich Store

LAFAYETTE
Link's Appliances
3458 Mt. Diablo Blvd.

LA JOLLA
La Jolla Appliance Co.

LA PUENTE
I.C.C. Warehouse

LA MESA
Helland's Appliance Co.
Both Stores

LANCASTER
Lancaster Radio, Inc.

LEMON GROVE
B. F. Goodrich Store

LONG BEACH
Dixie Stores
Dooley's Hardware Mart
B. F. Goodrich Store
1212 Long Beach Blvd.

LOS ANGELES
Atlantic Appliance
5110 Whittier
Barker Bros.
(All Stores)
Spero's
4661 W. Pico Blvd.
The Broadway
(All Stores)
Vermont Furniture
2826 S. Vermont
United Furniture
4480 Whittier Blvd.
Washer Wilson

MARTINEZ
Pacific Furniture
413 Ferry St.

MARYSVILLE
Central Valley Hardware
1421 B St.

MAYWOOD
Signal Stores

MODESTO
B. F. Goodrich Store

MORGAN HILL
Murray's Home Furnishing
Highway 101

NAPA
Doyle's Appliance & TV
1202 Main St.

NATIONAL CITY
Bay Furniture Co.
Eighth St. Washer Repair

NEEDLES
Needles Hdwe. & Bldg. Supply Co.

NEWPORT BEACH
Coast Electric

NORTH SACRAMENTO
Lyman's Appliance
1803 Del Paso Blvd.

NORWALK
B. F. Goodrich Store

OAKLAND
Acorn Appliance
7622 MacArthur Blvd.
Clinnick's
Fruitvale & MacArthur
Eli Home Furniture
251 9th St.
Friedman-Jacobs
1917 San Pablo
B. F. Goodrich Store
2726 Telegraph Ave.
Gross Bros. Furniture
537 12th St.
Kahn's Furniture
8912 E. 14th St.
Loviers
E. 14th & Fruitvale
Martin Hardware
3700 East 12th St.
N. Scholl
9th & Washington
Simon Hardware
800 Broadway

OCEANSIDE
Shaffer and Son
Wootton's

ONTARIO
McMahans
420 North Euclid Ave.

ORANGEVALE
Roy's TV & Appliance
8944 Greenback Lane

OXNARD
B. F. Goodrich Store

PACIFIC GROVE
Empire Furniture
120 Central Ave.

PALO ALTO
Maximart Dept. Store
3200 Parit Blvd.

PANORAMA CITY
Ben Rudnick Tire Co.
15601 Roscoe Blvd.

PASADENA
B. F. Goodrich Store
496 Arroyo Parkway
L. C. Taylor Co.

PITTSBURG
Davis Ref.
340 Cumberland

PLACERVILLE
Fisher's Hardware

POMONA
McMahans
505 Pomona Mall East
R & D Sales
245 E. 5th St.

REDLANDS
McMahans
127 East State St.

REDONDO BEACH
Redondo Trading Post

REDWOOD CITY
B. F. Goodrich Store
1012 Main St.

RIALTO
McMahans
128 S. Riverside

RICHMOND
Hubbard's Appliance
2240 San Pablo Ave.
Palace Furniture
2345 MacDonald Ave.

RIDGECREST
Patrick's Furniture Co.

RIVERSIDE
Arlington Furniture
9507 Magnolia Ave.
McMahans
3497 Main St.
6607 Brockton Ave.

ROCKLIN
Scribners
113 Pacific St.

SACRAMENTO
A & A Builders
6700 Folsom Blvd.
Bennett Furniture
3812 24th Ave.
Finnestead Washer Service
G.E.T.
2436 Auburn Blvd.
B. F. Goodrich Store
12th & I Sts.
Wilsons Furniture
1309 "J" Street

SALINAS
Empire Furniture
1032 So. Main St.
801 E. Alisal St.

SAN BERNARDINO
B. F. Goodrich Store
609 E Street
McMahans
472 Third St.
1140 E. St.

SAN BRUNO
Franks Furniture
1510 El Camino Real

SAN CLEMENTE
Noonan's Appliance

SAN DIEGO
A & B Furniture
Bennett's Refrigeration
Harrington's
Both Stores
Marston's
All Stores
San Diego Appliance
Walker Scott Co.
All Stores
Whitney's Appliance Centers
All Stores

SAN FRANCISCO
All American
727 Valencia St.
Perry & Whitelaw
1500 Howard St.
Weinstein's
1041 Market Street

SAN GABRIEL
G & S Appliance
117 E. Valley

SAN JOSE
G.E.M.
1717 No. 1st
B. F. Goodrich Store
701 S. First St.
Smilin' Bill's Furniture
Western Appliance
1974 West San Carlos

SAN LEANDRO
Polar Refrigeration
1539 Washington Ave.
Schwartz Furniture & Appl.
13720 E. 14th St.

SAN MATEO
Auto Home Supply
109 W. 25th St.

SANTA ANA
Consumer City
Dickson Appliance
B. F. Goodrich Store
Markham Appliance Co.

SANTA CLARA
Smilin' Bill's Furniture
2225 El Camino Real

SANTE FE SPRINGS
Signal Stores

SANTA MARIA-LOMPOC
Holser & Bailey

SEASIDE
Empire Furniture
1816 Fremont Blvd.

SHERMAN OAKS
Hacker's
14760 Ventura Blvd.

SO. PASADENA
A. A. Appel

SO. SAN FRANCISCO
Brentwood Furniture
225 Kenwood

SPRING VALLEY
Vern's Appliance

STANTON
Bill & Dave's Appliance

STOCKTON
B. F. Goodrich Store
843 E. Weber St.
Great Western Furniture
Horstman's
Refrigeration Speciality Service

TORRANCE
B. F. Goodrich Store
1323 Cravens Ave.

TULARE
Finlayson Electric

VACAVILLE
Esparza's Repair & Appliance
559 Main

VALLEJO
Brown's Ref.
500 Bemica Rd.
Glosson Furniture
1247 Georgia St.

VAN NUYS
B. F. Goodrich Store
14521 Sherman Way
Waadt Electric & Appliance

VENTURA
B. F. Goodrich Store
1870 Thompson Blvd.
Leon Walker

VICTORVILLE
McMahans
Victor Valley Shopping Center

VISALIA
B. F. Goodrich Store
130 N. Encina Street

WALNUT CREEK
Simon Hardware
Main & Bothello

WATSONVILLE
Murray's Home Furnishing
554 Main St.

WHITTIER
Coffee Appliance

WINTERS
Maier's Radio & TV

YUCAIPA
McMahans
34599 Yucaipa Blvd.

YREKA
Del Blacks Perkins Refrigeration

HAWAII

HAWAII
Yamada Furniture
Hilo

KAUAI
Slim's Appliance
Waimea

MAUI
Jones Appliance & Furniture
Wailuku

MOLOKAI
Duvauchelle's
Kaunakakai

OAHU
Arakawa's
Waipahu
Kanetake
Kailua
This and That Shop
Kailua

IDAHO

BOISE
Mike's Appliance
Welles Dept. Store

MOUNTAIN HOME
Chuck's Service Center

POCATELLO
South East Furniture Mart
237 E. Center

SALMON
Chris Motor Service

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS
Bonanza Appl. Center
Poor Boy's Washer Hospital

HENDERSON
McMahans
147 Water St.
McMahans
770 Fremont St.

RENO
B. F. Goodrich Store
1500 E. 4th St.
Statewide Appl.
125 Gentry Way

OREGON

BEND
Healy's Furniture Co.

CANBY
Burgess Furniture Co.

CORVALLIS
B & H Hardware

EUGENE
B. F. Goodrich Store
1320 Willamette

HILLSBORO
Giffords' Appliance

KLAMATH FALLS
Coast to Coast Store

MC MINNVILLE
Coast to Coast Store

MEDFORD
Eads Furniture

NORTH BEND
Coast to Coast Stores
Village Shopping Center

ONTARIO
Smit's TV & Appliance

PHILOMATH
C. G. Smith Appliance

PORTLAND
Byron's Home Furnishings
1409 S. E. Hawthorne
Coast to Coast Stores
12225 N. E. Glisan
Director's Furniture Co.
804 S. W. 3rd
B. F. Goodrich Store
437 S.E. Union Ave.
Nederhiser Furniture
19240 S. E. Stark
White-Mann Co.
5001 N. E. Union Avenue

PRINEVILLE
Healy's Furniture Co.

RAINIER
P. & G. Refrigeration

REDMOND
Healy's Furniture Co.

ROSEBURG
Phil's Appliance

SALEM
Kings Furniture Co.
363 High N. E.
Valley Furniture Co.
1870 Lana Avenue N. E.

SILVERTON
Coast to Coast Store

TILLAMOOK
Carey's TV & Appliance

WOODBURN
Coast-to-Coast Store

UTAH

AMERICAN FORK
Dixon Taylor Russell

BOUNTIFUL
Bountiful Lumber & Supply Co.
190 So. Main

CEDAR CITY
Cedar Home Furnishings

CLEARFIELD
Griff's Floors

ESCALANTE
Davis Grocery & Merc.

GUNNISON
D & D Buick

LAYTON
Nelson-Thompson TV & Appliance
330 No. Main

LEHI
Mel's Kustom Karpentry

MAGNA
O. C. Finley

NEPHI
Chapman Furniture

OGDEN
U & I Furniture Exchange
2246 Washington Blvd.
Wright's Service
770 - 3rd

PAROWAN
Parowan Merc.

PAYSON
Dixon Taylor Russell

PROVO
Dixon Taylor Russell
B. F. Goodrich Store

SALT LAKE CITY
B. F. Goodrich Store
414 E. 2nd South St.
Mark Brown & Sons

SPANISH FORK
Dixon Taylor Russell

TOOELE
Gordon Furniture

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN
Coast to Coast Stores
300 East Wishkah
B. F. Goodrich Store

BELLEVUE
House of Values
10695 Main Street
Valu-Mart
1645 140th N.E.

BELLINGHAM
Donovan Furniture
1312 Commercial
Guide Trading Post
1202 Guide-Meridian Rd.

BREMERTON
Central Furniture
Fifth and Pacific

EVERETT
B. F. Goodrich Store
2601 Colby Ave.
House of Values #4
6220 Hiway 99 South

FERNDALE
Karl Drake and Company
Box 245

FORKS
Vedder Hardware

LYNDEN
Lynden Dept. Store
418 Front Street

MOSES LAKE
Eccles Appliance
213 West Broadway

OLYMPIA
B. F. Goodrich Store
414-16 E. 4th St.

PASCO
Perry Furniture
804 West Lewis

PT. TOWNSEND
Olympic Hardware
830 Water St.

SEATTLE
Condon's
2008 Third Avenue
B. F. Goodrich Store
2331 - 7th Ave.
Gov-Mart
218 Wall St
House of Values
12546 Aurora Avenue
13440 First Avenue So.
8000 Rainier Avenue
T. Dee Appliance
12317 Bothell Wy. N.E.
Valu-Mart
18325 Aurora Avenue
800 Michigan

SELAH
Selah Furniture & Appliance

SHELTON
Olsen Furniture Co.
328 Cota St.

SILVERDALE
Coast to Coast Stores

SOUTHWORTH
Owl Electric
Box 14

SPOKANE
B. F. Goodrich Store
827 W. Second Ave.
Valu-Mart
E. 5204 Sprague

STEVENSON
Keller Electric

SUNNYSIDE
Sunnyside Frozen Foods
Fifth and Franklin

TACOMA
B. F. Goodrich Store
2406 Pacific Ave.
Gov-Mart South
11011 Pacific Hiway
Valu-Mart
2401 S. 35th

VANCOUVER
B. F. Goodrich Store
2607 Main St.

WENATCHEE
Isenhart Furniture
135 No. Wenatchee

YAKIMA
Valu-Mart #5
905 E. Mead

KELVINATOR

Division of AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, Detroit 32, Michigan
Dedicated to Excellence in Rambler Automobiles and Kelvinator Appliances

KELVINATOR 50th ANNIVERSARY

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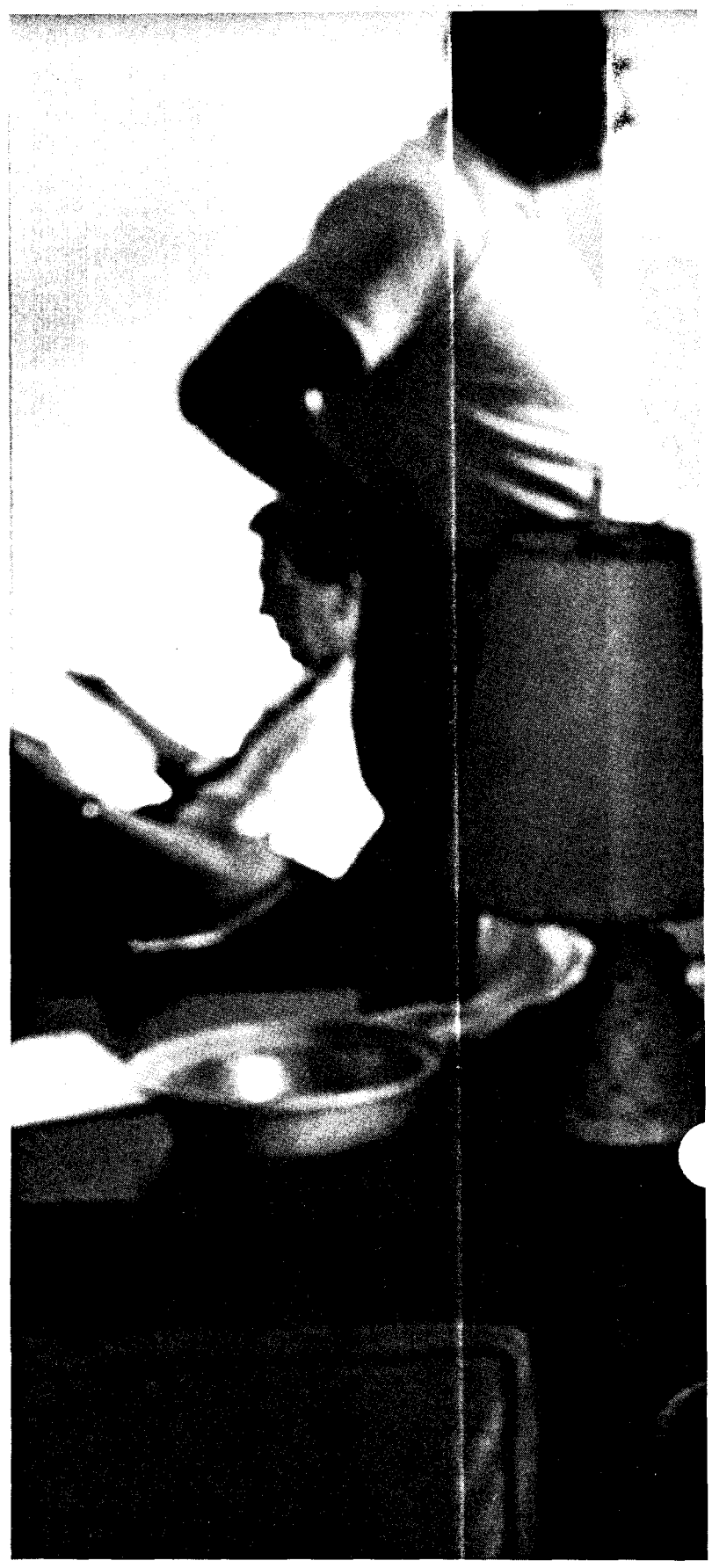
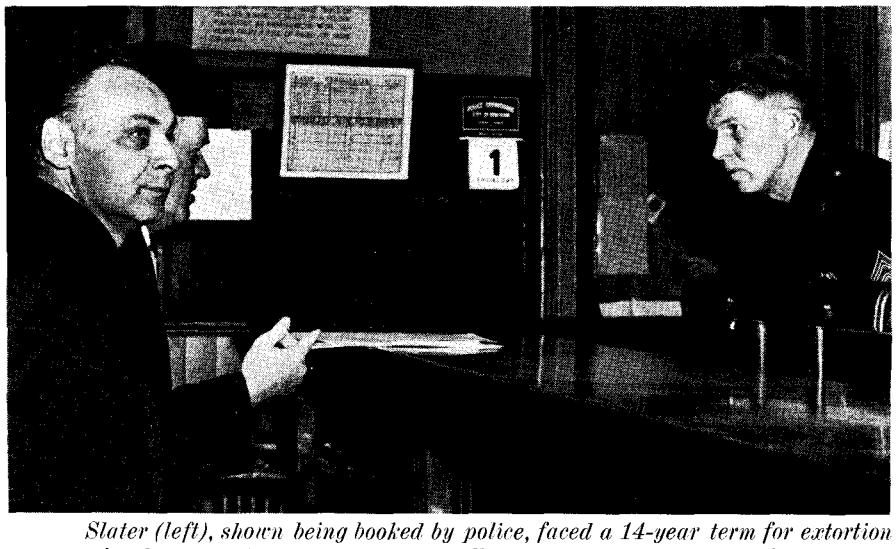
In the last issue of The Post, the secret structure of the national crime syndicate known as Cosa Nostra—the Mafia—was exposed. Here, in another exclusive, a gang veteran describes the men who rule crime in New York.

MY LIFE INSIDE THE MOB

"For eight years I worked with Joey Gallo, doing everything short of murder. Now I'm on the other side, and his guns are aimed at me."



By Sidney Slater with QUENTIN REYNOLDS



Slater (left), shown being booked by police, faced a 14-year term for extortion when he agreed to cooperate with law. His testimony has since sent 18 men to jail.

During the past year and a half I've been living under what the D.A.'s office calls "maximum security." That means that I move around with a crew of crack detectives 24 hours a day. It means that every three or four days I sleep in a different place. I can't go to a ball game, a fight or even a movie. At night I play gin rummy with my shadows. During the afternoon we usually hole up somewhere, and I wind up watching television. If you think D day at Iwo Jima was bad—and I was there so I ought to know—get a load of some of those soap operas that idiot box gives you.

It's a lousy life, but so far it *is* a life, and a year ago the mob was betting 10 to 1 that I'd be dead within a month. I've stayed alive because the detectives and I have played it very cool. When you're betting your life against $60,000, which is the price the New York Council of the Mafia has put on my head, you have to throw a lot of naturals. That's what we've been doing. And during this time the information I've given the district attorney has sent a lot of very deserving people to jail.

I'm not complaining. I got myself into this spot, and this is the only way I know of to get out. I was a member of the Joey Gallo mob in Brooklyn for eight years, and while I never killed anybody, I went along with just about everything else. I wanted to quit a long time before I finally made the break, but I didn't know how. Maybe I didn't have the nerve; there aren't many people who leave the mob and live to tell about it.

I got in with Gallo almost by accident. Back in 1955 I was making a pretty good living working for a perfectly legitimate

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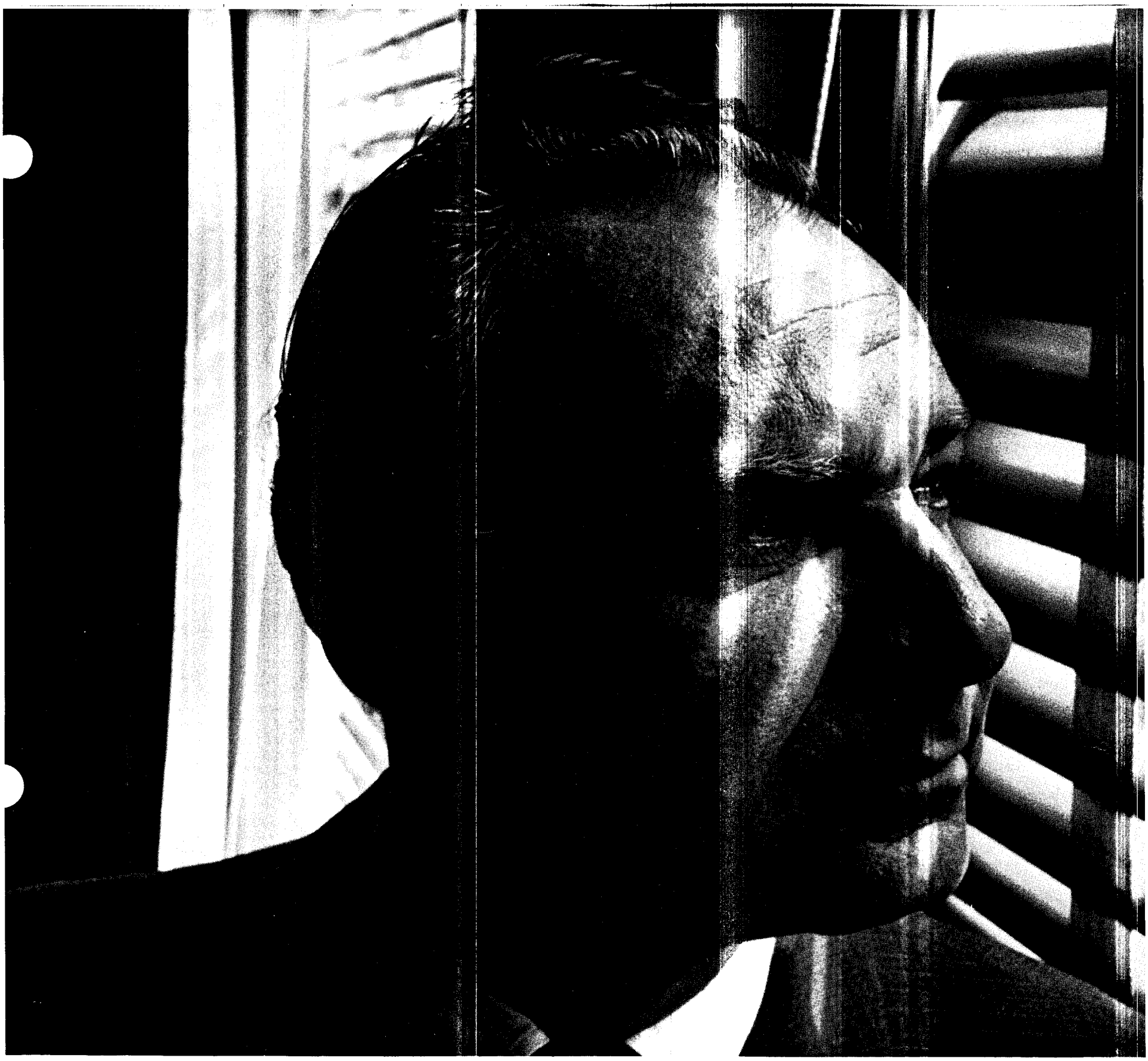

Guarded constantly by two detectives, ex-mobster Sidney Slater changes hotel rooms every few days, hoping to keep ahead of Gallo's hired guns.

outfit that rented jukeboxes, shuffleboards and pinball machines to taverns. Then one day my boss told me he was taking a powder and flying to Florida. He said the Gallo mob had moved in and had taken over his business.

"You must have got a good price for it," I said in all innocence.

"Sidney, the Gallo mob does not pay for a business. They just take it."

"I better look for a new job," I said.

"Maybe not," my boss said. "Joey Gallo went over my books and noticed that your route brought in more money than any other. I said you were a damn good salesman. You'll probably hear from him."

I did—the next day. He asked me to meet him at the Gallo headquarters at 51 President Street in Brooklyn. Some newspapers called him Joey the Blond; others called him Crazy Joey. He was five feet seven, weighed only about 150, and he had thinning blond hair and a mole on his left cheek. He wore a black shirt and a white tie. He reminded me very much of a certain Hollywood actor, but for the moment I couldn't figure who it was. He was friendly, told me that things would go on just like before, but he'd add a hundred a week to my salary. I should have run right then. But I didn't. I told him that it sounded great.

"You didn't happen to see a movie called *Kiss of Death* on *The Late Show* did you?" he asked casually.

"That's it," I said. "I've been trying to place you. There was an old lady in a wheelchair, and this actor pushed her downstairs. What was his name? . . . Richard Widmark."

"That's right." He smiled with satisfaction, adjusting his tie. "You're smart, Sidney. A lot of people think I look like Richard Widmark."

So now I was a member of his organization. I soon found out that Joey Gallo was interested in all kinds of activities—some legitimate, most not. He was a moneylender—what the mobs call a Shylock—he ran a numbers racket, he owned a few horse parlors and small nightclubs, and he had a few guns for hire. At that time he was rather small compared to Joe Profaci, the well-entrenched Mafia boss, but he was cutting in on Profaci territory, and that's the reason for the war between the two gangs.

Even though Profaci is dead and Joey is in jail, open warfare is still going on in Brooklyn. Every week the police pick up a few of them, try them and send them to the can, but they keep importing new guns from out of town, and both mobs are strong and well armed. They're just as vicious and much larger than the old Murder, Inc., mob that operated out of Brooklyn some years ago. And when they're not shooting at each other, they're looking for me.

Anyway, once I put in with Joey, I began doing more and more little jobs for him. If someone owed him money he'd send me to do the talking, and to back me up he'd send along a couple of enforcers with guns. I drifted into these illegal activities with my eyes wide open. I'm not making any excuses. But I tried to make excuses to my wife.

"No one is getting hurt by what I'm doing," I'd say to her.

"Except you, Sidney," she'd say sadly. And then one day she took our daughter and left for good. Well, that was that.

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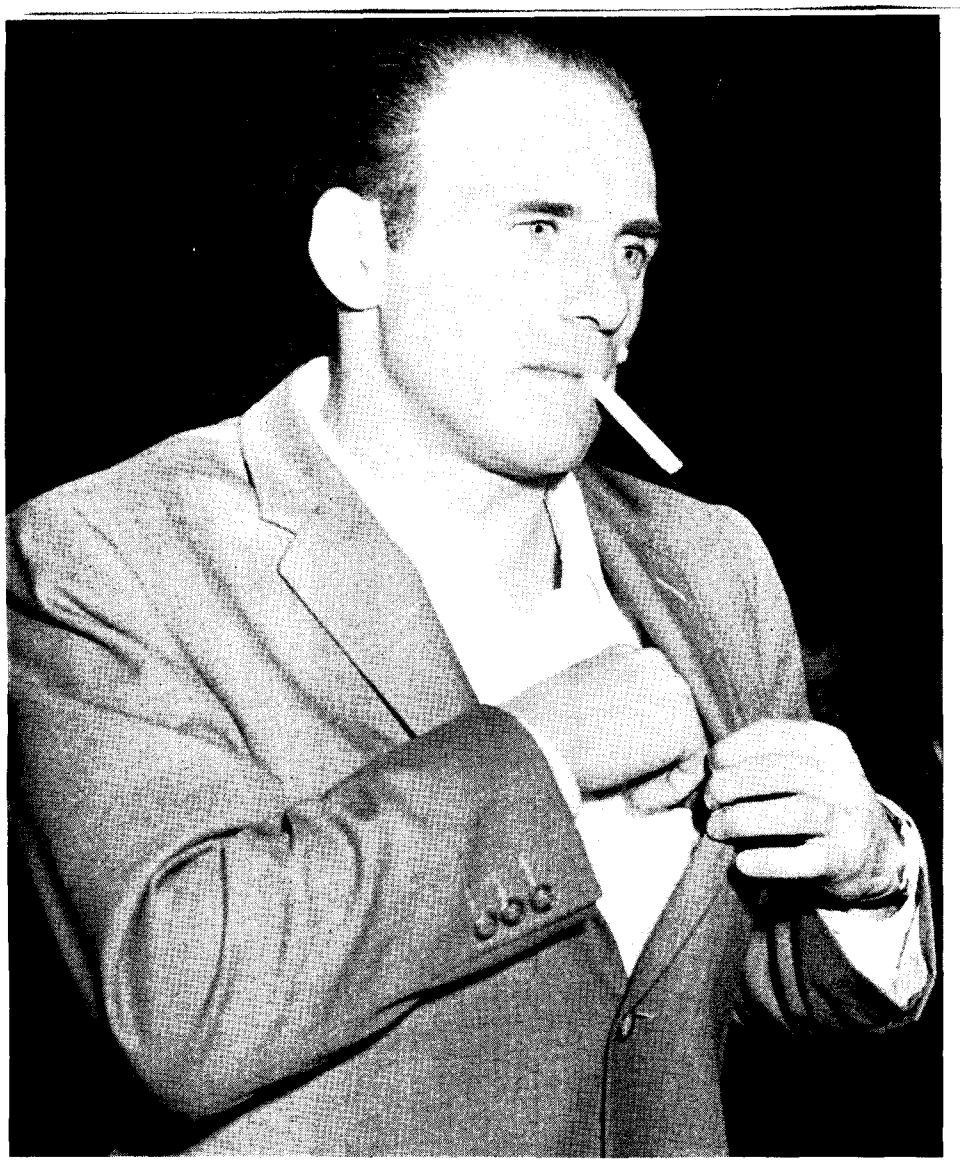
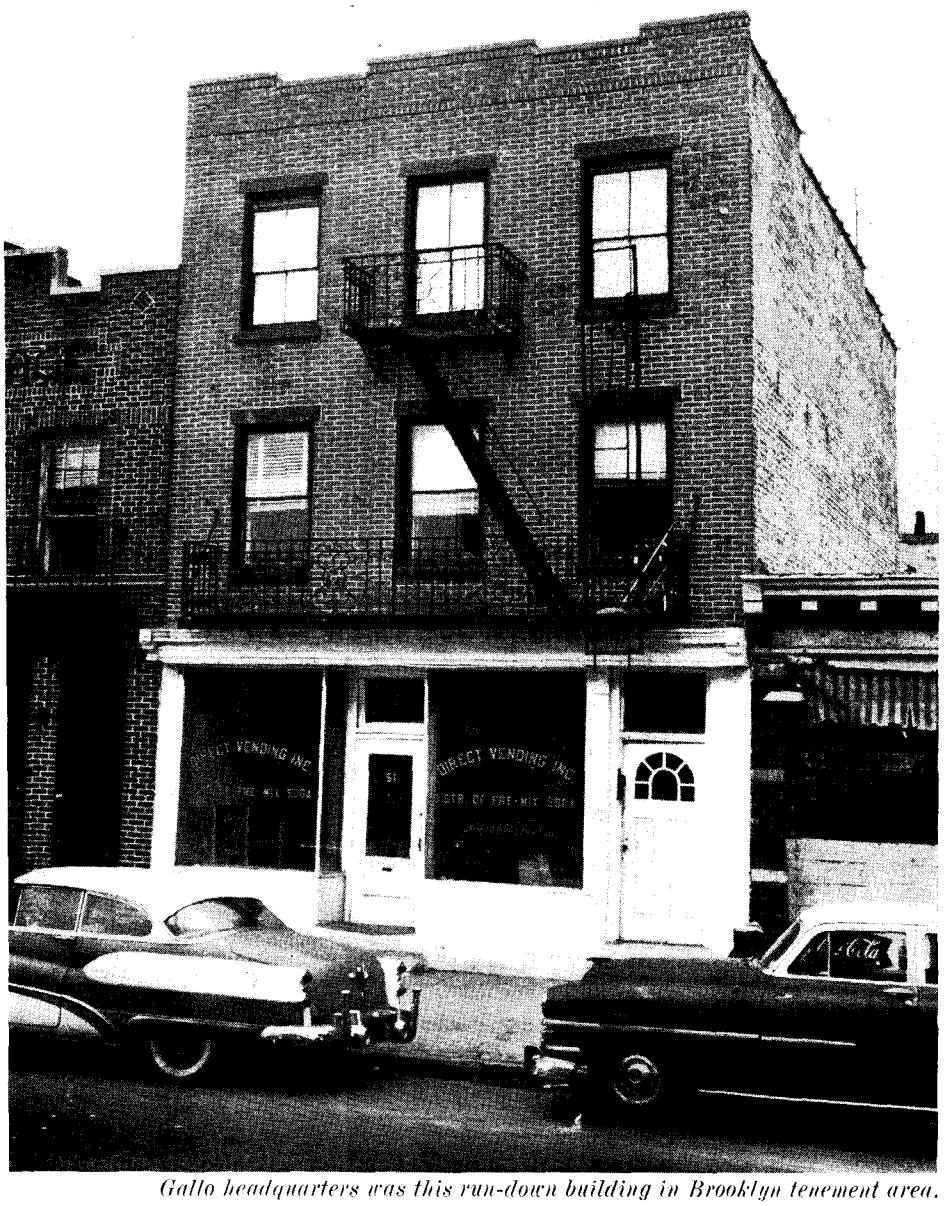


Joey Gallo smoked hashish and drank, but he was dangerous only when sober.



Gallo headquarters was this run-down building in Brooklyn tenement area.

"You can call us the Barbershop Quintet."

CRIME IN AMERICA

So that's how I got into the mob. Let me tell you how I got out. When a man starts sprouting wings and goes to confession to the district attorney, some people are skeptical. Why did I make the switch? There are several reasons, some good and others pretty silly. One reason was the horrible smell of a week-old fish sandwich in my cell in the Tombs. Let me start at the beginning.

By late 1957 I was getting in deeper and deeper with Joey and his brother Larry, who was second in command. I was a completely trusted member of the mob and I was looked upon as Joey Gallo's protégé. Joey liked to pick up small nightclubs and bars cheap, and he'd turn them over to me. I'd receive a percentage of the profits—if any. Finally he gave me a place in Manhattan on East 56th Street between Park and Lexington called the Playboy. It was a typical B-girl place. If you bought one of our girls a drink, she'd order a champagne cocktail ($2.50) but she'd get a glass of Rhine wine and soda.

The trouble with running a place for Joey was that he and his boys spent a lot of time there. Of course they ate and drank for free, but that wasn't the worst of it. The cops kept a pretty good watch on places like the Playboy, and as soon as they saw characters like Joey Gallo and his mob using it as a social headquarters, they'd tip off the State Liquor Authority and there would go the license. Also Joey loved to brag. If he'd made a good score or had managed to move in on one of Profaci's neighborhoods, he wanted to tell everyone about it. Real smart mobmen have a hunger for obscurity—but not Joey.

On the night of November 1, 1957, Joey came into the Playboy with Joe Jelly—he's lying on the bottom of Sheepshead Bay now—Punchy Illiano, Ralph Mafrici and Sonny Cammerone. Mafrici, a skinny, sadistic character who liked to use a knife, was working for me in a way—he hung around to keep order. Joey waved to me to join his table. Of course, being Joey, he had to wave to three of the girls to sit down too.

We all had drinks, then Joey laughed and said something that made me freeze.

"From now on, Sidney," he said, "you can just call the five of us the Barbershop Quintet."

I just kept on sipping my drink, hoping that the girls were too dumb to catch on. Just a few days before, Albert Anastasia had been bumped off in the barbershop of the Park Sheraton. Why weren't Joey and his guns ever picked up for the murder? That's easy. No one saw them. Why hasn't the Anastasia mob gunned them down? I don't know the answer to that one. It's even possible that Joey was boasting, having his kind of a joke. He always did have a funny sense of humor. But I believed him then, and I still do.

I went back to my hotel room and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked like the same guy who had come home with a good war record and had made an honest living for 10 years after that. And inside I felt like the same man. For the first time, I wanted out. I thought of my three brothers, who by now had disowned me. I thought of my wife and kid. I wanted out—but I didn't have the guts to do anything about it.

Not long after the S.L.A. took our license away, Joey put me in charge of a real nice bar and grill and catering place on Livingston Street in Brooklyn. It was called Pierre's, and this was not a B-girl joint. One night I was sitting at the bar with Joey Gallo and his bodyguard Ali Waffa—the only Egyptian hoodlum I ever heard of. As a matter of fact, he may be the last one. On July 24 two men fired three .45 slugs through his body, and he died two days later.

Ali Waffa wasn't very good with a gun or a knife, but he sure was good with his head. I mean he had the hardest head in the world. Sometimes when Joey was feeling good and if we were all at some friendly bar, he'd say, "Get a hunk of two-inch-thick plank. I will bet three to one Ali can break it with his head." There was always some sucker there who figured that Joey Gallo was loaded, and they'd put their dough on the line. Someone would dig up a plank of wood and damned if Ali Waffa wouldn't run at it and with his head split it right down the middle every time.

I've also seen Joey give him the nod to hit some creep, and even if the creep had a gun in his hand this crazy Egyptian would run at him, butt him in the belly with that iron head and the guy would be out like a light with maybe three broken ribs. Ali Waffa did a lot of dirty work for Joey but never got paid much. This dopey Egyptian really figured it was a great honor to work for Joey Gallo.

One night while Joey was putting Ali Waffa through his paces, Hyman Powell, one of Joey's newest recruits, came in. "I got a real pigeon for you, Joey," he said. "A moneylender named Teddy Moss who's got half a million on the street and is having trouble making collections. The guy needs some muscle.

"This Teddy Moss also owns thirteen gin mills," Powell went on. "And most of them do all right. He's got a check-cashing business going for him too."

"I guess maybe he needs some partners," Joey Gallo grinned. Joey was in a good mood that night; Ali Waffa had introduced Joey to the pleasure of smoking hashish, and now one of his jobs was to keep the boss supplied with the stuff.

The police and the newspapers often called him Crazy Joe Gallo, but strangely enough, he was never crazy when he was hitting the pipe.

He was no trouble when he was drinking, either. The time to look out for Joey Gallo was when he was cold sober. It was common knowledge that Joey had killed 10 or 11 men who had got in his way and that he'd had at least that many knocked off on his orders. And when he did his killing he was always sober.

Joey Gallo should have been operating in the 1920's. He was a flamboyant character who liked to be seen in nightclubs, always with two or three good-looking

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dolls. He wanted to be noticed. Every time he was arrested, his picture would be in the paper, and Joey would carry ·ound half a dozen copies of the clipping ıis pocket.

He was a guy who always thought right off the top of his head. You could be his best friend one minute, and the next minute he'd go after you like an animal. One of his oldest friends was a guy named Joseph (Butch) Musemeci. Butch's wife Sissie was one hell of a cook, and Joey would have dinner at their house two or three times a week. One afternoon Joey wanted Butch but couldn't find him. Butch had gone to the racetrack. The next morning Joey and a few of the boys were standing outside the Gallo headquarters at 51 President Street when Butch dropped by.

"Where in hell were you yesterday?" Joey yelled at him. Before Butch could open his mouth Joey had slugged him, knocked him down, and was "kneeing" him when the boys pulled him away. Butch lost five teeth and had to spend a week in the hospital.

Another time Joey, his brother Larry, Punchy Illiano and I stopped in to hoist a few at a place named Monty's on Carroll Street in Brooklyn. Monty's was well known to be a hangout for cops. We were a nice, quiet party until a big punk looking for a seat kind of nudged a friend of ours off his bar stool. Joey was at that big guy with both hands, clawing and punching, and with one knee banging into his groin. He knew the big guy was an off-duty cop, but he didn't care. He got him down and bit half his ear off and bashed his nose in, and when it looked as if he would kill the cop, we dragged him off. They had to call an ambulance. We ·ways figured it was bad business to .uss up a cop, because once you did that you got 25,000 other cops down on you, but Joey Gallo made his own rules.

When it came to money, he was very strange. If he wanted you to do something for him, he'd promise you the moon—but he'd never pay off. But if he made a big score, he'd spread the money around his boys. It was this sort of thing that made the boys give him the kind of loyalty not too many mob leaders get.

Now let's get back to the bar at Pierre's, where Hy Powell was talking about the pigeon named Teddy Moss. While Powell talked, Joey was thinking. He could think pretty fast if he smelled big money. He turned to me and said, "Sidney, tomorrow you get hold of Al Schaeffer and Tony Leone and have a meet with this Teddy Moss. See what he's like. Try to borrow some money off him. Or think of some scheme so we are tied in with him."

So the next day Schaeffer, Leone and I went to Teddy Moss's office. It was in Manhattan on Seventh Avenue near West 26th Street over an umbrella shop. Driving over, Tony and I figured out a scheme. We would tell Teddy Moss that we had a load of liquor we'd hijacked and that he could have it cheap. It would cost him about $40,000 wholesale but we wanted to unload it, so we were asking only $20,000. If he had any larceny in him, he'd jump at a price like that.

I was surprised to find Teddy Moss to be so young—I found out later that he was only 28. To me he looked like the fect pigeon, which is the worst mistake ver made in my life.

He laughed when he heard our offer. He wasn't a bit interested. I asked him if he needed any help collecting what was owed him. I mentioned that the boys and I worked for Joey Gallo. This news didn't faze Teddy Moss at all. And he said he didn't need any help. There was another man there named Mike Albergo. He seemed to be a partner of Moss's and he wasn't impressed with the name of Joey Gallo or with our offer. In short, they brushed us off like we were three punks.

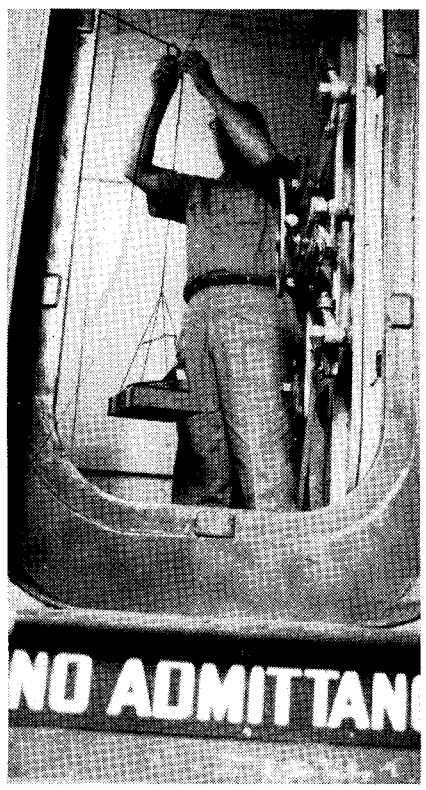
We left quietly and went to Luna's Restaurant on Mulberry Street to report back to Joey Gallo. "I don't make this Mike Albergo at all," Joey Gallo said. Al Schaeffer said, "Boss, that name rings a bell. I think he works out of Queens. Leave me make a few phone calls."

Al Schaeffer, who was just about smart enough to dial a phone, came back in five minutes with the story. "A nothin' guy," he said contemptuously. "He runs a bar and grill in Queens called the Rumpus Room. Everyone thinks he owns the joint, but he's just fronting for Teddy Moss. He's the manager on a salary."

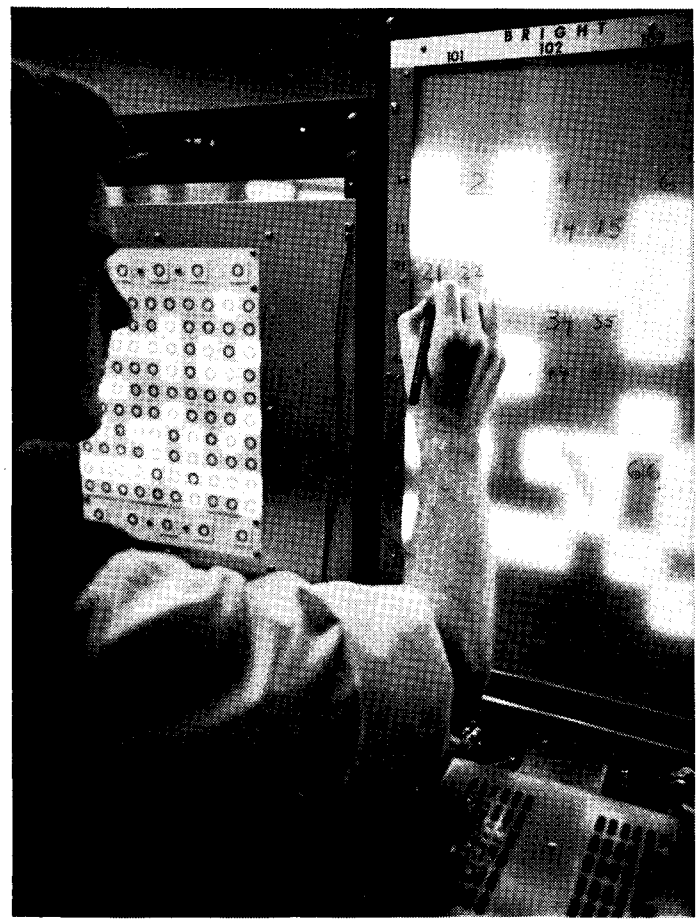
"Call this Mike Albergo," Joey said, "and tell him to meet us here at Luna's right away. And tell him," Joey added quietly, "if he doesn't show right away, he'll be dead by midnight."

Luna's was the favorite restaurant of the Mafia. Every night you'd see men from about half a dozen mobs eating or

FINDING ANSWERS THAT CAN'T BE FOUND IN BOOKS



In underground firing chamber, SRI technician suspends explosive package for test. Controlled explosions, with safety built in, have new uses in forming metals, instantaneous separation of rocket stages, welding, and even formation of diamonds.



Prototype of "learning machine" developed by SRI scientists recognizes symbols after repeated exposure. One practical application of such a device could be high-speed recognition of complex visual patterns, such as handwritten signatures.

Wausau Story

by EARL F. ARMSTRONG
Director of Business Operations, Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, California

"The problems we get from industry and government may involve anything from the earth's core to the edge of space. Every day we accept an average of two new projects, and have some 400 in work at a time. This keeps our staff of more than 2,000 people busy here and around the world—in laboratories, aboard ship, in the air, even below ground and under the sea—searching for answers that can't be found in books.

"Ironically, such wide-spread and diversified operations, plus the fact that we deal with the unknown, brought us still another problem. One we couldn't solve alone—the important matter of an effective safety and insurance program.

"This time it was Employers Mutuals of Wausau who came up with the answers. And because of our unusual requirements, these too are answers that aren't in any books. Each new project is a new adventure—for us and for Employers Mutuals underwriters and safety engineers. I can tell you from our experience that Employers Mutuals are imaginative and thorough, and definitely 'good people to do business with'."

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Larry Gallo (right), his neck still showing the bruise, is taken with brother Joey to D.A.'s office after he was strangled and nearly killed by rival hoods.

Gallo mobsters Punchy Illiano, Joseph Musemeci and Albert Gallo got big laugh after being arrested for consorting with known criminals—each other.

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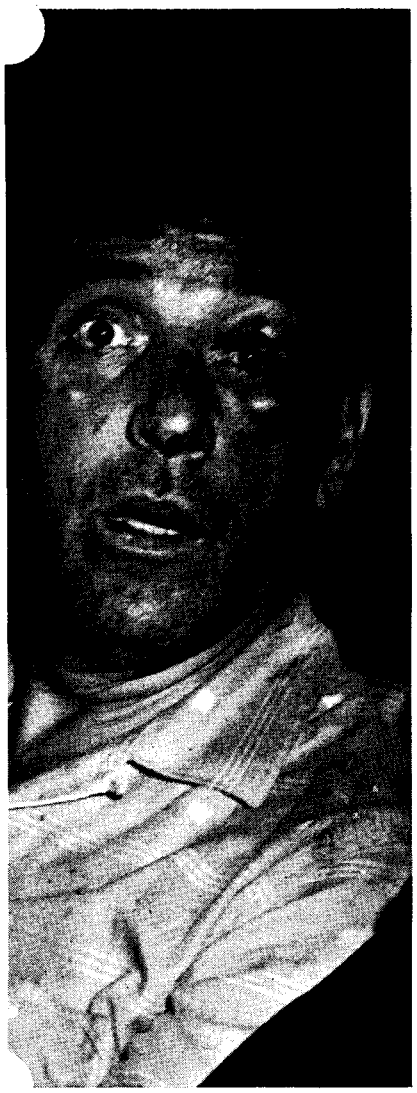
When Gallo tried to move in on a rival, open warfare broke out.



...n Scimone was found beaten up ...ter attempt on Larry Gallo's life.

CRIME IN AMERICA

drinking in the place, but there was ...ever any trouble. Tony Bender was ther... that night. That was the last time I saw him, and just about the last time that any ...ody saw him. The rumor was that he h... the wrong man by mistake a few days ...ater. As the story goes, the Mafia Co...ncil had a meeting and decided they coul... not put up with this kind of carelessness. ...hey gave out the contract, and Tony wer... the hard way—in a hydraulic press.

You know what a hydraulic pre... is? Suppose you are in the scrap-metal ...usiness and you buy a lot of old br... ken-down cars. The old car is placed i... the hydraulic press, then its jaws are c...osed and within 90 seconds that old c...r is squeezed to a four-by-four dimer...ion. Hit a man on top of the head, throw him in the trunk, put the car in the hydr...ulic press and close the four jaws. The... the car and what was left of the poor *sc...hlepper* would be shipped to Pittsburgh ...o be tossed into a blast furnace.

You'd see almost anyone at Luna's, be-cause it was considered neutral terr...tory. Police headquarters was only three b...ocks to the North and the district attor...ney's office about three blocks to the Sou...h. It was no place to start a rumble. You were likely to meet anyone at Luna's, incl...ding some of Profaci's boys, some of our boys and always a few out-of-town hoo...ls in New York to make a quick hit or ma...be a quick bank score. And you were su...re to meet Frankie (the Bug) Caruso, qui...e an important character. They called him Joey Gallo's rabbi or his *goombah*.

Joey Gallo was too hated by Prof...ci to be a member of the Mafia hiera...chy. Members of the ruling council—...ll of whom had to be Italians—were ...alled dons. Below them were the captains and below them were the "button men." ...ach button man had a group of neighbor...hood helpers and if orders came from the dons down to the captains to have son...eone eliminated, a captain would assign a button man to the job. Joey Gallo was r...epresented at council meetings by Fr...nkie the Bug.

If someone had a complaint a...gainst Joey Gallo, it would be brought u... at a council meeting, and Frankie would ...tand up for Joey and present his side ...f the case. First generation Italians or Sic...lians didn't use the word *rabbi* as much a... they used *goombah*, the slang for *con...pari*, which means patron or godfather. Any-how, to operate at all, you had to h...ve a rabbi or a *goombah* on the council. Most of the council hated Joey—he was t...oo irresponsible and they felt that his me...thods of seeking publicity hurt the whole business—but they put up with him for a ...while.

Now this night I'm talking about, most of these people were there plus Joey Gallo and several of his guns— Sonny ...ammerone, Tony Leone and Joe Jelly. Mike Albergo came in, saw the setup a...nd almost dropped dead. He knew eve...yone at Joey's table carried a gun. He said very politely, "How are you, Mr. Ga...llo?" and Joey knew the little deal was s...et.

The only thing Mike couldn't figu...re out was why Joey was so intent upon s...elling Teddy Moss $20,000 worth of hi-j...cked liquor. At the prices quoted, almos... anyone would buy it.

"That's peanuts," Joey said s...cornfully. "It was just an angle to start

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Fanta! Rich and true in taste

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"I was in the Copacabana when three of Profaci's mob tried to murder me."

Girl friend Sandra Lynn and Slater leave station after Copacabana beating.

CRIME IN AMERICA

moving into his operations. I'm going to take that over, with or without your help. If you want to help us out, you can have the Rumpus Room. And I mean as owner, not just a front man like you were for Moss. If you don't want to help us out, we'll fit you for a wooden kimono, and I mean tonight." Joey Gallo probably heard Richard Widmark say that in a movie.

"OK," Mike said, sweating a little. "What do you want me to do?"

"You phone Teddy Moss and tell him to be at the J and A Card Club on Park Place tomorrow at noon," Joey said. "And tell him to bring his books with him."

The next day we were at the Card Club waiting. I noticed that Joey was wearing his Richard Widmark costume—black shirt, white tie—and that he was cold sober. I figured this was going to be a tough day for Teddy Moss. When Moss finally showed up, he didn't have his books with him. Joey slapped him around but good, and told him that he was taking over Teddy's loan business. Then he slapped him around some more and told him to be at Luna's the next night at eight with the books.

Teddy Moss, his face swollen from Joey's openhanded but sharp slaps and his eyes bloodshot, could only nod. I know this sounds like a bad B movie, but this is the way it happened. Joey Gallo was really playing the part now. If he'd had a wheelchair handy, he'd probably have tied Teddy Moss in it and pushed it down a flight of stairs.

Joey said that he wouldn't need me at Luna's the next night. I'll never forget the date: May 11, 1961. I was driving to Pierre's in Brooklyn, and I was halfway across the Manhattan Bridge when I heard a siren in back of me. Then a police car edged me to the side and two cops holding guns hopped out.

"You're wanted for questioning at the D.A.'s office," one of the cops told me. They escorted me to the side entrance of the Criminal Courts Building—which houses the district attorney's office—at 155 Leonard Street.

Now I learned what had happened at Luna's that night. Joey was sitting at a table with Ali Waffa, Mike Albergo and a couple of other Gallo guns when Teddy Moss came in. He was very subdued and polite. He asked Joey to outline the proposition once more.

"I'm just moving in, that's the proposition," Joey snapped. "But I'll let you keep fifty percent of the business. But if any of my fifty percent don't pay up, you got to make the losses good."

There were several men at the next table listening to every word Joey Gallo was saying. They were detectives from the D.A.'s office, and when they heard enough, they pounced on Joey and his pals. Another group of detectives swarmed through the doors grabbing everyone in sight. There were others combing suspicious characters out of Mulberry Street. Before they were finished they had arrested 58 men "for questioning."

I wasn't feeling too bad. I hadn't been at the meet at Luna's. What did they have on me? I soon found out. It developed that right after Al Schaeffer, Tony Leone and I had made our first visit to Teddy Moss's office, Moss had called the D.A.'s office. We had been trailed ever since, and they had us all dead to rights—for attempted extortion. You can get up to fourteen years for that.

I was sitting in an office being questioned by Assistant District Attorney Paul Kelly, when I heard a familiar voice say, "You don't belong in here, Sidney."

I looked up. It was Paul Vitrano whom I had known in Brooklyn. He had been a lieutenant then working out of the 63rd Precinct. He'd picked me up one night years before to ask me if my car had been stolen or if I had lent it to anyone the night before. I answered "No" to both questions. I was running the Arpeggio nightclub at that time, and I always parked my car outside the place. I could produce several legitimate customers who had seen it there. A 17-year-old boy had been gunned down from a car exactly like mine. Even then Lieutenant Vitrano knew that I was working for Joey Gallo, and he knew that Gallo had his reasons for knocking off the 17-year-old kid. So he had concentrated on finding out what kind of car each one of us drove. Mine was the only one that fitted the description.

Vitrano knew that I wasn't a killer. But I might have lent my car to someone who had done the killing, or someone might have stolen it. This time I was clean, and it didn't take him long to prove it. And he did go out and prove it—and I had to like him for that. Now here he was again, only now he was Captain Vitrano, attached to the Racket Squad of the district attorney's office.

He shook his head and said, "You know, I've checked your whole family, Sidney. You've got three fine brothers and two nice sisters who won't have anything to do with you. You've lost a good wife and a lovely daughter. And what are you getting out of this life with Joey Gallo and his punks? Nothing."

"You know how it is, Captain."

"Tell me," he said, "how is it?"

"Once you get in, you can never get out. You keep thinking that someday you'll make a big score. Then you can take a quick powder, go somewhere and start all over again."

"No one ever made a big score working for Gallo," Vitrano said softly. "Gallo is finished anyway. We've got him cold for attempted extortion; we'd rather have him for first-degree murder. If you want to talk, Sidney, we could make things easier for you. You had a good war record, and we know you were never one of Gallo's guns. But you're facing the same rap that Joey Gallo is facing, and they're asking $100,000 bail for each of you."

"My God, Captain, I just went along to deliver a message to Teddy Moss."

"I know that, Sidney," he said quietly. "But technically you were acting as an accomplice with Gallo, and you are just as guilty as he is. You think it over, and if you ever need any help, just send me a message."

Then the captain left, and they took me to Felony Court, where I was charged with attempted extortion, held under $100,000 bail, and committed to the Tombs. I had never been in jail before, and it was a horrible experience. As soon as you go into the big gray building, you are given a number. From then on you are treated as impersonally as if you're a faceless, bloodless number. I had to turn out my pockets, take a shower, and swap my $150 suit for a gray job that hung on me like a burlap bag. Then they led me to a cell. A huge smiling Negro was my cell mate. We shook hands, and he told me rather proudly that he was on his way to Sing Sing to do a 10-to-20-year bit. And then, as the steel door clanged shut, the smell hit me.

"What in God's name is that?" I choked. I thought I was going to be sick.

My cell mate grinned. "You hungry, man? I been savin' that fish sandwich for more than a week. You want some?"

"Get rid of it," I said. The weather had been warm the past week, there was no air conditioning in the Tombs, and obviously the fish had spoiled. The big friendly Negro looked at me reproachfully, reached under his bunk and pulled out the sandwich. I could only retch. He ate it while I tried to look away. I tested my bunk. It had springs but no mattress. There was one blanket. I spread it over the springs and tried to sleep. But it was no use. The fish was gone, but the air hung heavy with its odor.

I'd had a lot of bad nights during the war, but never a night like this. I promised myself that night that I'd rather die than serve a long sentence in jail. I kept thinking of what Captain Vitrano had said: "If you ever need any help, just send me a message." I often thought of that statement during the next 21 miserable days, while Harold Farrell, my lawyer, was trying to get my bail reduced. Finally, because this was my first offense and because the D.A.'s office did not protest, my bail was reduced to $10,000, and I walked unsteadily out of the Tombs. It was a cool June day, and I took a deep breath, looked up at the sky and promised myself that I was never getting stuck in there again.

I went uptown to the Mayflower Hotel and there was my gal, pretty Sandra Lynn, waiting for me. I took the hottest shower I could bear, trying to wash the smell of the Tombs off me. Sandra had one of those little bathroom scales, and when I stepped on it, the needle pointed to 130 pounds. I'd been exactly 160 when I entered the Tombs. My shirts and my suits were all too big for me. But they were clean and they smelled good. When I was dressed I said, "Sandra, this is New Year's Eve, it's your birthday, it's my *bar mitzvah*, it's V-J Day—it's everything rolled into one. Tonight we shoot the works. Where do you want to eat?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "it's Friday so why don't we have fish . . .?"

I didn't hear any more. I was rushing to the bathroom. And that night we went to a steak house.

Sandra was a good girl, and we enjoyed each other without too much lying or cheating, and that's about as good as a man can do. She knew, but only in a vague sort of way, how I earned my living, and when I told her my stay in the Tombs was the result of a "bad rap," she was happy to believe it.

Anyway, about three weeks after I was sprung, Joey Gallo's lawyer got his bail reduced to $25,000 and Joey walked out of the Tombs. I went back to Pierre's to pick up the old routine, but it was no dice. We used to do a real good business but now the heat was on, and people went somewhere else. Except the cops. There were always a few of them there. That's a great way to ruin a place. My kind of customers just didn't like to hang out in a joint where cops hung out. The joint was like a morgue.

One Sunday night in August something happened that made me forget all about the business conditions at Pierre's. Sandra and I'd had a late Saturday night. We were real beat when we got home, and we slept most of the next day—I've never been much of a guy for the sauce, and four Scotches on the rocks can give me a

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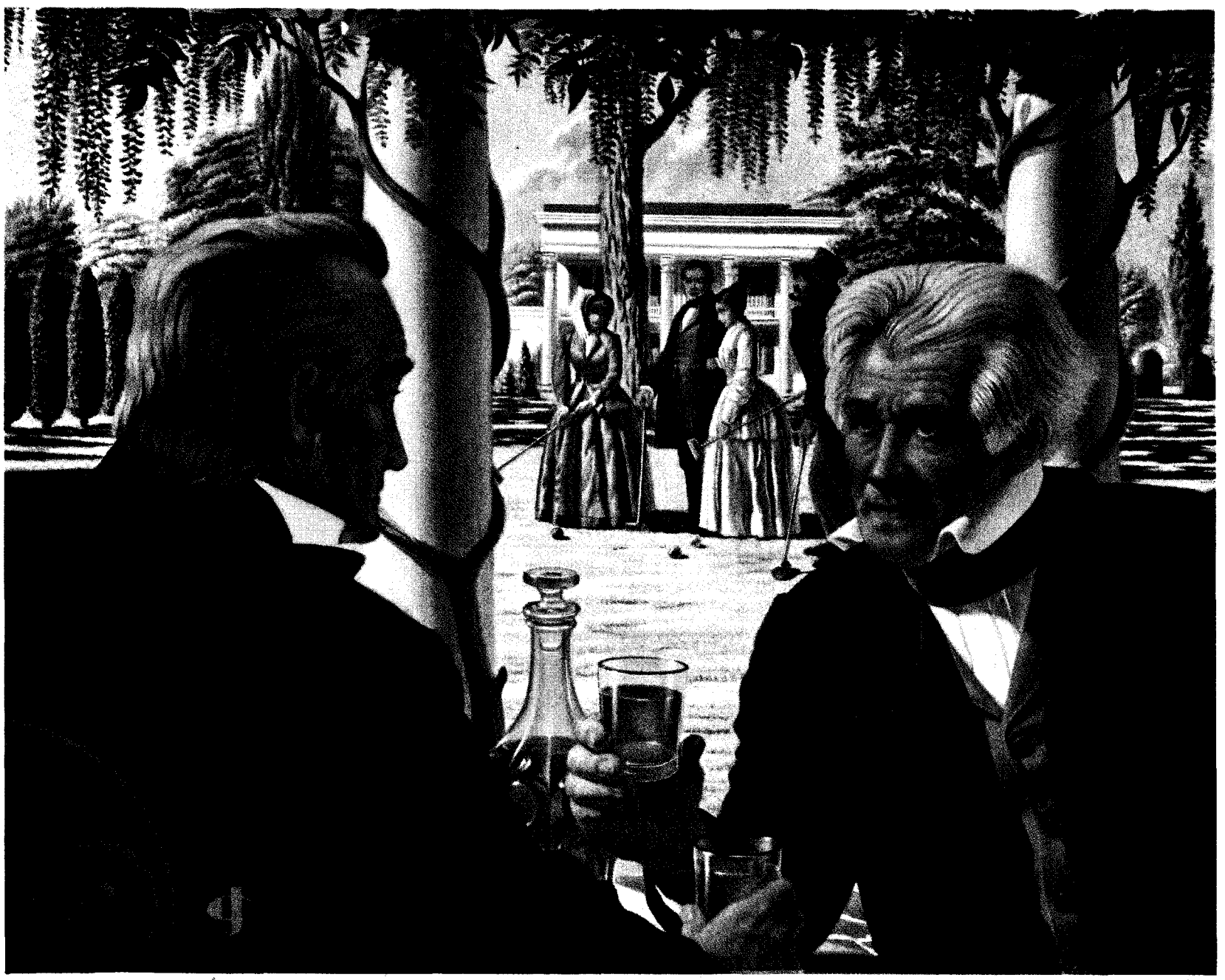
THE OLD CROW DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF



Andrew Jackson advises his friend, James K. Polk

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hangover. When I finally woke, it was because Sandra had the radio tuned in to the six o'clock news. When I heard the announcer I was wide awake immediately. He was saying that an attempt had been made to strangle Larry Gallo in the Sahara Restaurant, a tavern on Utica Avenue in Brooklyn. The announcer said that Larry Gallo had been there alone—that sounded crazy to me because Joe Jelly always acted as his bodyguard—and that several unidentified men had grabbed him, put a rope around his neck, and had tried to garrote him—but slowly. Larry was damned near dead when two cops, Sgt. Edward Meagher and Patrolman Melvin Blei, making a routine check, interrupted the party. The assailants ran, shooting as they fled, and Patrolman Blei was hit and seriously wounded. The would-be executioners got away.

I called Joey Gallo right away at his home on Eleventh Street in Greenwich Village. "Just sit tight," he said, "Larry is in the hospital, but he's all right." And then Joey added proudly, "He's clammed up—he's not saying nothing."

Even in a spot like this, with his brother near death, Joey Gallo had to give with the old George Raft or Richard Widmark routine. I don't think that Joey was ever crazy—some of the police disagree with me on this—but he had quite a sense of the dramatic. Maybe what I mean is that he was a ham. His brother was in bad shape, but he could only brag that Larry hadn't identified the men who tried to kill him.

The next day I drove to 51 President Street to get the real scoop. For the most part, the Gallo mob lived on this block, but No. 51 was headquarters, a dreary three-story building containing a deserted store where at least eight or nine of the boys slept each night. Gallo also owned No. 49 President Street next door. I never slept there. I'd had four and a half years of living the hard way during the war, and I wouldn't sleep in a fleabag like 51 President Street.

I managed to get Joey Gallo to myself. First I asked him what his brother Larry was doing alone at that gin mill—where was Joe Jelly?

"Last Wednesday Joe Jelly called me to tell me he was taking the day off to go fishing with Sally D." He sounded bitter.

It figured. Salvatore D'Ambrosio, who was always known as Sally D., had grown up with Joe Jelly. They'd been in the Marines together, and were closer than any two brothers. Sally D. had no capacity for friendship or loyalty, but he would obey orders. And he got his orders from Joe Profaci.

"They went fishing out of Sheepshead Bay," Joey said, spitting out the words, "on Sally D.'s boat. And with them were Carmine Persico, Joe Yacabelli and John Scimone—all pals of Joe Jelly. They all came back except Joe Jelly."

"But who tried to get Larry?" I asked.

"The same ones," he snapped.

"But I thought they were all friends of yours and Larry's."

"Friendship don't count when the boss gives orders," Joey said.

After Larry Gallo was discharged from the hospital, they held him in jail a few days for questioning, but he still wouldn't talk. Finally they let him out, and Joey threw a party for him, the likes of which Brooklyn had never seen. It began at Mama Rosa's, a very good Italian restaurant, but the crowd was so big that it overflowed into the street, and dozens of hoods sat on the curb drinking out of wine bottles. Larry's voice was hoarse, and there was still an ugly purple welt around his neck where the rope had bitten into his flesh.

"How in hell did it happen?" I asked.

"Because I was dope enough to trust an old friend," Larry said. "He called me and said he had made a bet on a horse the day before, and it came home and paid a big price. He said he wanted to split the winnings with me. I met him and he handed me a C-note. So I said, 'Let's go some place and have a drink.' He says, 'OK, let's go to the Sahara Lounge. Some of the boys will be there.' So we go to the Sahara, sit down at a table, order a drink and then who comes in the joint but Sally D. and that quiet guy who never opens his mouth, Carmine Persico. This is fine because I figure they're all right guys—until they pull guns."

As he was telling me about it, the sweat came out on Larry's forehead. "One of them said, 'Larry, you gotta go. There ain't room enough in Brooklyn for Profaci and the Gallos. You guys are getting too big and muscling in on things you got no right to.... And Joey gets it next and then your brother Albert. And then, one by one, they all get it.' Then they slipped that rope over my head and started to pull. Sure, I tried to fight, but when I moved the garrote just got tighter around my neck. They kept on talking. They tell me how they dumped Joe Jelly overboard, and about then I started to pass out. I woke up in the hospital."

"What'll happen now, Larry?"

"You don't think Joey and me are gonna take this lying down?" Larry looked amazed that I'd even asked.

Bloodbath in Brooklyn

I knew now that Brooklyn was in for a bloodbath. It would be armed warfare between Profaci's mob and the Gallos. I got a stomach full of violence during the war, and I didn't like the idea of getting mixed up in any more shooting. I was in a mood to get out if there was any possible way to do it.

I wasn't in a very good mental state that week. My trial would be coming up soon, and I knew the law had me dead to rights. Even my lawyer had told me that. And with Pierre's so empty at night you could die of loneliness, I wasn't making enough to buy a doll a half pint of perfume. It was then that my phone rang, and I heard the voice of Capt. Paul Vitrano. There was something about his quiet voice that made me say to myself, "Well, here's one guy you can trust." We chatted for a while and then he said he'd like to see me. We arranged to meet in Central Park the next morning. He started right out by telling me that he knew a blood bath was coming up and that I might be caught in the middle of it. And even if I escaped it, he said, the alternative was a long jail term.

"I'd like you to talk to Assistant Chief Inspector Ray Martin," he said softly. "Martin thinks he can help you, and he is sure that you can help us. But it's up to you, Sid. We're not trying to put any heat on you."

I met Inspector Martin the next day in the Grill Room of the Commodore Hotel. It was a good place to meet; mob guys seldom frequent such well-known places. Martin told me that he could square the extortion rap if I played ball with him. He wanted me to continue working for the Gallos, but he wanted me to report to him every bit of information I picked up. He would keep my cooperation absolutely confidential.

"If the Profaci and Gallo mobs killed each other off, the police department wouldn't shed many tears," he said. "But if they have a rumble, it could mean that a lot of innocent citizens will be killed. That's one reason why I want advance information about any big operation the Gallos are planning."

Everything that Martin said made sense. It seemed to me that I didn't have much choice except to go along. So I shook hands with Martin and said it was a deal. He gave me his unlisted phone number and told me to use the code name "Sam" every time I called.

I filled him in on everything that had happened the past few years; the murder of Joe Jelly, the ones who really tried to kill Larry Gallo, and I told him Sally D. had shot Patrolman Blei. I gave him the answers to four or five other killings. Mind you, little of this would stand up in court, because when it comes to murder you need an eyewitness or a confession. But it was the kind of information Inspector Martin wanted. Eventually he could use it in one way or another.

Once more Inspector Martin emphasized the fact that my name would never come out. We both knew that if the Gallos had the slightest suspicion that I was talking, I wouldn't last 10 minutes. I would be strictly an undercover man. And that's what I became.

I'd report to 51 President Street every day and keep my ears open. Joey Gallo gave me a job collecting money not only from jukebox operators but also from two numbers brokers he controlled. I collected about a thousand a week, and Joey would let me keep about $300. Because we were all being watched by the Profaci mob, Joey would never send me out alone. I'd always have two armed bodyguards with me in the car, but we were never caught up with. I might add that during the years I worked for Gallo I never carried a gun. Gallo didn't like his collectors or salesmen to carry guns. If the cops picked up any of us and found a gun, we'd go right into the can for violation of the Sullivan Act. If we were clean, they had nothing on us. Joey liked his men to be specialists. He had his bookmakers, his enforcers, his collectors, his bodyguards and his chauffeurs, but it wasn't often that a man did two jobs.

Early one morning Inspector Martin called me at my hotel. "Do you know Joe Magnasco?"

"Sure, he's one of Gallo's guns."

"He was hit late yesterday afternoon," Martin said gruffly. "Get me the story."

I hurried to President Street, where everybody was buzzing with the news. The shooting of Magnasco was just part of the war between the Profacis and the Gallos. Gallo had sent Magnasco and four other guns to Profaci territory to snatch or kill one of Profaci's captains. It was one of those things that Joey thought of on the spur of the moment.

The five gunmen had what looked like good luck. Profaci's man was standing outside a liquor store on Fourth Avenue. They moved toward him and then they got a bad break. Another one of Profaci's gunmen was standing in front of a house next to the liquor store. He recognized the five men and immediately opened fire. His first bullet killed Magnasco. The other four, knowing they were in hostile territory, ran.

That afternoon I called this in to Martin. By now things had really dried

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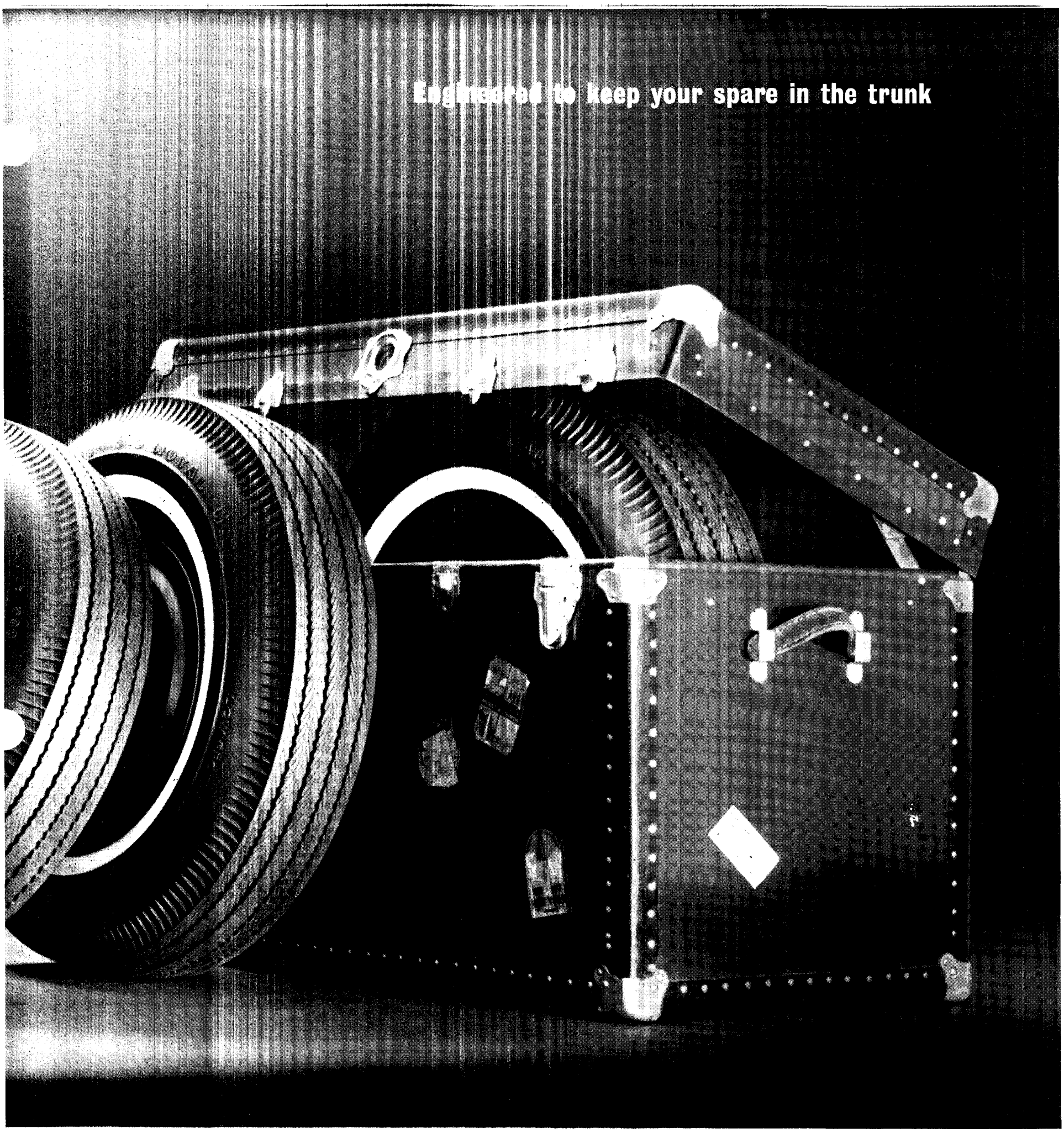

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"They've almost gotten me twice, and I know they'll try again."

up around town. I mean numbers brokers, bookies, even operators of jukeboxes were afraid of getting caught in the middle of this fight between the two mobs, and a lot of them were going to Vegas or Hot Springs, or just closing down for a while. This meant that Joey Gallo was hurting for money, and that's why he had decided on the snatch.

Next he decided to grab Ruby Stein, a big Shylock who was mixed up with Profaci. He would be worth a hundred thousand in ransom. The trouble was that Ruby Stein knew every one of Gallo's hoods, and it would be hard to get close to him. So Joey Gallo called California and imported two L. A. triggermen named Big Mike Rezzitello and Louis (Lefty) Castiglione. But they didn't know Ruby Stein by sight, so Joey sent one of his boys along to drive the car and to finger Ruby for them.

Ruby often met his clients in very respectable and expensive restaurants. That week he was using El Borracho on East 53rd Street in Manhattan. The two imported hoods trailed him there, but the street was crowded, so they decided to park and nab him when he came out. When he did come out, the two thugs grabbed him on either side and started steering him toward the car. Ruby started yelling at the top of his voice. People poured out of the restaurant and came from across the street. Ruby kept screaming, and the two hoods dropped him and hurried to their car. They just did manage to get away before two cops came running from nearby Park Avenue.

That's the kind of information I kept feeding Inspector Martin. Of course, he especially wanted to get Salvatore D'Ambrosio (Sally D.), who shot and almost killed Patrolman Blei. But he couldn't find him. Sally D. wasn't only hiding from the cops, he was also hiding from the Gallos. But Inspector Martin did pick up Sally's girl, Palma Vitale. He brought her before a grand jury, and the kid told one lie after another. She was indicted right away for perjury. Then Sally D. did the dumbest thing a hood ever did. He got in touch with two detectives who had picked up his girl and said he'd make a deal with them. If they'd use their influence to have the indictment squashed, he'd give them $2,500. Once a grand jury has handed down an indictment, the whole detective force couldn't get that indictment reversed, but Sally was too dumb to know that. The detectives agreed and arranged for a meet. Sally D. handed them the money, and they collared him right on the spot and charged him with attempted bribery. They didn't get him for murder, but at least they put him away for three to five years, and when he comes out, the D.A.'s office has a surprise waiting for him.

While all this maneuvering was going on, the Gallos were quietly collecting an arsenal at 51 President Street. They had hand grenades, rifles with silencers, shotguns and plenty of revolvers. When I told this to Inspector Martin and to Captain Vitrano, they looked worried. It could be that the Gallos were getting ready for an all-out attack on the Profacis, so Inspector Martin decided to raid Gallo headquarters. I told him the guns and grenades and bombs were all in one room on the second floor where Lefty Big Ears Castiglione slept.

The next afternoon Martin's men raided the place. They found four guns in the cellar, but somehow missed the locked room that held the real arsenal. The next day the Gallos moved the weapons, and I never could find out where they had hidden them. But judging by the number of shootings in Brooklyn recently, they still have them.

I went on for about six months without being suspected, and at least three times a week I'd call or meet with Inspector Martin and give him information that would enable him to pick up someone he wanted or that would stop a rumble. Then came Joey Gallo's trial for attempted extortion. On the recommendation of the D.A., the other defendants and myself were to be tried separately. It didn't take long for the jury to find Joey Gallo guilty. He is now serving seven to fourteen years.

Along about this time Sammy Davis Jr. was opening at New York's famous nightclub, the Copacabana, and I took my girl Sandra to catch his act. Sammy was so good that we stayed around for the last show. When he had gone off and most of the crowd had left, we stayed at our table to finish our drinks. I paid my bill and was about to leave when a man walked over to our table. I recognized him as Jiggs Forlano. Before Castro took over Cuba, Jiggs owned a piece of the Tropicana, Havana's gambling casino. Now he was probably the biggest moneylender in New York, and he was a member of the Profaci mob.

"Come outside, I want to talk to you," he said to me.

"Sandra, I want you to meet Jiggs Forlano," I said. In case of real trouble I wanted her to know his name. "Jiggs, I'm not going outside with you, but if you want to talk, sit down."

"Not here," he said. "Come over to my table." Like an idiot I asked Sandra to excuse me for a few minutes, and I went to his table on the other side of the dance floor. He sat down and motioned me to take a seat. I wasn't worried too much. The Copa is a well-run, respectable nightclub, hardly the place to expect violence. Then two more of Profaci's mob appeared. They were Carmine Persico and Dominick (Donny Shack) Montemarano. Montemarano pulled a gun out of his pocket, growled, "Don't move," and put the gun back. Waiters were piling chairs on tables and porters were sweeping the floor. The place was nearly empty, and no one realized what was going on.

Jiggs asked, "Where's Joey Gallo?"

I relaxed a bit then. "They moved him from the Tombs to Sing Sing, Jiggs," I said. "You know that as well as I do."

"We hear that he got out today."

"If he got out, I'd have heard," I told him. I was beginning to relax.

"What in hell are you doing in a fancy nightclub like this," Jiggs asked sarcastically, but before I could answer, he reached over and drew his ring finger across my right eye. He wasn't wearing a ring but what the hoods call a newspaper hook. (When newspapers are delivered to newsstands in big bundles, they're tied with heavy cord, and the shopkeepers use these small sharp hooks which are attached to a ring to cut the cord.) Jiggs tried to rip my eyeball out, but instinctively I raised my head, and the hook made a three-inch gash just below my eye. I grabbed a napkin to stop the blood that I could feel spurting out. Then Persico reached over, grabbed my tie and started to choke me. At that moment a waiter came up to the table and said rather loudly, "You gentlemen want a drink? We're closing in a few minutes."

"You're lucky you're inside here," Jiggs said. Persico didn't say a thing. I got up pretty shaky, waved to Sandra to join me and, still holding the napkin to my eye, went outside and got a cab.

I dropped Sandra off at her hotel and went to 51 President Street to tell the boys what had happened.

"A quarter of an inch higher and you'd have lost your eye," Larry Gallo said cheerfully. Then he gave me hell for going to any nightclub without some of the boys.

The next morning I called Inspector Martin and told him the whole story. Martin told me to stick close to my hotel. Captain Vitrano called me later, and I met him in a drugstore on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 18th Street. I told him everything that had happened.

"But, Captain, this information has to die right here," I said. "If it gets out, I won't last twenty-four hours."

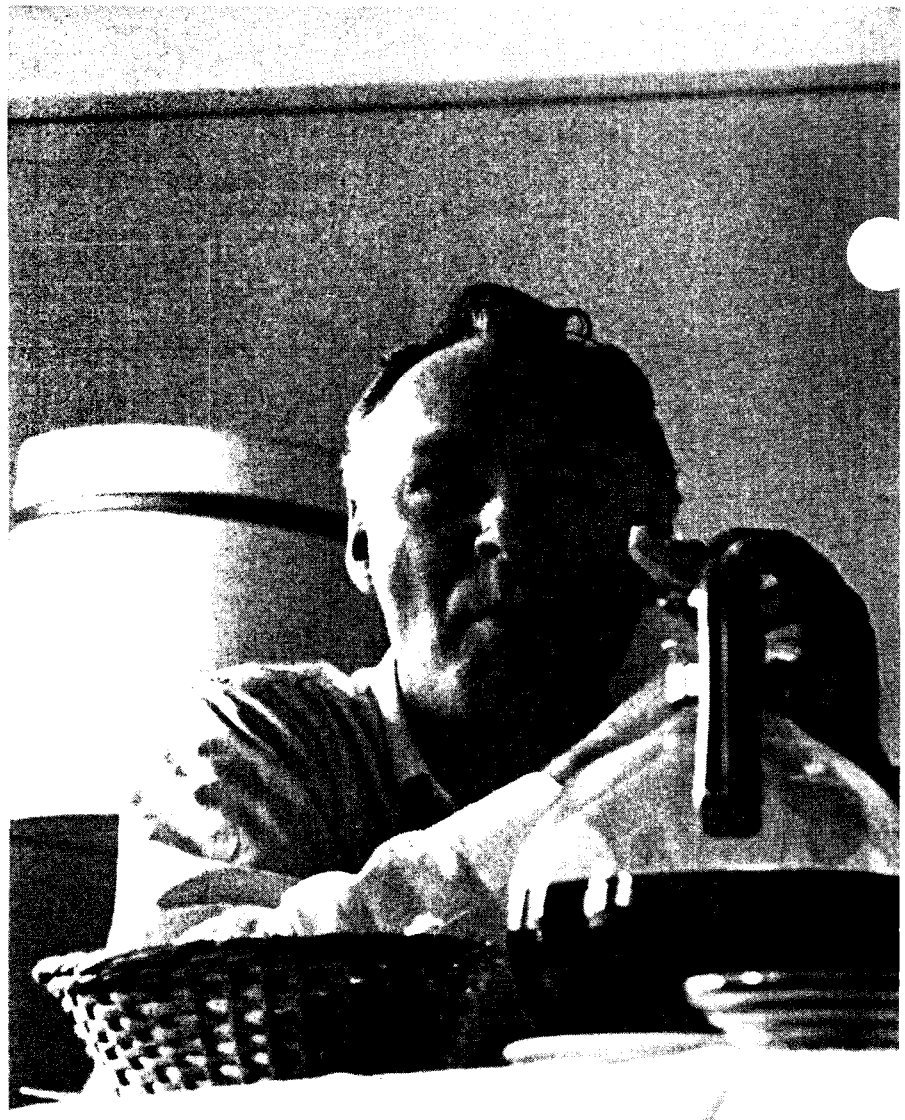
"I know," he said. "Don't worry."

Two days later I got a call from Assistant District Attorney Paul Kelly, who had handled Joey Gallo's trial. He was the man who had questioned me the night I'd been picked up on the bridge. This time he gave me some bad news.

"District Attorney Frank Hogan and his assistant, Alfred Scotti, insist that you testify before a grand jury," he told me. "It's the first time we have something concrete on these men. We can get them for felonious assault, and keep them off the streets for a couple of years."

"Great," I said sarcastically. "I've done everything your office has asked me to do, and now in return you're signing my death warrant."

"We'll take good care of you," Kelly promised. I liked Kelly, a good-looking,



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Joe Profaci is dead from cancer and Joey Gallo is in jail, but both mobs still hunt for Slater, who dreads the day when his guards will leave him.

sympathetic man about 35, and I knew that he meant what he said, but I also knew that you couldn't guard a man forever. But I couldn't stop it. "Inspector Martin and Captain Vitrano have been subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury," Kelly said. "They will have to tell the truth under oath. They're your friends, Sid, and they've even gone to bat for you with Mr. Hogan and Mr. Scotti, but they have to testify."

And that's just what happened. The waiter also testified as to the identity of the three men—he had picked them out of mug shots at Police Headquarters. I swore that I had never seen the men before. I could see that not one member of the grand jury believed me, and I was immediately indicted for perjury.

I went to President Street and told Larry Gallo and the boys what had happened. They thought I was a real stand-up guy to have defied the grand jury. I told them things were too hot for me with Profaci's men on one side and the law on the other—I wanted to get out of town for awhile. They agreed and I picked up my girl and we went to Arizona. It was a good month, the last good month I've had for a long, long time.

Incidentally, that was the last time I ever saw Sandra. After I went back she took another stage name, got herself a job in the road company of a musical and left town. I don't blame her. The heat was getting tough for me. But she was a soft doll who only weighed about eighty pounds with a copy of Variety in her lap, and lots of times I miss her. Finally my lawyer, Harold Farrell, called me and told me to hurry back to New York; I was due to be tried. I went back and he talked to me like a Dutch uncle.

"Sidney, you have no choice," he said. "If you go before the grand jury and tell the truth, you will be purging yourself of the perjury charge. If you don't, you'll go to jail. And if the D.A. wants, he can even dig up that extortion case, and that will mean another long stretch."

I realized that he was right. I'd just have to tell the truth no matter what happened to me afterward. Strangely enough, once I'd made up my mind, I felt better. I went before the grand jury with what was almost a feeling of relief. I told them about the three men at the Copa; and Persico, Montemarano and Jiggs Forlano were indicted. Then the grand jury wanted to hear more about the extortion case of Teddy Moss. I told the whole story, beginning with the visit of Hy Powell to Pierre's with the story of a rich "pigeon" he had found.

The grand jury immediately indicted Hy Powell, Mike Albergo—who, since leaving Moss, had been a faithful Gallo gun—Al Schaeffer and Tony Leone. I testified against them in open court, and all were found guilty. That really rocked the Gallo mob. Not one of them had ever suspected that I'd been feeding stuff to Inspector Martin and to the D.A.'s office. That's when the word went out that anyone who got me would get $60,000.

During this time I've worked closely with the D.A.'s office, and of course with Capt. Paul Vitrano. Once I considered these men to be my enemies; now I feel that they and the detectives who guard me are the best friends I've ever had. I'm sure there are plenty of men in both the Gallo and Profaci mobs who want out but who are afraid to make the break. I can only tell them that if they want to go straight, all they have to do is call Capt. Paul Vitrano—or anyone else in the D.A.'s office. There are 70 detectives attached to the D.A.'s office plus the regular 25,000 members of the Police Department. That's quite an army.

As for me, I'm proud of the fact that my information and my testimony have sent 18 mobsters to the penitentiary—some for very long terms. But I'm not kidding myself. Even though Joe Profaci has died of cancer and Joey Gallo is still in jail, I know that the boys with the guns are still after me. They've tried to get me twice, and they'll try again. I used to think about this a lot, but after a year and a half I've stopped worrying. I've been responsible for putting 18 hoods behind bars, and the D.A.'s office thinks that my testimony will help put away a lot more. The way I figure it, no matter what happens next I've paid my debt, and everything else is gravy. THE END

In the next issue Budd Shulberg returns to the scene of his powerful movie, "On the Waterfront." His shocking report proves that mobsters still poison our biggest harbor.

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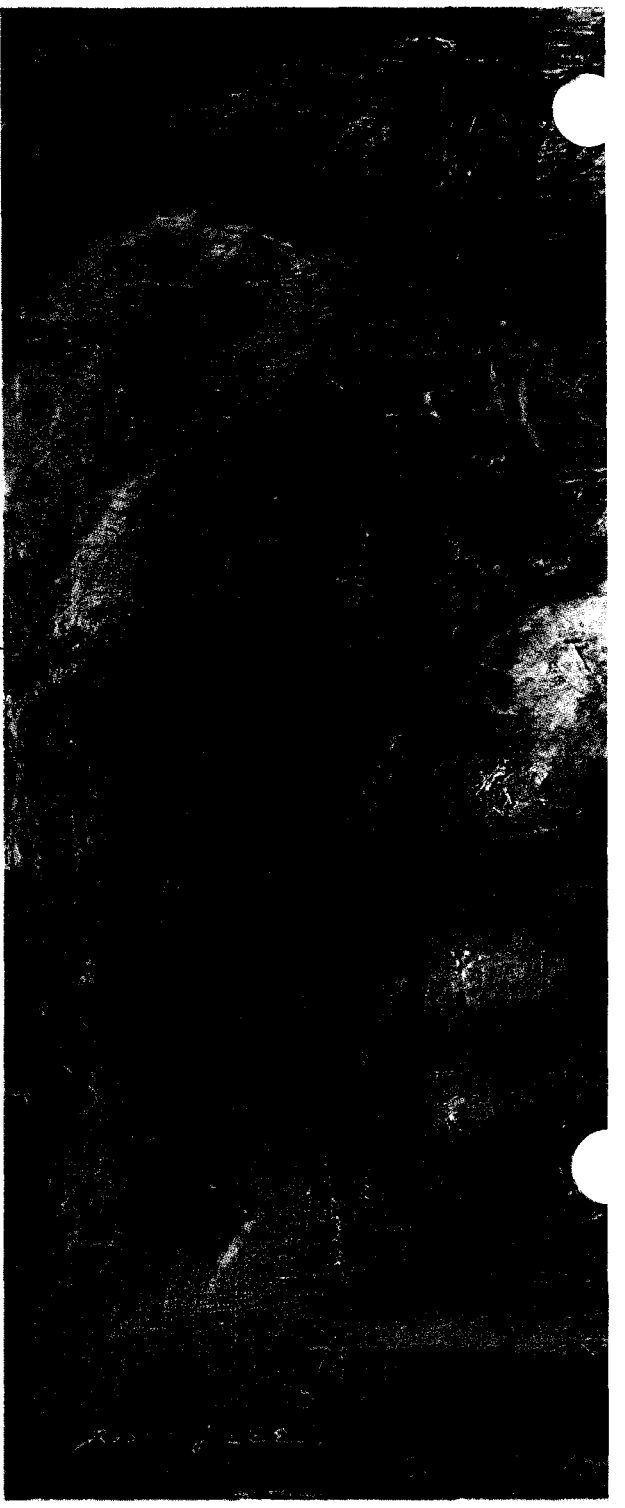
Since Dawn Powell's first novel was published in 1928, she has consistently displayed wit and wisdom in an impressive body of work that includes 13 novels, many short stories, plus several plays. Her most recent novel, "The Golden Spur," merited considerable praise when it was published last year. Among its admirers was the noted critic Edmund Wilson, who wrote, "Miss Powell's books are more than merely funny; they are full of psychological insights. . . ."

THE ELOPERS

By Dawn Powell



In the sunken garden the scarlet geraniums bloomed, and the weeping willows dripped pale green branches along the graveled paths. Trees and grass seemed far greener here than in Manhattan, across the bridge. It was only June, but here on Ward's Island the summer might have been at its ripest. The lush green lawns, the vine-covered porches of the little gingerbread houses, the blossoming country lanes, so tranquil and remote from the city, seemed, under the great stone bridges, to be a lovely buried village of long, long ago. The stern new buildings on the edge were tall sentries, guarding the hush within.

In the bus shed Alma overheard someone remark on the beauty of the grounds, and a woman's tired voice answered, "It's pretty, all right, but you get so you're afraid of beautiful grounds like this. It's always an orphanage or a poorhouse or a prison. I'll bet the ones who have to stay here would be happier in the heart of the slums or in a factory town. At least there'd be life."

It was long past visiting hours, which meant a long wait for the bus back to 125th Street. At least she wouldn't have to stand. Coming over, the young athletes bound for Randall's Island always grabbed the seats, shoving aside the weary old mothers laden with hampers for the hospital patients. Alma recognized two of the women waiting in the shed, those who had probably stayed, as she had, to confer with the doctors. There was the pretty, dark woman who came over every week to visit her old music teacher, "the Maestro," as she called him.

"Today I sang for the Maestro and he *knew*, he really did," she whispered to Alma. "He said, 'How many times must I tell you to come *up* on that note, not pounce on it?' Just like his old self!"

A small gray woman with her canvas carryall on her lap had been coming here as many years as Alma had, and nodded to her.

"I thought you had taken your son home," Alma said. "Wasn't he discharged?"

"He always has to come back," the woman said with a shrug. "Outside gets too much for him after three, four weeks. He can't understand. No friends anymore, nothing to do, no place to go, and me away all day. My mother's in the apartment, but she's old and keeps at him, do this, do that. So he eloped."

"Eloped?"

The woman smiled.

"They call it eloping, running away from the hospital," she said. "He was always in trouble with the doctors, always trying to elope back to the Bronx. Then they'd catch him and put him in a closed ward. Only this time—it's funny, isn't it?—he eloped back to Ward's instead of away. Some do that. When they can't stand up to something they got to elope."

"Well, at least he made his own decision," Alma consoled her.

"If only he could see it that way," said the other. "Your daughter went to staff, didn't she? Does that mean you're taking her home at last?"

"Her father's bringing her home tomorrow," she said. "She's going to be all right now. Those marvelous new drugs! I just brought a new outfit for her, and she was so thrilled. Full of plans, of course."

"You brought her here the same time I brought Max," the woman remembered. "Six years."

"It's been so long," Alma said. "I'm the one that's scared."

The woman knew.

"I'm telling you," she said.

The bus came along and the three women climbed on, taking separate seats with their separate problems to solve, their separate canvas bags. The bags told the story. There was a time when Alma would see someone carrying one of those cram-full bags on a summer Sunday and she'd think it meant a picnic, a beach outing. Now, whenever she saw a woman carrying one, she wondered what hospital she was headed for, how far she had come, how many weeks or years she had been carrying it. Her own bag today contained the clothes Deedee had on when they brought her here from Bellevue that sad summer day. A size nine then, she had grown taller and stouter and now looked old for her nineteen years. Her fair hair, newly curled at the island beauty shop where she had been working lately, was still beautiful. Even in her most depressed state Deedee had been vain, brushing her hair all day long. Another good thing: Her eyes were alive again. Some of them never got over the fixed, wide-eyed stare, even when they were well, but Deedee's eyes were warm and alert, clouding up quickly, oh yes, when something puzzled her or something was denied her. There were so many things she had been denied, and now that she was coming out the poor child expected everything to be waiting for her—the skates, the cocker spaniel, the guitar with lessons, the electric sewing machine, the fur skating boots, the chocolate almond cake. . . . Alma took her memo pad out of her purse and wrote "chocolate cake" on her list.

She looked out over the river, the river that had seemed to her the dividing line between hope and despair. Today it was jeweled with sunset colors and the reflected lights of the highway; even the tugs seemed beautiful, because Deedee was coming home, Deedee was going to be all right.

The old doctor himself had acknowledged that she could have gotten out long ago.

"She was one of the half dozen out of a hundred I could have helped, maybe cured," he had said angrily. "But time is what you have to give them, and in my job here I have to see two hundred patients a day. Time, time is what we need and what do they give us—buildings! None of *their* doing we get these bright young doctors coming over to save somebody once in a while! Your good luck, Mrs. Davis."

It was indeed, Alma admitted. The new young doctor had taken a personal interest in Deedee's painting and dress designs. He had several paintings by patients hanging in his office, and Deedee's, the gleaming white sight-seeing boat steaming up the blue river toward Hell Gate, was his favorite. Alma did not like to look at the other paintings, the one of the huge cavern with jagged gray rocks and pitch-black water below, or the one with the twisted dead

Illustration by Robert J. Lee

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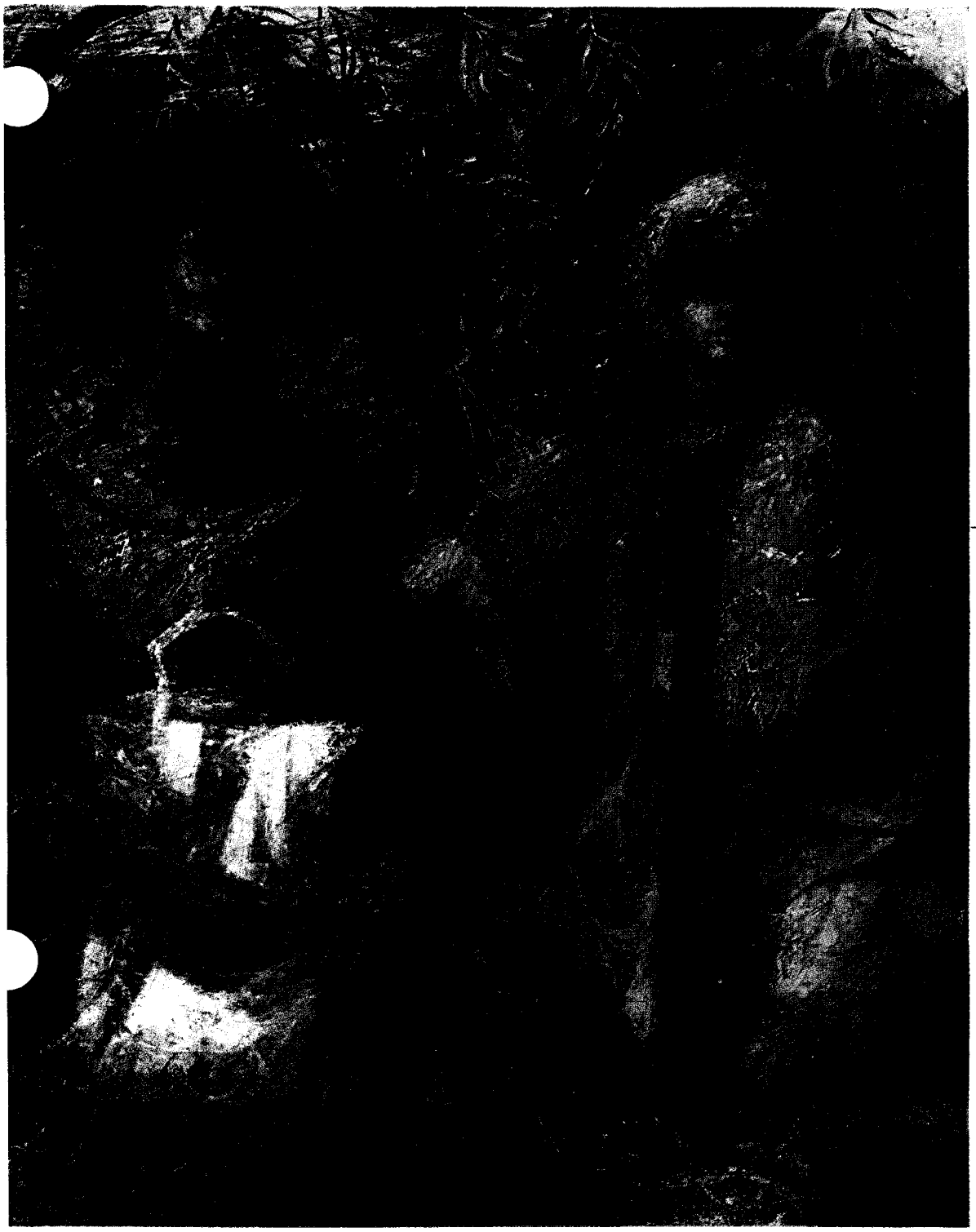

For these souls in torment, eloping had little to do with love.

tree, its branches hung with blood-red blossoms, black roots curling back up around the trunk instead of going into the ground. There was a haunting self-portrait of a woman, a long greenish-white drowned face with black hair floating off into midnight-blue clouds, long snaky throat drifting on marble-white waves. The eyelids were closed, and when Alma exclaimed about this, the doctor said that schizophrenics invariably painted themselves with closed eyes. But Deedee's pictures were outgoing, joyous, he said. There was every chance for her, he said.

On her memo pad Alma wrote "drawing pad."

The conversation of the two men on the seat behind her came into her consciousness.

"Four years isn't so bad," one was saying. "Me, I've been visiting my wife here for thirty years. Can you take yours home weekends?"

"I can't, even if they'd let me," the other said. "She doesn't know the apartment's gone and I'm in a rooming house. She worries about my mending and getting the right meals, as it is. I tell her the reason I have time to visit her on Wednesdays, too, is that the boss is so understanding. Hell, I lost my job three ıonths ago. Too much on my mind. She's better, ıough. Helps in the hospital laundry, watches TV, plays bingo. She almost always knows me now."

"I sold our house as soon as we got my wife here," the older man said. "Private doctors had used up all the insurance before that. I've kept my job, but that means I have to pay board for her here till I'm retired, so it doesn't leave me much. I couldn't take her home now even if she was well. Nobody to look after her. Nobody even remembers her."

Alma thought of the miracle in her own life and breathed a sigh of immense gratitude. Her last trip on this fateful bus. No more hearing all around her the voices of strangers telling each other, or maybe only themselves, the way it was, always how there was no one else who cared. No more would her heart flip when the bus left the line of cars from the Triborough Bridge headed for Queens and zoomed down through the underpass to the lost island. It was like a ship taking off for outer space, she always felt. But now Deedee was coming back from the island of the moon.

"You can't skip a visit, no," the older man's voice went on. "No one else ever comes. I guess everybody's got their own problems."

"But not even a pack of cigarettes from her own brother," the other said. "Not even a card."

"You get used to it," said the older man. He had a deep, cheerful voice, and when his companion got off at Second Avenue, Alma turned to look at him. He had iron-gray hair and a trim moustache, with a furrowed, ruddy, good face. Settling back alone in his seat, the warm glow faded from his eyes, and she saw him staring out the window with a look of deep, dark loneliness. At 125th Street he was the first to get off, and she watched him marching toward the subway, his shoulders back, jauntily swinging his blue plaid bag, pausing at the newsstand to buy a paper. She wondered where . . . but no, she reminded herself, she no longer needed to wonder about all the others. She was free.

She celebrated her new freedom by taking the Lexington Avenue bus down, instead of the subway, because now there was time; life was beginning again. She even felt a vague pang that she might never see this corner of New York again. She looked about her with her new eyes, good-bye eyes, and felt the old joy of the city, its special magic of transforming the familiar by rain or moon or new street lights. Surely she had taken this same bus a hundred times before, but today, bewitched by the miracle of Deedee, she saw out of her window a new world, foreign and magical. She spelled out the shop signs—*Café*, *Bodega*, *Carniceria*, *Joyeria*—and smiled, wishing Walter were along to be reminded of their Caribbean honeymoon. The dingy, crumbling old brownstone houses along upper Lexington, so wretched by day, blazed open by lamplight in brilliant detail, as if their façades were transparent black veils. On the doorsteps, dark, laughing young men plucked guitars; on the street, older men sat on boxes having their shoes shined and watching the girls go by. Saturday night in Spanish Harlem. Doors swung open on lighted staircases down which dark young girls in pink and blue lace and gleaming satin, hair decked with jeweled flowers, danced to the street. Alma caught a glimpse of a side street bannered with a rainbow of dresses, toys, balloons, stretching a chain of golden lights westward to the medieval-looking arches of the Grand Central tracks. Like an old Spanish town, she would tell Walter. She strained her eyes to drink in the vivid vignettes among the patches of darkness.

The glaring ceiling lights opened up interiors to her as if by a powerful camera. There were shots of families, standing around a piano, gathered around a card table. It dawned on Alma that in each picture there was a close-up of a young girl standing apart, head lifted defiantly, delivering her declaration of

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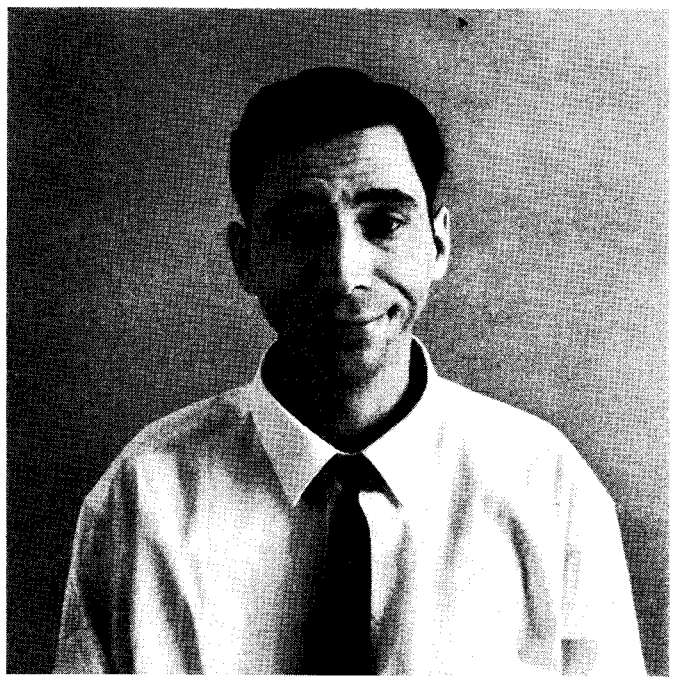
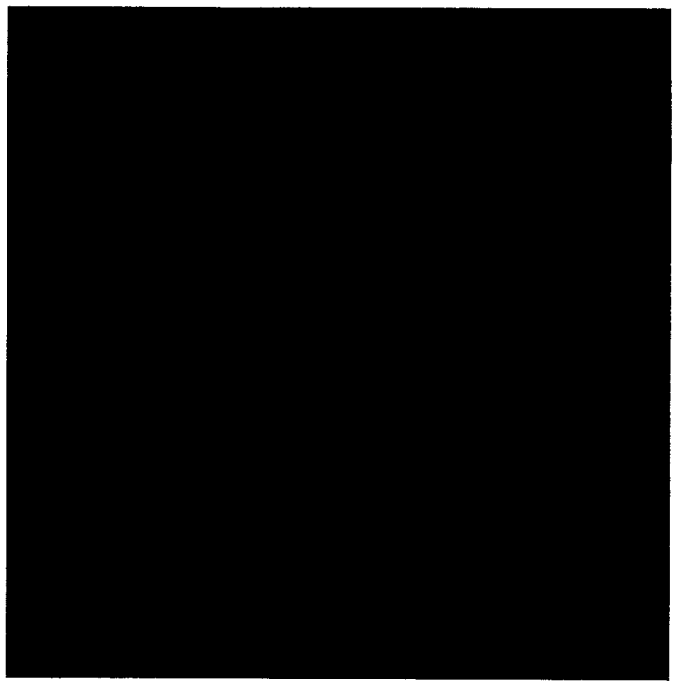
6 important things to remember:

Her birthday.

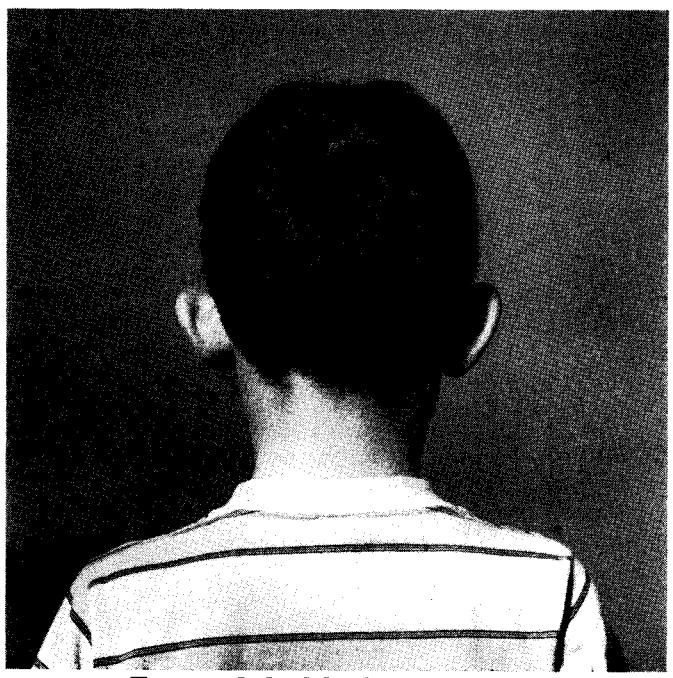


His shirt size.

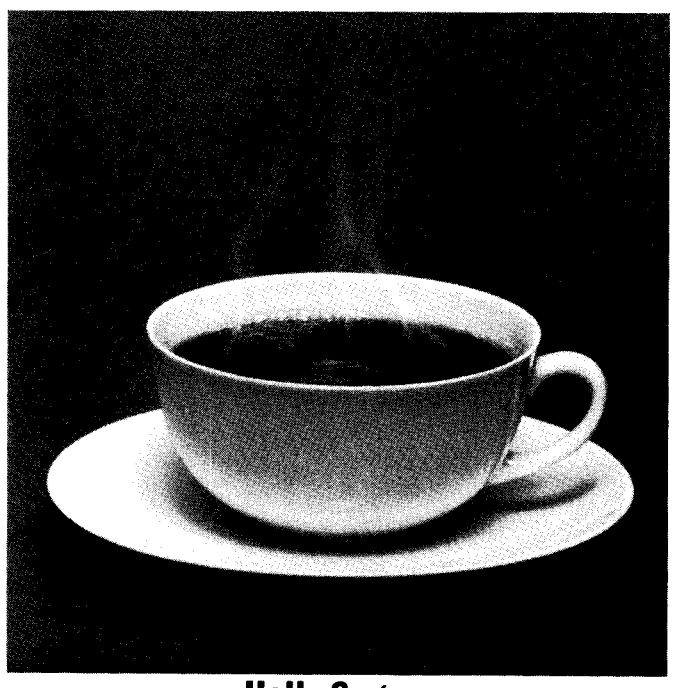
The Alamo.



To pay the light bill.



To wash behind your ears.



Holly Sugar.

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independence. She was going to leave home, she was going to marry Pablo, she was going to have this and have ıat. . . . The shadowy faces of the girls ılended into one fair, proud little face—Deedee's. As the bus rolled on below 100th Street leaving the gaudy glitter of the foreign world for the hostile, bleak fortresses of "projects" and civilization, Alma came back to the thought of Deedee. Tomorrow night, probably at this very hour, Deedee would be home.

"Get blue satin hair band," Alma jotted down on her list.

Her own room all trimmed in blue, Deedee had asked, her own drawing desk, a blue satin dress with shoes to match, and don't forget the black cocker spaniel. Alma shivered, remembering all the impossible things she had promised, reassuring herself that there must certainly be a day when the money would start coming in again instead of always going out. But now the years were up and Deedee was coming home to collect.

If only the bus ride could last a little longer, Alma thought, she might be able to think of the right thing to do. She got off at 80th Street and walked slowly eastward. The city was hotter than the island, but they were near enough to the river to get a breeze and, even though their basement was dark, it was cooler than their old apartment. She opened the iron gate and went down the steps to their entrance.

Walter was stirring a dish on the "efficiency" unit in the corner of the living room and the room smelled of frankfurters and beans, their traditional Saturday-night supper. He had laid the cloth on the card table with the little shaker of Martinis as centerpiece.

"You're late, so I'm two ahead of you," Walter said. "Take a look at the room; see what you think."

Alma went to the curtained-off alcove where Deedee was to sleep. Walter had been fixing it up for days, building in bookshelves, attaching a wall desk, making a false window out of a mirror, with blue plastic curtains to match the cot. She saw that he had placed a tiny black toy dog in the middle of the cot.

"Deedee will love it!" she said.

Walter poured her a drink and refilled his own glass. He was fair, like Deedee, his hair white now but his face still boyish.

"I hope you braced her for the piano being gone," he said.

"The doctor scolded me for not preparing her enough," Alma admitted. "But, darling, how could I? I couldn't have told her all those years when she couldn't reason! And since she's been getting well, she's had her heart so set on things I couldn't bear to bring her down to earth; I could just hope that we'd have some kind of luck before she got out."

"Everything all set for tomorrow?" he asked.

"All set," Alma said. "She's happy. Wants to go to a lot of movies, see Radio City Music Hall, take a course in dress designing, learn to drive a car."

"I'll take her to the Music Hall the minute she gets in," Walter said. "At least we can do that."

"I'll take her to the museum Tuesday to see the costumes," Alma said. "If she has something different to think about every day, it will give us time to figure out how to manage."

"Oh, it'll work out," Walter said. "The great thing is that she's come through and we're going to have her back home at last."

He poured the last of the shaker into her glass. Alma's eyes strayed to the half-filled bottle put away on the shelf for tomorrow.

"Let's drink tomorrow's now," she said. "The way we always do." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't remember my address, but my area code is 914."

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OUR FRIEND THE SEA

BY JOHN O'HARA

They were alone in the sea, had always been alone, and always would be.

Illustration by Ray Prohaska

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On the second day out Donald Fisher finished his work, the daily task he had assigned himself, by eleven o'clock. It could hardly be called work, since it consisted largely of reading more or less confidential biographical sketches of the men and women he would be associated with in the London branch. The sketches were easy to read, having been prepared by some anonymous individual in Personnel who had a lighter touch than the Bank usually permitted itself, and the confidential nature of the write-ups gave the author some leeway. "McPherson," according to one sketch, "has made himself agreeable to our English friends with his fund of slightly risqué stories. He is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker." Donald Fisher was not sure he would like McPherson. On the other hand, he looked forward to meeting Rathbun, whom he knew only through office correspondence. Rathbun, according to his sketch, had stayed in England after the war. He was Harvard '16 and had gone up to Oxford for a year, taking advantage of the opportunity offered to American officers, and had joined the Bank in 1920. Rathbun was a member of Sunningdale and played golf in the high seventies. Married. Four sons. Somewhat of an expert in arbitrage, which Donald Fisher already knew. Rathbun sounded like his kind of man.

"Don't try to read these all at once," the boss had said. "Two a day should be enough, and then you won't get them all mixed up in your mind. And there *are* only ten men you'll have to know about, to start with. They're the ones you'll be seeing the most of." It was interesting to find that on his first day's reading he had formed a favorable impression of one man and an unfavorable impression of another. It would be even more interesting a year from now to find out how these first impressions held up. He wished he knew what *really* made the Bank decide to send him to London. He had never been abroad, anywhere, and as far as he knew he had no living relatives in the British Isles. Nevertheless the Bank had chosen him over two other men, and the Bank usually knew what it was doing. "We would like you to stay at a hotel for two or three weeks, and *then* send for your wife," the boss had said. "Get acquainted with the men at the Bank, the different routines, and learn a little bit about London. The time will pass very quickly, you'll find, and we've learned that it's better all around if a man doesn't try to do too much all at once. First few weeks in a new town. And especially since neither you nor Mrs. Fisher knows London."

That was perfectly all right; although he had not informed the Bank, Donald Fisher's wife was four months pregnant, and he *wanted* to spare her at least some of the chore of looking for an apartment, which he must remember to call a flat. Moreover, at this particular stage of her pregnancy—it was her first—Madeleine, to put it mildly, did not need him around. She was peevish and bilious, and spent a great deal of time apologizing for her physical and mental state. This would pass, she assured him, and by the time he was ready for her to come to London, she would be more like her real self; her mother said so, and all her married friends had said so. It was just that at this particular time she felt unattractive and could not bear to have him touch her, or even to be sympathetic. "*Don't* keep saying you understand," she said, the night before he sailed. "How could you possibly understand? I feel awful and I look awful. I've never had a hickey in my life before, and now look at my chin. *Two* hickeys."

"I should have told the Bank," he had said. "They *might* have postponed my transfer."

"I don't want them to. I want you to go to London and be away from me for that long, and then we'll be glad to see each other again and I'll be out of this slough of despond. And I want the baby to be born in London."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's silly, but a girl I went to school with was born in Mexico City. She was an American, but it always seemed rather chic to be able to say you were born in some foreign country."

"And you won't miss Doctor Lane?"

"I love Doctor Lane, but truthfully I'd rather have a total stranger there at the final moment. Doctor Lane would be like having my uncle there."

"Well, I'm sure there are lots of good doctors on Harley Street."

"London is the largest city in the world, so I guess they must know how to deliver a baby. *I'm* going to be all right, Don. Stop fussing over me."

Her sourness at least had had an effect that a more pleasant leave-taking might not have achieved. She not only didn't mind his going away, she desired it. Consequently he was able to enjoy his first voyage in a big ocean liner, unharassed by twinges of conscience. He had had breakfast in his stateroom, and in a little while he would take his place at the purser's table for his first official meal. So far he had not seen anyone he had ever met before, and he now set forth on a brisk walk around the promenade deck.

On someone's advice he booked a deck chair on the starboard side, but for the present he was more interested in having a look around the ship, and after three or four turns about the prom deck he ascended to the boat deck, port side. There he found a place between lifeboats that he liked, and he stood at the rail and watched the sea flowing past.

He was there he knew not how long before he had a thought of himself, and when the thought came it was that he was alone and at peace, that there was nothing between him and the North Pole but all that restless water. Just below him the water streamed by and lulled him to a wakeful sleep; and if he looked out beyond the racing stream, he saw the beginning of the vastness that lay between him and the top of the world. Behind him was the superstructure of the ship, and inside the ship were 2,000 men and women; but he could not see them or hear them, and for as long as he gazed out on the sea, they did not exist. No one existed. He could not remember another time when he had had such a sense of being alone on the planet and feeling neither sorrow nor joy. Beyond the ship-made stream of the ocean the sea was quiet and not watery; more like a purple-black mass of sticky stuff. And it was all there was between him and the top of the world—where there was no one either.

He felt a drowsiness that was unrelated to the pull of sleep, and he moved away from the rail and sat on a large box marked LIFE PRESERVERS. He lit a cigarette and tried to get free of the desire to return to the rail and renew the experience of aloneness. It was wrong, against anything he felt and believed, to want nothing but emptiness when his life had been so full. It was wrong and dangerous now, when he had started a new life that was no longer his after it passed from his body into the body of the woman he loved, and yet was his because it had once been his. It was wrong and ungrateful to want that aloneness when he had been honored with the confidence of good men. He dropped his cigarette on the planking and rubbed it with the sole of his shoe until it was no longer recognizable as anything but a few shreds of tobacco and a tiny scrap of paper. The wind came and blew it all away.

And now he turned his head because something had happened far to the right of him that immediately and completely banished his aloneness. What had happened was that nothing had happened, but far to the right, toward the bow of the ship, a woman's white skirt had been fluttered by the breeze, and the white movement had caught his eye.

She was leaning against the rail, as he had been, but she was standing with her head back on her shoulders, accepting the breeze and the noonday sun, and he knew without confirmation that her eyes would be closed and that she was sure she was alone. She had not been there when he came up to the boat deck, and he was certain she had not passed behind him on her way to the spot where she now stood. She was wearing one of those little French hats they called a beret, a blue jacket, the white skirt, black silk stockings and black-and-white saddle shoes. And now he saw that there was a book under her arm. She slowly raised her right hand and slowly slipped the beret back and off her head, and the wind took hold of her hair but she did not move. Her hair was blond and short, and she was young.

He watched her with an odd sense of deity, as God might watch her, and as though she were playing with the wind and the sun as her personal playmates. He had not yet seen her face, but she had grace. Then suddenly the wrath of God came down on him and on her—or so it seemed for one full second: the ship's whistle blasted forth. The girl—or woman—was startled and jumped back from the rail. Amid the shock of the whistle blast a ship's bell had begun to strike, pairs of sounds that Donald Fisher took to be eight bells. Noon. He looked at his watch, and he saw that at the same moment the girl was looking at hers. Her game with the wind and sun was over. She bent over, smoothed back her hair and put on her beret, turned, and now she was coming toward him and inevitably would have to pass him.

He was awkward, embarrassed and trapped, as though he had been apprehended in the act of peeping at her through a bathroom window. She was halfway toward him before she saw him and he knew that for her it was like having been the victim of the peeper through the bathroom window. He could see her drawing her teeth back over her lower lip, and then abruptly she turned around and walked toward the bow, unwilling or unable to come any closer to him. He had violated her solitude.

Her name was Miss Constance Shelber, a simple deduction arrived at by reading the names of the passengers at Table Four. She was certainly not Mr. or Mrs. Jack Rappaport, Sir John or Lady Castlemund, Dr. or Mrs. John J. O'Keefe, Prof. or Mrs. Otto H. Von Riegenbusch. Or J. B. L. Hantlee, the medical officer. Miss Constance Shelber, of Rochester, New York, she had to be, and was. She came down to lunch in a different costume from the blue and white she had worn on the boat deck. She threaded her way among the tables until she reached Table Four. The men all rose, the ship's doctor introduced her to the other passengers, and she took the last vacant seat. It was then that Donald Fisher was able to guess her identity.

"Very attractive young lady," said Mrs. Harris, on his right. "Oh, I saw you perk up and look, Mr. Fisher. Well, I can tell you who she is, if you haven't guessed. Her name is Constance Shelber, and she comes from Syracuse. *Not* Syracuse. *Rochester*. Upstate New York."

"Oh, you know her?" he said.

"She sat with us last evening at dinner, before the seatings were announced. Maybe a handsome young man like yourself could draw her out. We couldn't. She told us her name, but that's all she volunteered. Mr. Harris had to ask a separate question for everything else. Where she came from, where she's going. I asked her what she was going to do abroad—not curiosity, just polite

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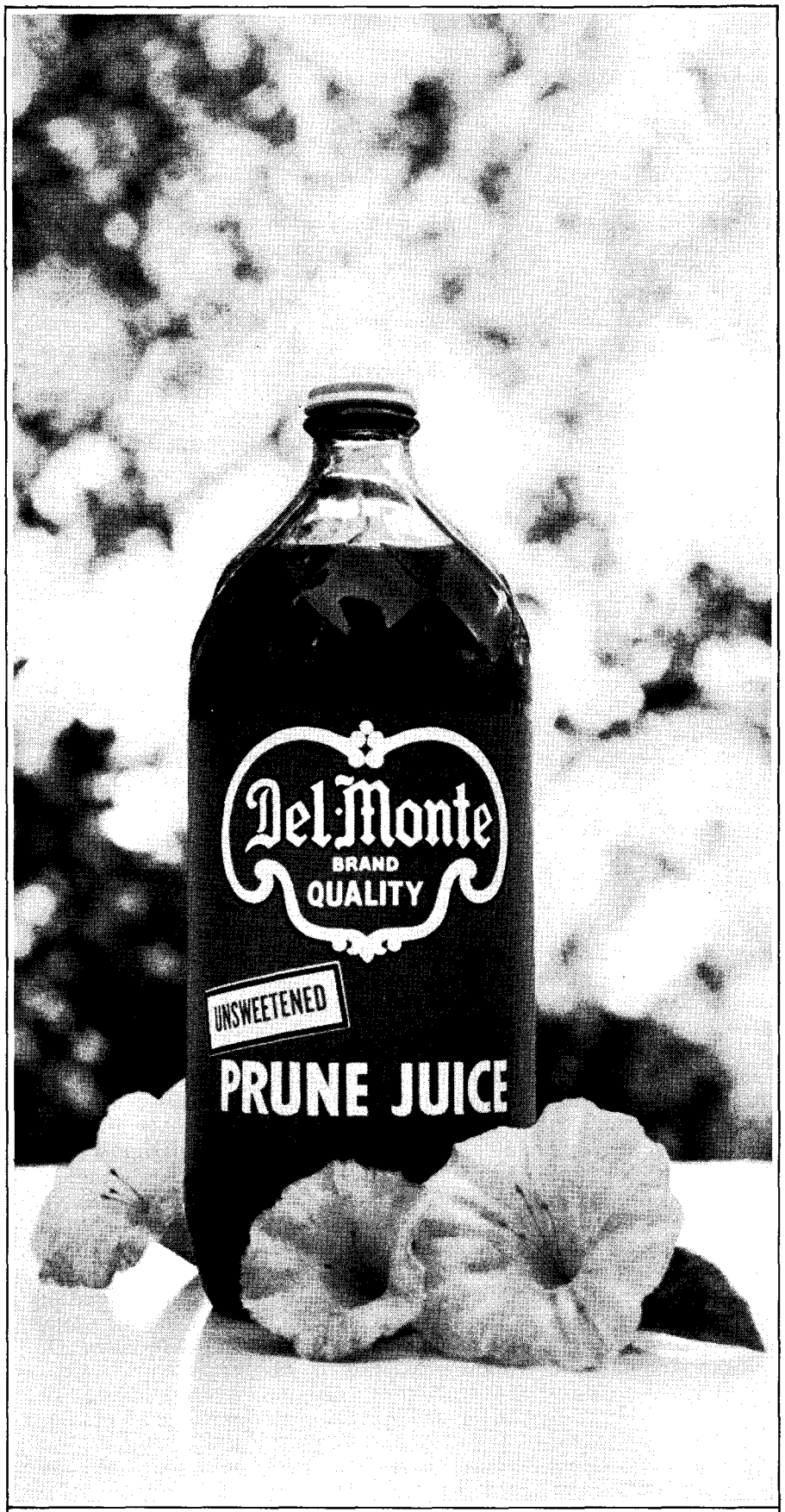

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OUR FRIEND THE SEA

conversation. And she said one word. 'Hide.' Well, ordinarily the next question would be what was she going to hide from, but she looked at me as much as to say she dared me to ask it, probably so she could give me some impertinent answer. But I fooled her. I didn't ask her, and what's more I didn't pay any attention to her for the rest of the meal. But she's attractive. Or maybe *unusual*. Unusual would be the better word for her. She doesn't do anything to attract, so I won't call her attractive. And yet she does attract, so maybe attractive is the right word after all, but not in the usual sense." Mrs. Harris paused. "She certainly does attract *you*, Mr. Fisher. You haven't taken your eyes off her."

"I was listening," he said.

No matter how hard he tried, he could not look at anyone at his own table without then turning to look at Constance Shelber. It was a kind of trade: a look at Mr. Harris or the purser and convention, in exchange for a look at a girl who had already begun to crowd his wife and his job out of his life. And he barely knew her name.

She finished her meal and left the table, and on her way out she nodded to Mrs. Harris, and during that momentary delay of her exit she saw, merely saw, Donald Fisher. He was ready to nod at her, but her eyes traveled past him. "Miss Shelber! Miss Shell-berr," said Mrs. Harris.

The girl halted.

"Would you care to join us for coffee? In the smoke room? This is Mr. Fisher, Miss Shelber."

"Oh, thank you, but I have to write some letters," said the girl. "But thank you." She resumed her exit, not once having looked at Donald Fisher, even to acknowledge the single introduction.

"Well, I did my little bit," said Mrs. Harris. "Now you've been formally introduced."

"Thanks, but she doesn't think so. Anyway, Mrs. Harris, I'm a married man."

"Shipboard," said Mrs. Harris. "And you two are bound to get together as sure as God made little green apples."

"Well, you know what little green apples can do to you," said Donald Fisher.

"Oh—now that's a pretty wise statement for a young man your age," said Mrs. Harris. "If you're as wise as that then I didn't do any harm introducing you."

He declined Mrs. Harris's invitation to coffee in the smoke room. "I have a lot of letters to write, and I really have," he said. He also knew now where the Ha rises would be and where Constanc Shelber would not be—the smoke room. He went everywhere else he thought she might be that was available to him, and he had abandoned his search when he saw her, stretched out on a deck chair, with a writing tablet lying on her rug. Inadvertently he had passed in front of her twice without seeing her. Now he sat on the chair next to hers and faced her.

"That wasn't my doing, that introduction," he said.

"Wasn't it? I was almost sure it was," she said.

"Well, it wasn't," he said.

"Then what are you doing here now?"

"Do you want me to go away?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You're sitting in someone else's chair."

"Goldilocks. Me, not you," he said. "I'm sitting in someone else's chair."

"I got the point," she said.

"Let's be friends, Miss Shelber. I'm not a tea fighter, a lounge lizard. A snake."

"Anyone can see that," she said. "You're an up-and-coming young businessman. Probably a member of Skull and Bones."

"Not even the right college. I went to Hamilton, and I know you heard of it because you're from Rochester."

"Not only heard of it, I've *been* there."

"Did you like it?"

"What are you trying to do, prolong this conversation? I suppose Mrs. Harris told you I wanted to hide. Well, that's what I told her. Do you expect me to tell you anything different?"

"No. I discovered this morning that I like to be alone too. And I guess that's hiding."

"Then you ought to understand it in someone else."

"All right, I give up. But I'm not going to give up the boat deck, Miss Shelber. I was there first."

"I was there first, I was there first. You really sound like a ten-year-old boy. All right, I'll stay on the other side, if I disturb you. And you stay on your side."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"And you sound like a disagreeable little girl. It's a shame too, because you and I are the logical ones on this boat to be friends."

"Why?"

"Well, for the same reason that the ship's doctor had you put at his table. But that's only one of the obvious reasons. The others I don't care to talk about." And so, suiting the action to the word, he went to his side of the boat deck. "Nice to've seen you, Miss Shelber."

There were some clouds now, between him and the North Pole, and although it was only a few minutes past three o'clock, the evening had begun. The daylight was there, but daytime had gone. All that vastness was getting ready for the night—if night made any difference to the vastness. And why should it, apart from the sun sucking water out of the sea, the moon doing its mysterious things to the tides? The clouds would break and the water would be returned to the sea; the moon would go away—hide?—and the sea would rest. Donald Fisher was back where he wanted to be, untroubled now by thoughts of wrong or right, of his spent seed in the womb of his wife, of the trust of good men. All the way to the North Pole, if he did not look too far to right or left, he was alone in the world, had always been alone and would always be. Nothing had ever happened to him, nothing ever would. *Cogito, ergo sum?* Well, he had begun to doubt even that.

Because he felt rather sad for the ocean, getting ready for the night, he knew that he existed and that the ocean existed. *Cogito, ergo sum.* This vastness, millions of square miles, was his friend.

Then she was there beside him, standing so close to him that her arm was pressed against his. "Is there room for me too?" she said.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you love it as much as I do?" she said.

"I don't know. I was just thinking it's my friend."

"Oh, I never thought of it that way."

"I've never really seen it till today," he said.

The space at the rail was small, between two stacks of lifeboats and the stanchions that held the lifeboats. He put his arm around her shoulders, and he knew that she understood he was merely making room for her. They looked out at the sea for a while, and then she turned her face to his and he kissed her once on the mouth. There was only the one kiss and she turned away and looked out at the sea again.

"You ought to have a coat," she said.

"I'm all right," he said.

"If you want to go down and get a coat, I'll wait for you," she said.

"I wouldn't think of leaving you, not now."

"That's good," she said. She turned her face again to him to be kissed, and he kissed her. "Are you happy?"

"You know I am," he said.

"M'm-h'mm." Her assenting murmur was gentle and old, like the echo of some grandmother and unlike anything he had noticed about her.

"How old are you?" he said.

"Twenty-two," she said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven," he said.

"Why isn't your wife with you?"

"How do you know I have a wife?"

"I don't, but you are married, aren't you?"

"Yes. Married two years. I'm going to London on a new job. Same firm, but a new job. She's coming over later. You guessed that I was married, I'd guess that you're not."

"No, I'm not," she said.

"You're Miss on the passenger list, but I would have guessed it anyway. I think you're getting away from some man. Is that what you meant by hiding?"

"Yes. Partly. But the man is dead," she said. "I'm not a very nice girl."

"Who said so?"

"I say so. He was married, and he killed himself."

"On account of you?"

"Yes, I'll take the blame. His wife wouldn't give him a divorce, but I'm the guilty party. So it seems, at least."

"Was he a lot older?"

"Twelve years. He was thirty-four."

"Were you in love with him?"

"At first. Very much so."

"And then what?"

"And then I wasn't in love with him, but that didn't seem to make much difference. To him, or to anybody. He wouldn't let *me* go. His wife wouldn't let *him* go. I would have had to marry him if she had, and that would have been almost as bad as this. *This*, meaning that I'll never be able to live in Rochester again. *Not* you and me. So I'm not a nice girl, Donald Fisher."

"He couldn't have been much of a fellow," he said.

"He wasn't. He really wasn't. But I wasn't any judge of that. I was nineteen years old and going to house parties at Hamilton and Cornell. All of a sudden I was a dangerous woman, carrying on an affair with a married man. I wish I loved him. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd gone on loving him, especially now. But he's going to be with me the rest of my life, and I don't love him. I don't even feel very sorry for him. The only one I feel sorry for is his daughter, nine years old. She was crazy about her father, and every year, little by little, she's going to hate me more and more. That's a terrible way for a child to grow up."

"What are you going to do?"

She smiled. "You mean hide? Not really, just stay out of the way of Rochester people. My father and mother are coming over this summer and we're motoring through France, Germany, Switzerland. They're going back in August, and I'll stay on somewhere. Paris, most likely. I have friends there, quite a few, actually. Eventually I suppose I'll marry some foreigner."

"Why a foreigner?"

"Oh, because an American would like to go home, and I just couldn't go through all that hell, when his family and friends find out about my Rochester past. And they would. No matter where I went in the United States, it'd all come out again. In Europe I don't think it would matter so much. I'll have quite a lot of money some day, and European men take that into consideration."

"Won't you miss Rochester? Your friends there?"

"Oh, sure. Not that I have so many friends there at the moment. But I like it there. I ride, and sail, and if you like music, Rochester is getting to be quite a place to be. It was my *home*."

A man had chosen death to life without her, and Donald Fisher could understand that. That other man had no doubt kissed her one day for just a kiss, and you could not kiss this girl and let it go at that. You could not look at her and let it go at that. Donald Fisher reminded himself that he had fallen in love with her before even seeing her face. Was it her grace?

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Yes, but not that entirely. Her figure? Her figure was no better than Madeleine's.

"I'll be getting off at Cherbourg," she said. "You go on to Southampton."

"Yes, it seems strange to stop at France first and then come back to England."

"Not if you look at the map," she said.

"I confess I haven't looked at the map."

"I feel robbed already," she said. "They're sending me away from you before the trip is over."

"Well, we have four more days," he said.

"Have you any friends aboard?"

"Not a soul I ever saw before."

"Neither have I," she said. "The sweetest thing is the way we take so much for granted. We haven't had to say much either. I told you about me, and I can guess about you."

"There isn't much to tell about me," he said.

"I didn't mean your background, who your wife was, where you live. I meant a man who could think of the ocean as his friend. I understand that much better than if you explained it. It's why I went looking for you."

"But you didn't know that when you went looking for me."

"Yes I did. Not that one thing, but I knew there'd be something like it. I knew you were that kind of man."

"*I* didn't," he said.

"Then maybe you never were until today. Or maybe you just don't know much about yourself."

"That's the truth. I don't know much about myself. I never thought there was very much to know."

"That's *good*," she said. "You see, I know all about *my*self. Past, present, a future. And God!, what a future. A sel man shot himself, and because of tha can see my whole life, every day of it. A nine-year-old girl growing up to hate me, hate me, hate me. A nasty Romanian marrying me for my money. And me going off on little trips with other nasty Romanians. And two trips to Rochester, one when my father dies and the other when my mother dies. But I'll remember you, Donald Fisher, because you're the only nice thing that's happened to me in two years. And maybe the last nice thing that ever will happen to me."

"I love you," he said.

"Stop there," she said. "Don't say any more. I know you love me, and I love you. But let's not say any more. I've been through all the rest of it. I know every word of it, and I don't want to hear the same words from you. Will you come up here every day?"

"I'm planning to. Aren't you?"

She turned and looked up at him with a smile. "I *had* planned to," she said.

"Good," he said.

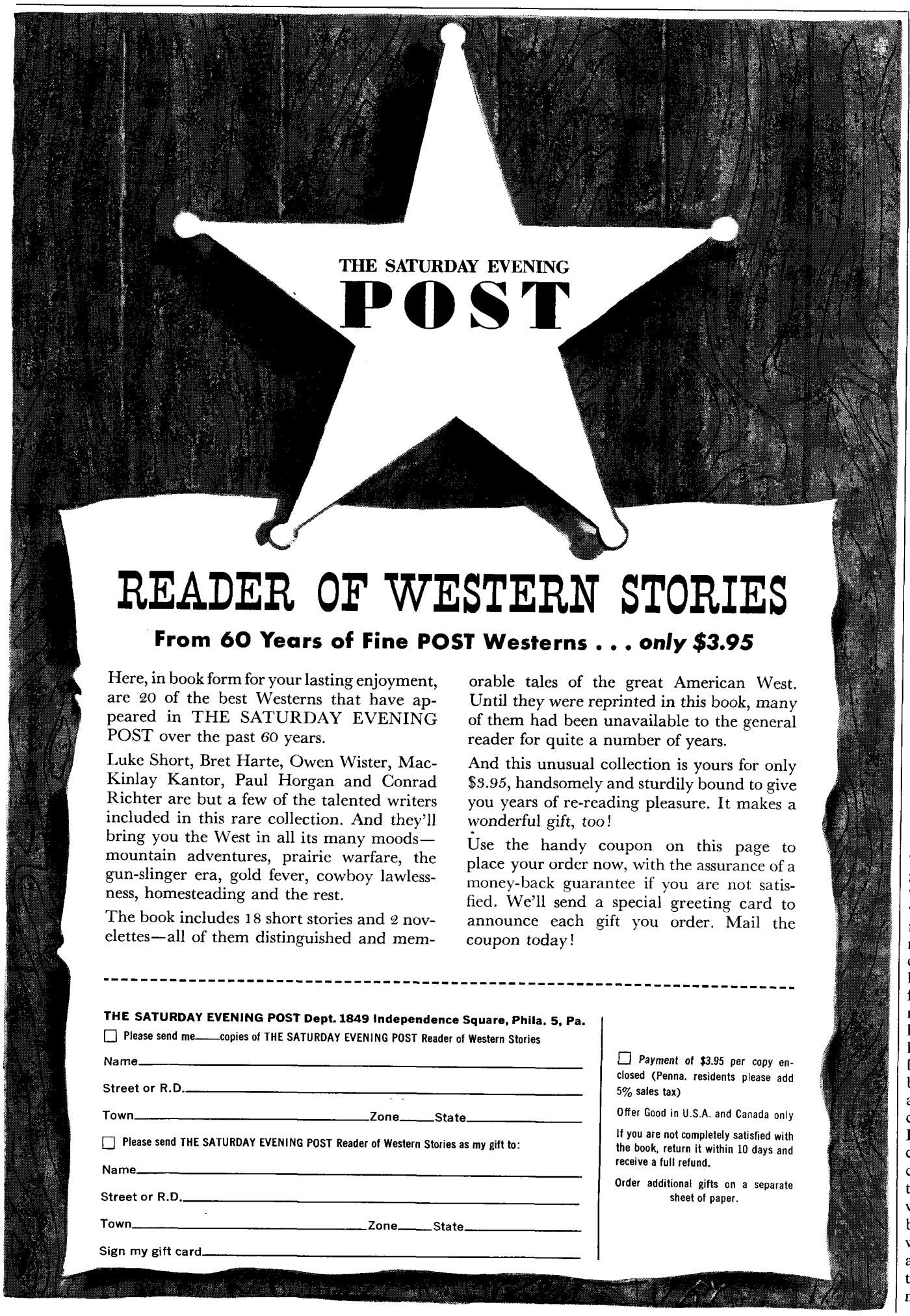
"Now I am going down and write some letters," she said.

"Will you have a cocktail with me before dinner? How about seven-thirty in that Terrace Room, whatever they call it."

She kissed him lightly on the cheek, and left him.

That much had happened and been said, and how right she was to let him say no more. He was experiencing automatic love, a different thing from love at first sight. He wished he could tell his new friend, the sea, why it was different; instead he could tell himself that he ha not had to wait for first sight, a look her face. The moment his eye caught the flicker of her white skirt, even before he saw the rest of her, her welcome to the wind and the sun, her hair—a sound that was neither a bell nor a pistol shot announced to him that she had arrived and love had begun. None of the things that matter to people who have just discovered each other had mattered to him—or to her. She snubbed him, repulsed him, and then she had gone looking for him. And when she found him, he was not surprised. It was easy to believe that he had been expecting her all his life, and he believed it.

He would have a cocktail with her, he would meet her after dinner, he would get a small table where they could talk while the other passengers danced. He would begin to tell her that her life was not going to be a succession of Romanians and flights from Rochester, of an embittered nine-year-old girl's growing hatred and of the untold miseries she was foreseeing. She would not have to remember him; he would be there. Tonight he would go slowly, because the things he would begin to tell her would have to be in the same words that she had heard before. But haste was not on their side anyway; it would be a year before he could leave Madeleine. And there was the Bank. As he thought of the Bank he recalled a remark of the Boss's that gave a clue to the choice of him over the other two candidates for the London job. It was six months ago, but they must ha been already deciding on the man. "Dc we like the way you make up your mind and stick to it," the Boss had said. Well, the Bank would find that his mind was made up about Constance.



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Constance. The first time he had thought of her by name. It was a strange name on his tongue, and as a name it was not yet in his heart. But to her he was Donald-Fisher, the full name. Everything was new, and haste was not on their side. So much was it not on their side that he had not noticed the passing of time or the darkling of the vastness. But the vastness was not the same as it had been. The sea was still his friend, but he was no longer alone. He thanked the sea for having been his friend, but he would never really need that friendship again.

He went to his stateroom and was pleased to see that the steward had laid out his evening clothes. It reminded him of the weekend at the Boss's country place, when he knew he was being looked over for the London job. This was the second time in his life that his evening clothes had been laid out for him. Oh, there would be a lot of new things from now on. He went to the bathroom to run a tub, and found that it had already been run for him. Razor, shaving brush, shaving stick on the lavatory, all ready for him, but he could do without a second shave. He took off his clothes and got into the tub, and the water was just warm enough. He lathered himself with the English soap, and when he had rinsed off the foam he lay back in a state of relaxation that was better than sleep.

In that state he did not immediately notice that the water in the tub had become completely still, as though he were in a tub on terra firma. He followed this discovery with the realization that all was quiet, that what was missing was the vibrant drone of the engines. And then he knew that the ship had stopped.

He got out of the tub and rang for the steward. Now that he was out of the bathroom he could hear people in the passageway outside the stateroom. They were all talking, but he could not make out what they said as they hurried past his room. He rang again for the steward, and in a minute or two there was a knock on his door and the stewardess entered. "No cause for alarm, sir," she said.

"But the engines are stopped," he said.

"Yes, sir. They're lowering a boat, sir," she said.

"Lowering a boat? What is it, some kind of a drill?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry to say, sir, a passenger seems to have jumped overboard. That's all I can tell you, sir. I wouldn't give much for his chances in the dark. I mean to say, there's no moon, is there?"

"His chances? It was a man?"

"Well, now you ask, I don't know as it is, sir. I really don't know very much about it. Just what I was told, sir. *Is* there anything else, sir?"

"No, that's all, thanks," he said.

Some poor son of a bitch, he thought, and went on dressing. He was torn between going to the Terrace Bar and going to watch the rescue operations. The Terrace Bar won out; she would need him now, with her own experience of suicide.

The Bar was completely deserted of passengers. "A bit of excitement, sir. Not every day in the week they stop this 'ere ship. May I serve you, sir?"

"A dry Martini, I think I'll have," he said.

"Dry Martini. Very good, sir. The gentleman wouldn't by any chance be Mr. Donald Fisher, sir?"

"Yes, that's me."

"Oh, well now I've been asked to deliver this note to the gentleman. One of the stewards left it here about an hour ago, sir. To be handed to Mr. Donald Fisher, sir."

"Thank you. I'll have my drink at the table," he said.

He sat down and lit a cigarette, and waited for the steward to serve his cocktail before opening her letter.

It was not a letter. It was a piece of the ship's notepaper, and all that was written on it was the bare sentence: "The sea is a friend of mine, too."

He returned the notepaper to the envelope and put it in his pocket. He took a sip of his cocktail.

"Oh, there's Mr. Fisher!" It was the voice of Mrs. Harris. "You're a very clever young man, Mr. Fisher. Why do you suppose she did it?"

"I have no idea, unless she meant what she said to you."

"Said to me? What did she say to me?" said Mrs. Harris.

"That she wanted to hide."

"Of course! Of *course!*" Mrs. Harris said more, but her words were overwhelmed by the wrathful blast of the ship's whistle.

"Means we're getting under way," said the steward. "Giving up the search."

"Well, you couldn't see anything out there anyway," said Mrs. Harris. "She came from Rochester, New York. I must try to think of who I know there."

"Oh, why bother, Mrs. Harris?" said Donald Fisher.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "You know, you impress me, Mr. Fisher. What's the *name* of that bank you work for?"

THE END

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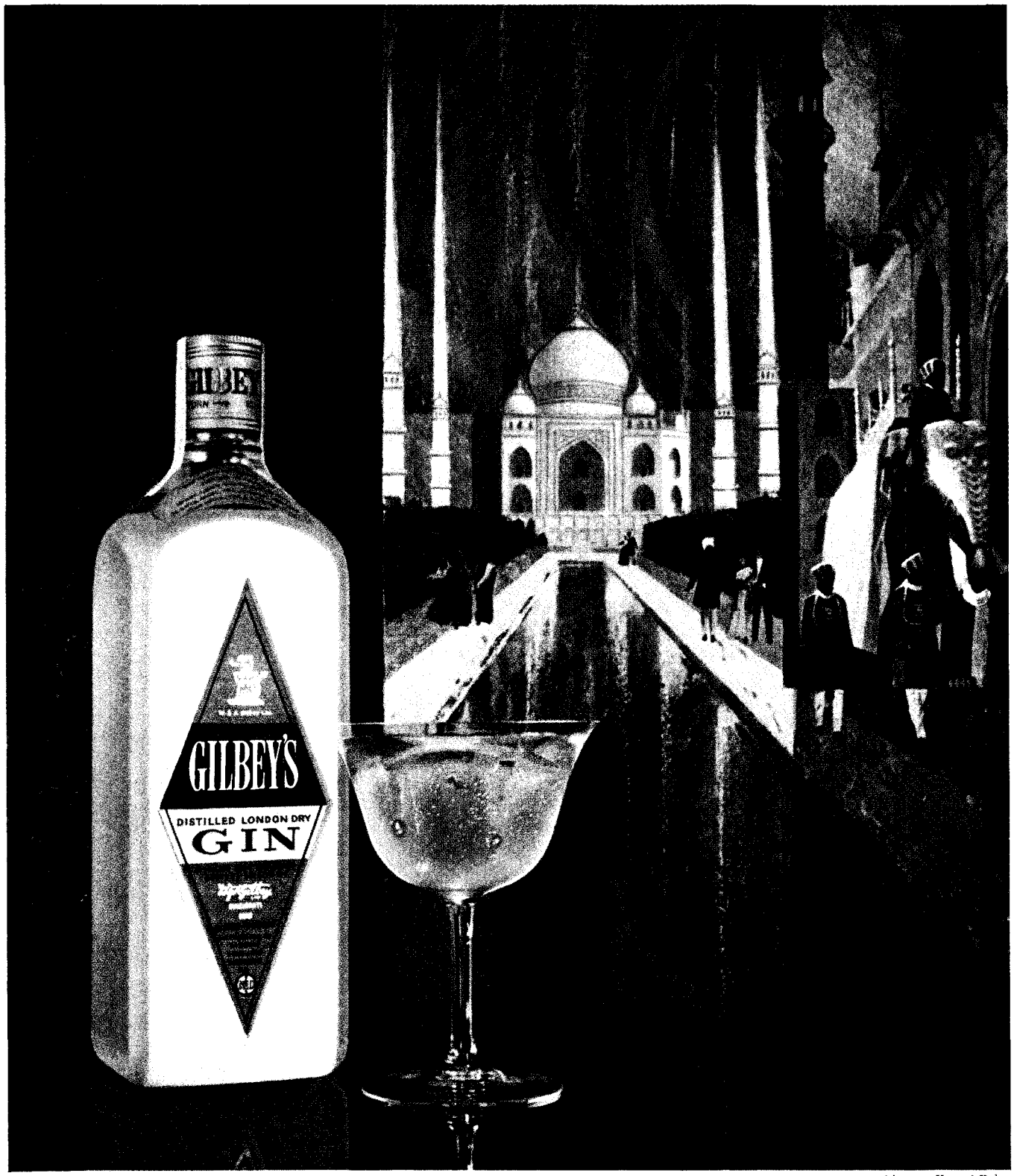

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It was different with Cinderella

Broadway never looked

POST FICTION

By WILMA SHORE

It wasn't just the dishes. I don't mind dishes so much, even three nights in a row—even when it was pot roast for dinner. It was my sister Lee, all dolled up to go to the movies in her white silk jersey dress, sitting at the kitchen table with her legs crossed and her foot pointed to show the arch. She was filing her nails and discussing with mamma which earrings she should wear, and not even paying me the common courtesy to ask my opinion.

I want to be fair. I'm the first to admit she's twenty and I'm only seventeen. I'm the first to admit she had a date. She had this Marty Robeson waiting in the front room for the last fifteen minutes. I don't date during the week, due to Irwin's father staying open evenings. So is that a reason to stick me with the dishes? She could have at least dried.

If papa was home he would have put his foot down in my behalf, but Thursday he plays pinochle. And mamma was acting like she didn't notice. I want to be fair. Maybe she *didn't* notice. She never does.

It was disappointing; that's all. When I graduated and went and got my job I thought I was going to enter this new phase, where I would contribute my fifteen a week and be treated like a family member in good standing. That was last spring. So after six months of this new phase where am I? In the kitchen, doing dishes.

It wasn't just the dishes. It was that I couldn't help thinking, *How would it look to a stranger? What if this Marty Robeson should happen to walk in the kitchen for a drink of water? He would grasp the situation at a glance. "You'll excuse my mentioning," he would say. "But I don't get it. One sits discussing in a white silk jersey; the other stands at the sink in an old faded apron with the pocket torn. Why? What is she—some kind of a lousy Cinderella?"*

But there's one job you can always count on Lee to do, and that's answering the phone. "*George!*" she said. She always says, "*George!*" as if he had just stepped out of a rocket. As far as I'm concerned, George Machlis could remain in orbit. When I let him in the door he walks past like I was the doorman. Still Lee's dates generally walk past like I was the doorman. Unless if they're handicapped, such as too short or out of work.

Except this Marty Robeson. He said, "Hello—glad to meet you!" And even shook my hand. And he is a law student well over six feet. *He would exclaim, "It's a matter of simple justice! In a democracy everybody should pitch in, and not stick one person with the whole job. Especially when I notice it was pot roast for dinner."*

"Wonderful, George!" said Lee. "Oh, you're so *good!*" I thought, *Why can't she simply make a date and omit the tributes?* But Lee acts like it was a firm proposal of marriage if a fellow holds up her coat. She opened her eyes very wide. "The Latin Quarter is fabulous, George! Oh, it's the absolute *answer!*" She always opens her eyes very wide for the male gender, even over the phone.

At least I only have the one sister. Cinderella had *two*. But neither of hers was popular. Lee has like a green thumb with men. When she says, "Oh, I go out with a few different fellows," she means about thirty. I only wish it was a family characteristic. But Irwin is my entire masculine conquest.

What else do you want, when I walk around practically in rags? Lee has been building her wardrobe for four years. Half her salary every week, plus extra money due to various men buying her lunch. If you dress like Lee, various men are going to buy you lunch. It's a positively vicious circle.

All of a sudden she began to wave her arm like someone drowning. "*Tonight?*" she said. And then, "Forget? How *could* I have? I'm expecting you at eight sharp. Oh, marvelous, George!" She was staring at the door to the front room. Then she put down the phone and stared at mamma.

Talk about justice! Some people, even their *problems* are better than other people's. I thought, *I only wish I had the problem of two dates for the same night. You wouldn't see* me *throwing a fit.*

I stopped doing dishes to watch. Not that Lee throwing a fit is an unusual sight, but this time she couldn't raise her voice, due to Marty Robeson sitting right inside the door. "I'll die!" she kept whispering. "I'll kill myself!" It was like watching TV with the sound turned down.

Then of course mamma had to spoil it. "All right," she said. "Now listen."

I went back to the dishes. What did I care if Lee told Marty Robeson she had a sick uncle or

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ike this before. The lights were rubies and emeralds—and diamonds.

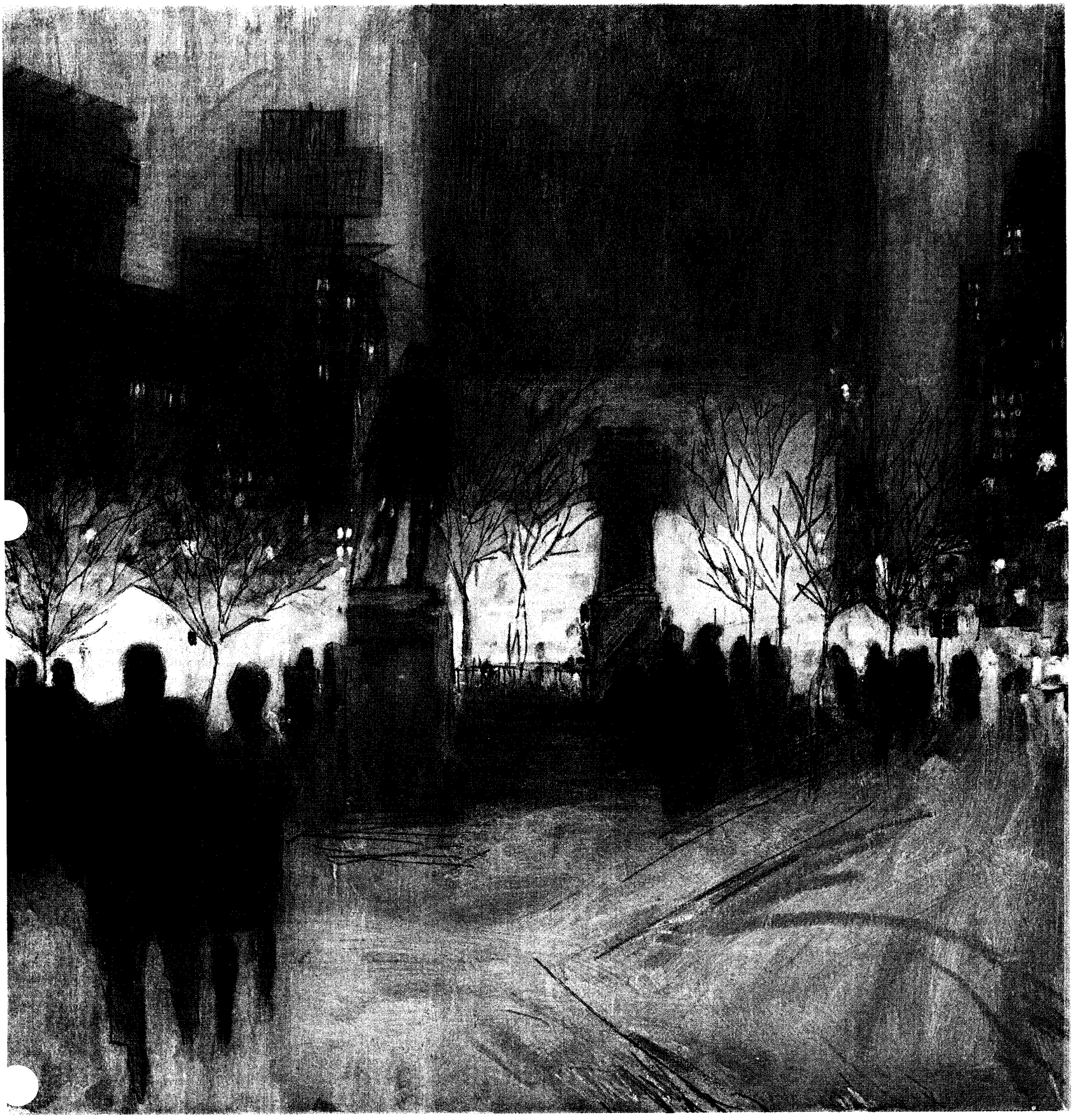

Illustration by Frank Mullins

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a sprained ankle? What did I care what girl they dredged up for a substitute? For Cinderella, it would have been worth her while to pay attention. A person couldn't know how things would turn out, with all the magic they had going in those times. But there is no magic in the twentieth century. No *real* magic.

I began to rinse the glasses. "*Still I will always be glad that my steps found their way in here,*" *he said.* "*Because I have spotted a violet blushing unseen at this kitchen sink tonight.*" *And he came and gently lifted my hands out of the dishpan.* "*My dear ——*"

There was this terrible crash, and the floor was full of broken glass, and Lee was hollering.

I put down the dishmop. "Forgive me if I incurred your noble wrath," I said coldly. "A million humble apologies. Next time I'll try and not disturb you when I'm washing the dishes and you're sitting discussing your problems."

"*Babette ——*" Mamma can say your name like thunder.

But I had passed the point of no return. "I'll certainly do what I can to right this grievous wrong. Of breaking a priceless goblet from the five-and-ten. I'll pick up all the big pieces. Then I'll sweep up the little pieces. Then I'll take a wet paper towel for the splinters. What more can I do? Want me to also solve your problems? Should I find you someone to go to the movies with Marty Robeson? Or maybe you'd like me to go with him myself?"

And I began picking up the glass, but there was this awful silence. I had to turn around.

They were both staring at me. "Why not?" said mamma.

Lee went inside. I could hear ... through the door talking to Marty Robeson, but I just started sweeping and thinking what I was going to do that night. It was like when the alarm goes off and you know it's time to get up, but you still have your one foot in a dream. I thought I would wash stockings, and call my friend Josie, and set my hair.

"Go," said mamma. "I'll finish up."

I kept on sweeping. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mamma, I can't go out. I'd love to, but I have this washing. I have no stockings for tomorrow."

She took the broom and leaned it against the stove. "Lee will lend you a pair."

"Lee wouldn't lend me the time of day. You know that, Mamma. Besides, if you don't wash stockings right away it weakens the fiber. You want me to weaken my fiber, Mamma?"

She only waved at me with the dishmop. "Go. Get moving."

I went through the back hall into my and Lee's room and leaned against the bureau. My legs felt funny. What's with you, Babette Sherman? I thought. An opportunity that knocks once in a lifetime, if then, and they have to tear the very broom from your hands! A grown man, a lawyer, almost, that isn't even crazy about Lee, that only met her last week! What if Cinderella had told her fairy godmother, "I'd love to go, but I have some stockings to wash?"

It was different with Cinderella, I thought. *She just went to the ball, and what could they do—throw her off t premises? But Marty Robeson can simp decline to take me. He's twenty-three years old; they can't* make *him. Mamma can wave a hundred dishmops over me; I'm still only Lee's kid sister.*

I was trying to remember what he looked like when Lee came running in. To tell me he declined, I thought, but she only said, "You're not even started!" and pulled off my shirt and dropped it on the bed. All I could remember was that he was taller than Irwin, better looking than Irwin, and a nicer overcoat. I tried to fold my shirt, but she grabbed it again. "George'll be here in ten minutes!" She pulled down my skirt and pushed me behind the knees and I stepped out of it and she sat me at the dressing table and began brushing my hair.

I looked at myself in the mirror. There was a safety pin in my slip strap. *Cinderella had all the breaks,* I thought. *She had this formal, and this tiara, and these glass slippers. All I have is my graduation dress with the high neck, like a child. And no heels except the white ones with the scuffed place where Irwin stepped on me on the way out of the auditorium.* "I can't do it, Lee!" I said. "What'll I tell Irwin?"

"Nothing. Didn't I ever do anything for you, Babette? Who gave you the permanent? Who told mamma you were in by one, when it was almost two?" She twisted up my hair and jabbed in a hairpin. "Powder!"

I rubbed my powder puff over my nose. I thought, *All* she *had to do was ride h herself in a carriage. I have to walk ei blocks with Marty Robeson, and what a I going to talk to him about?*

"Lipstick!" Lee said.

It went on crooked, because she kept pushing my head with the hairpins. She

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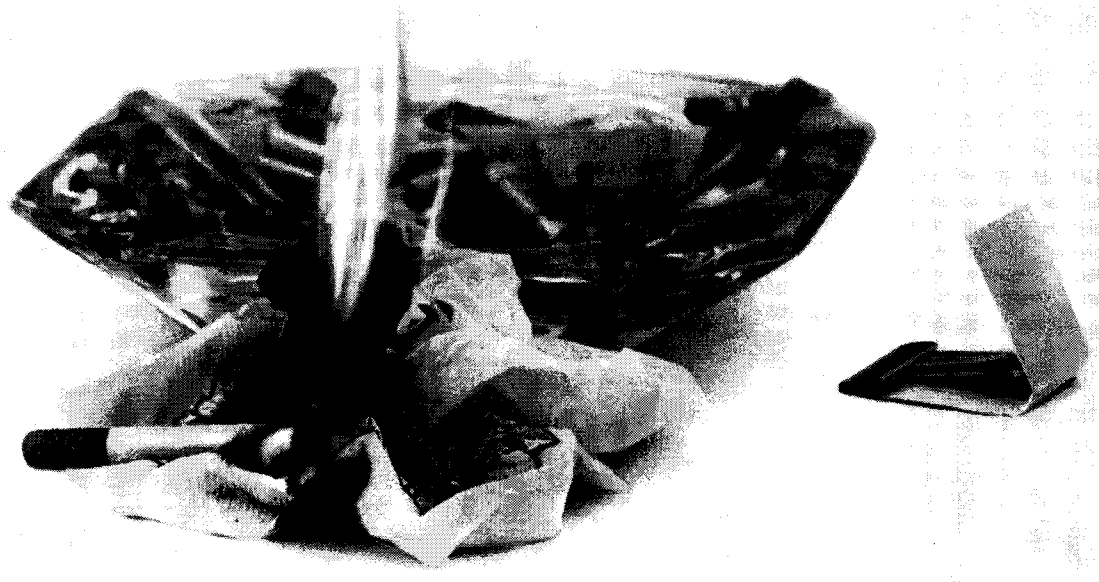

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had to wipe it off and put it on again. I thought, *What if he wants to talk about the law? All I know about the law is that it has long arms. Like him*, I thought. *Long arms, big hands.* I couldn't remember his face, but I could remember how it felt when we shook hands.

"Do like this," said Lee. She stretched her lip over her teeth. I did like that. "There!"

Where? I thought. I put my hand over the safety pin in my slip and tried to pretend I was a twenty-three-year-old law student looking at myself. My hair was in a French roll, like Lee's, and my mouth was curvy, like Lee's, because of her putting on the lipstick. *But I won't wear my graduation dress*, I thought. *Let them kill me; let them hit me with a stick.*

There was a minute when I thought I was going blind, and I was glad, because then I could stay home. But it was just Lee pulling something over my head. Her cashmere sweater.

Lee's black beaded cashmere! Thirty-eight dollars, even with her employee's discount! I crossed my arms so I could feel my both arms with my both hands. It has this bateau neck and these black beads over the shoulders. A sophisticated garment. Not like some crazy white graduation dress, with such a high neck you could strangle.

"Stand up!" She was holding out her black skirt. I watched myself step into it. I couldn't help watching myself—or whoever it was there in the mirror, with a French roll and Lee's black cashmere. But when the one in the mirror tried on Lee's black heels I knew it was all over, the whole foolish fairy story. They were never going to fit—I could tell from just the toes. I took a deep breath and said "No," but very quietly, because I knew it all along, because there is no *real* magic in the twentieth century, and now there were only my flats, which Irwin's height requires, but I could never wear them out with a *man*. Or my white heels, which only go with my graduation dress, but they could kill me first. I stood up and started to take off the cashmere.

"No, wait!" Lee said. She ran and got the bottle of black shoe polish and painted my white heels. So I had black heels. Blackish, anyhow.

I went over to the long mirror. I looked the way people look when a flash bulb goes off. But Lee was pushing me. "*Go*, Babette!"

I went. I bumped myself twice on the way in, once on the bedroom door and once in the hall.

Marty Robeson stood up. When I saw his face I remembered it perfectly. It was long, with a square nose and eyebrows like a bird's wing. Curved, like a seagull flying over the river. But Lee was pulling me toward the door, smiling with all her teeth. "Have a wonderful time!"

"I'm sorry about your uncle," he said to Lee, but he kept on looking at me.

Mamma handed him Lee's coat. "Don't be late for the show!"

He held it for me, and I got in my both arms on the first try. I looked up at him with my eyes wide. I didn't mean to: they just opened up like that. "Oh, you're so *good!*" I said.

It was the first and only time Upper Broadway has ever looked pretty. It was the street lights, like diamonds, and the traffic lights like emeralds and rubies. There would be a whole string of rubies, and then far away the emeralds would start again, till there was a whole string of emeralds.

"I thought you were younger," Marty Robeson said. He took my arm to cross the street, and then I guess he forgot to let go. "I hope you like the movie. It was shot in Yugoslavia."

I put my head back to look at him. "Oh, wonderful!" I said. "Oh, fabulous!" Then I held it straight again. I had to: it was top-heavy with the hair up.

He went right on talking. I just smiled with all my teeth. Irwin talks too, but Irwin only tells you things. What he did, what he said to somebody. Marty Robeson talked *about* things. About strawberries, I remember. And galoshes. And runaway horses. That makes three things I never discussed with anybody in my whole life.

The more I smiled the more he went on talking. I didn't need to say a thing unless I felt like. When he mentioned boy friends I said, "I go around with a few different boys."

He put up his eyebrows. "Only a few?" And we both laughed; I don't know why. He had this very unusual laugh, sudden and kind of fizzy, the way a seltzer siphon sounds.

He let me choose which candy and where to sit. I chose chocolate almonds and the front-row balcony. There was space enough to cross my legs and point my foot. When he put his elbow up on the arm of the seat I left mine there. Like it was nothing, like I spent every evening rubbing elbows with men. I don't know; it was just how I felt. And when I started to wipe my mouth after the chocolate almonds, he took my handkerchief and did it for me, and I let him, and then he leaned over and kissed the corner of my mouth.

It wasn't anything like Irwin. Not *any*thing. Irwin kisses very businesslike. The way you grab a cruller and a cup of coffee on your way to work. This was more like eating ice cream. It made me feel cool and delicious. Then we both sat up straight and watched the movie as if nothing had happened. But something had happened. To me, anyhow.

And after, when we got outside, I took his arm. I just felt like it. I didn't need to; it was easy to walk. I felt uplifted, like on a cushion of air. Or like being drunk, maybe, but I haven't ever been drunk, so I'm not sure how it feels, or how long it lasts. This had lasted almost four whole hours. I know, because when we went by the pizza joint I looked in at the clock and it was almost twelve.

He must have noticed me looking. "You like pizza?"

"I *love* pizza!" I said. "Pizza is the absolute *answer!*"

"Well, listen," he said. "Next Saturday I know this pizza place downtown. The man stands in the window and he throws the dough up in the air."

I was waiting for someone to say, "Oh, fabulous!" This person that had been talking all evening. But nobody said anything.

There was nobody there. Only me, Babette Sherman.

Once when I was little, mamma took me downtown and I got lost in the crowd. One minute I knew she was there, and the next minute I knew I was lost. It was like that. I went on walking, but all the air was out of my air cushion, and the sidewalk came up and hit my feet. Marty Robeson wasn't asking Babette Sherman for a date. He didn't even *know* Babette Sherman, except to say hello to.

But somebody had to say something. "Lee *loves* pizza," I said. "Lee's *crazy* about pizza."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, good." He looked down at his hands. First at the backs then at the palms. "Fine. Well, I better be seeing you home."

"You don't really need to." There was nothing else I could do for him, except save him the walk. "I can take a cab. It's only eight blocks."

"Oh, I wouldn't let you," he said. "Unless you'd *rather*."

"Oh, I don't mind," I said. "I mean, I'd be glad ——"

Sometimes you try to dance with someone, and you can't seem to agree which foot to start with, and it has to go on like that until one of you steps on the other. He stepped on me. "Then I'll just say good night. I have an early exam."

But I guess I had stepped on him first.

"Oh, sure!" I said. There was a cab at the corner. I got in, and he closed the door. But we had a red light. He stood there for a minute, and then he crossed over to the subway. I watched him go, but when he looked back I turned my head away. I didn't want him to think I was sore.

Mamma and papa's light was out. Lee wasn't back yet. I got undressed. My shoes were ruined, all streaked black and white. I dropped them in the wastebasket. Then I hung up Lee's coat and skirt and laid her cashmere back in the sweater bag. *Cinderella didn't have to drag the pumpkin back out to the field*, I thought, *or put the mice back in the trap. Cinderella had all the breaks.*

I just wanted to lie down and die or go to sleep or something. I got into bed without brushing my teeth, and I dried my eyes on the sheet. *Cinderella had the best break of all. She had another chance. The prince came back next day with the glass slipper.*

I dried my eyes again. Forget it, I thought. You wouldn't know what to do with another chance. Marty Robeson could come back tomorrow with a complete *line* of glass slippers in every size, and you would probably say, "Oh, glass slippers! Lee's *crazy* about glass slippers!"

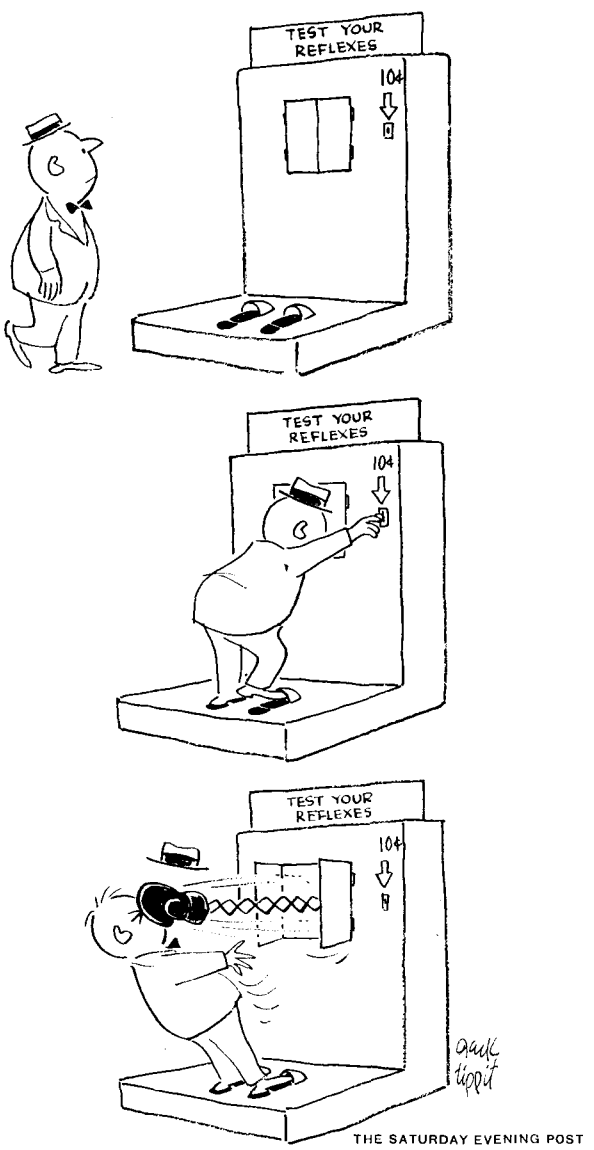
But anyhow you aren't going to have another chance, I thought. This is the twentieth century. So why cry over it? And I tried to dry my eyes again, but the sheet was too damp, and I was afraid Lee would notice. So I got up and felt my way to the bureau and poked around in my bag for my handkerchief, but it wasn't there.

I just stood there in the dark with my hand in my bag. It wasn't there because it was in his pocket. My monogrammed handkerchief. With my monogram. "B." Not "L." "B," for Babette.

I got back into bed and turned down the sheet where it was damp. *I'll say*, "*How kind of you to bring it back! I forgot you had it!*" Then I thought, *No, when he comes back*—if he comes back—*I'll say*, "*I hoped you would bring it!*"

I turned over and slid down till my feet were over the edge. I thought, *That must be very uncomfortable, a glass slipper.*

I guess I fell asleep. THE END



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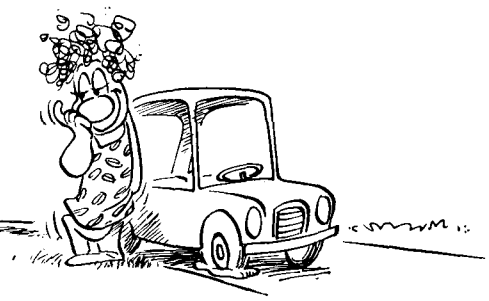
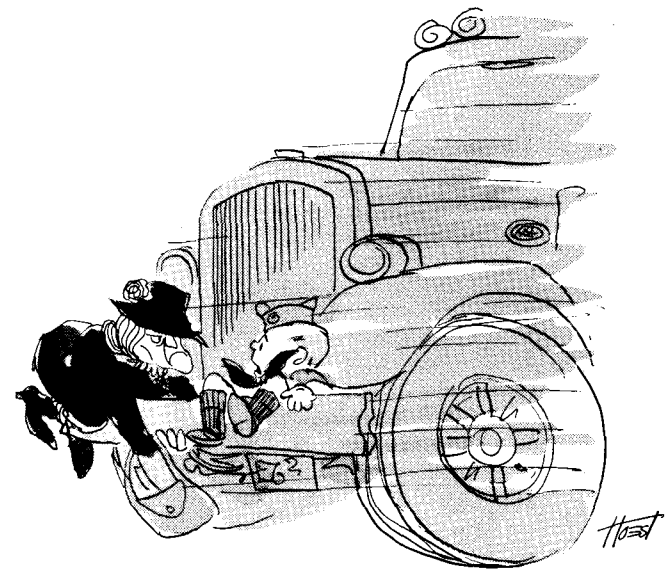
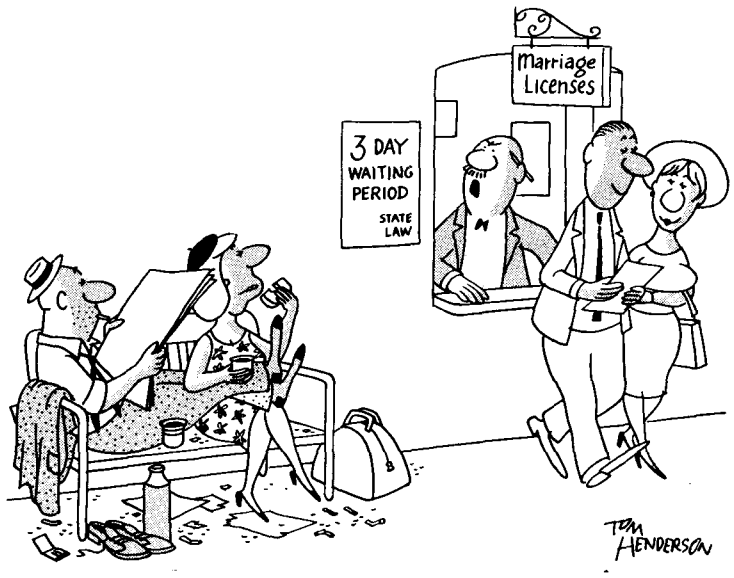


"Oops! I hope that doesn't count."



"I guess this means I don't get my courtesy badge."

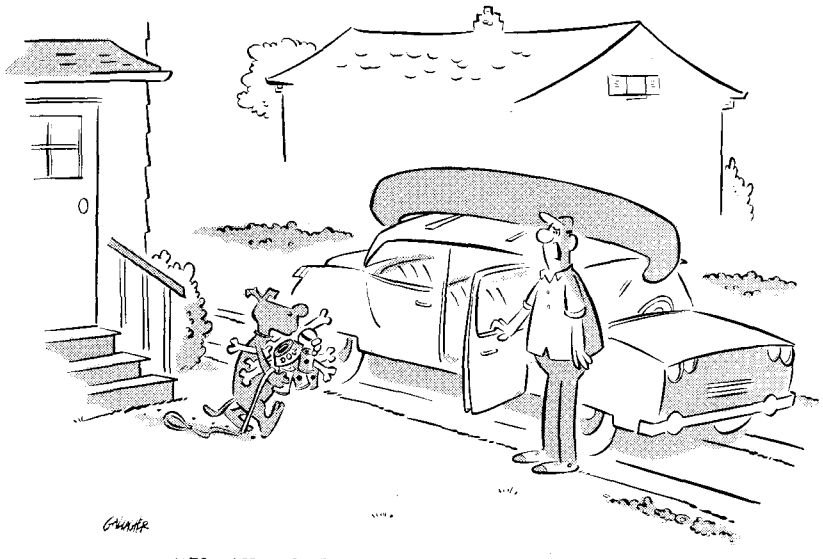


"Would you two mind waiting somewhere else!"

OVEREXPOSURE

First it burns and then it itches
Until you're not sure just which is
Worse, or whether both are equal,
In this very trying sequel
To those *ultra*violent rays;
And as you peel away for days
Remember: When you want to tan it,
Never take your skin for granite.

W. J. MCKENDRICK



"You'll only be at the kennel for a week!"

"By gosh, their grass is greener."

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Blind Genius What's so great about Ra

Millions buy his records, other singers try to imitate his style, but the star himself lives in darkness and torment.

In the secret imagery of jazz, the word for sunglasses is shades. They are worn not to look out upon the world but to keep the world from looking in. On Ray Charles, the shades are always drawn.

They do not hide, of course, the tiny scar engraved upon his forehead. Or the almost imperceptible tuft of hair on his chin that he preserves as his emblem. Or the sweat that pours from his face as he performs to exhaustion, slapping a thigh, stamping the floor, commandeering the piano, shouting into the microphone with a hoarse, melancholy voice.

They do not hide the pain and joy which sometimes share his face. And they do not hide his presence—a presence which has become one of the most dominant in popular American music, yet one which Charles has gone out of his way to keep anonymous. A jazz pianist who has sold half a million records in a single day, a blues singer who has left standing room only in concert halls from Paris to the Hollywood Bowl, a composer whose music is being played everywhere, he is, in the bread-and-butter words of half a dozen record-company executives, "the hottest property in the music business." At the same time, he is one of the most unknown. To Charles, blind at seven, an orphan at 15, a narcotics user at 16, a millionaire at 32, the world is an enigma. Behind his shades, Charles is an enigma to the world.

"He's an artist, but he has other dimensions," says blues historian LeRoi Jones. "For one thing, he's already one of the greatest Negro folk figures in American history. For another, and even more significant, he's the first Negro folk figure to cross over and become a hero, a true hero, of white society."

Strangely enough, success has come neither as a great surprise nor a great comfort to Charles. He commands the best contract in the record business, with a royalty of about 12½ cents a single, three times that paid the usual performer, but he still talks with a stammer that has hampered his speech since he was a child. Orders for one of his most recent albums, Volume II of *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music*, reached the staggering total of $371,000 two weeks *before* its release, but he still answers the telephone with a fear of it, growling, "*Yeah?*" or, "*What do you want?*" During one recent visit to Paris, he sold out the Olympia Theater on 10 successive nights, a feat never before accomplished by an American entertainer, but he still chain smokes a daily cloud of mentholated nervousness. He grossed well over two million dollars in 1962, but he still jiggles when he sits, and he paces when he stands, shifting his weight from one foot to the other as if keeping some distant time. "What's so great about Ray Charles?" he asked an associate recently. "Why does everybody say, '*That's Ray Charles*'? I'm going to change my name to something like John Kinsey."

To the 18 men in his band, he is a tyrant of perfection. He calls seven-hour rehearsals on what might have been days off, memorizing all 18 parts, shouting acid counterpoint to wrong notes, requiring instant recognition of arrangements he invents on the spot. "Ray's a leader," says John Hunt, Charles's second trumpeter since 1954. "Ray's always been a leader. Sometimes we'll be playing and all he's got to do is look up at us and smile and say, 'All right, children,' and *wow!*"—and Hunt touched his chest—"you feel it right here."

He possesses perfect pitch. "A fantastic ear," says Sid Feller, director of artists and repertoire at ABC-Paramount Records. "What God has taken away from Ray on one side, He has given back tenfold on another."

Once, while recording *I Believe to My Soul*, he became so dissatisfied with the sound of his choral group, the Raelettes, that he sent them home. "Then he sat down with earphones," says Jerry Wexler, executive vice president of Atlantic Records, "and proceeded to dub in each of the four girls' parts, one at a time, in his own falsetto. When he finished, it was perfectly tight four-part harmony, it was amazing, it sounded just like a sensational girls' group."

"All these stories you hear about Ray being led around by the nose because he's blind, they're just not true," says Larry Newton, vice president in charge of sales at ABC-Paramount Records. "Nobody tells Ray what to do. For instance, when he wanted to record his first *Country and Western* album, we said to him, 'Don't do it.' Even when the distributors got it, they said, 'What is this? A joke?' But do I have to tell you what happened? It was fantastic. The album itself sold over a million, the first million album our company ever had. One song, *I Can't Stop Loving You*, has sold over two million. I'm telling you, with this record Ray singlehandedly revived the record business. It was a year ago last May when you couldn't sell a thing, and then Ray started bringing them into the stores. People from other companies started calling me up to thank me."

Despite his blindness, he plays whist, dice and dominoes with the authority of a consistent winner, relying, of course, on the losers' honesty and a Braille deck. He can take apart his tape recorder and put it back together again, and when his television set breaks down, he can fix that too. He gets a new Cadillac every year and test drives it with someone tapping him on the shoulders to tell him which way to turn. He owns two aircraft, one a twin-engine Cessna for his personal use and the other a 40-passenger Martin 4-0-4 to transport his band on concert dates, and he knows how to fly both planes. "Once the big plane was forced down with engine trouble in Marysville, California," says his former valet, Roy Duke Wade. "The mechanics worked all night trying to fix it, trying to fit a new part in the manifold, but they just couldn't get it right. So finally Ray got impatient and said, 'Let me try it.' I'm not exaggerating—Ray put it in place inside of five minutes."

"Ray never wanted to act like he was blind," says bandleader Quincy Jones, who has known Charles for 14 years. "He'd meet a girl, like, and then he'd tell you, 'Man, you should have seen that fine-looking chick I met today.'" Or as C. B. Atkins, Sarah Vaughan's husband, puts it, "When you're with Ray, it's as if *you're* blind and *he* can see."

Enraptured audiences, mostly made up of young people, crowd all Charles's concerts and idolize the singer as a new kind of folk hero.

Blindness was "gradual"

Charles has been totally blind since childhood. He was born on September 23, 1930, in Albany, Ga., but his parents moved two weeks later to Greenville, Fla. It was a lumber town with a population which he now remembers "wouldn't fill a good-sized dance hall." His father, Bailey Robinson, worked as a mechanic and handyman. His mother, Reather Robinson, stacked boards in a sawmill.

By the time he was five he had developed glaucoma, an eye disease. By the time he was seven his right eye had to be removed. A short time later he lost his sight completely. "I think I took it in stride," he remembers. "I don't think it bothered me too much because it was gradual. It wasn't like today I'm seein' and then—*boom!*—tomorrow I'm blind."

He has told friends that as a child he remembers spending long moments in his backyard looking up at the moon. He remembers having a red wagon and he remembers the yellow of flowers. He remembers attending services in a clapboard Baptist church, and he remembers the

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harles?

By Alfred G. Aronowitz

programs of the Baptist Young People's Union, and he remembers chanting in a tiny, lost voice among the shrieks at revival meetings. And he remembers making his own toys out of tin cans.

"My mother," he says, "she saw the handwritin' on the wall, God rest her soul. Before I lost my sight, she started teaching me how to do things without seeing. She wanted me to be as independent as anybody else, and I think I am.

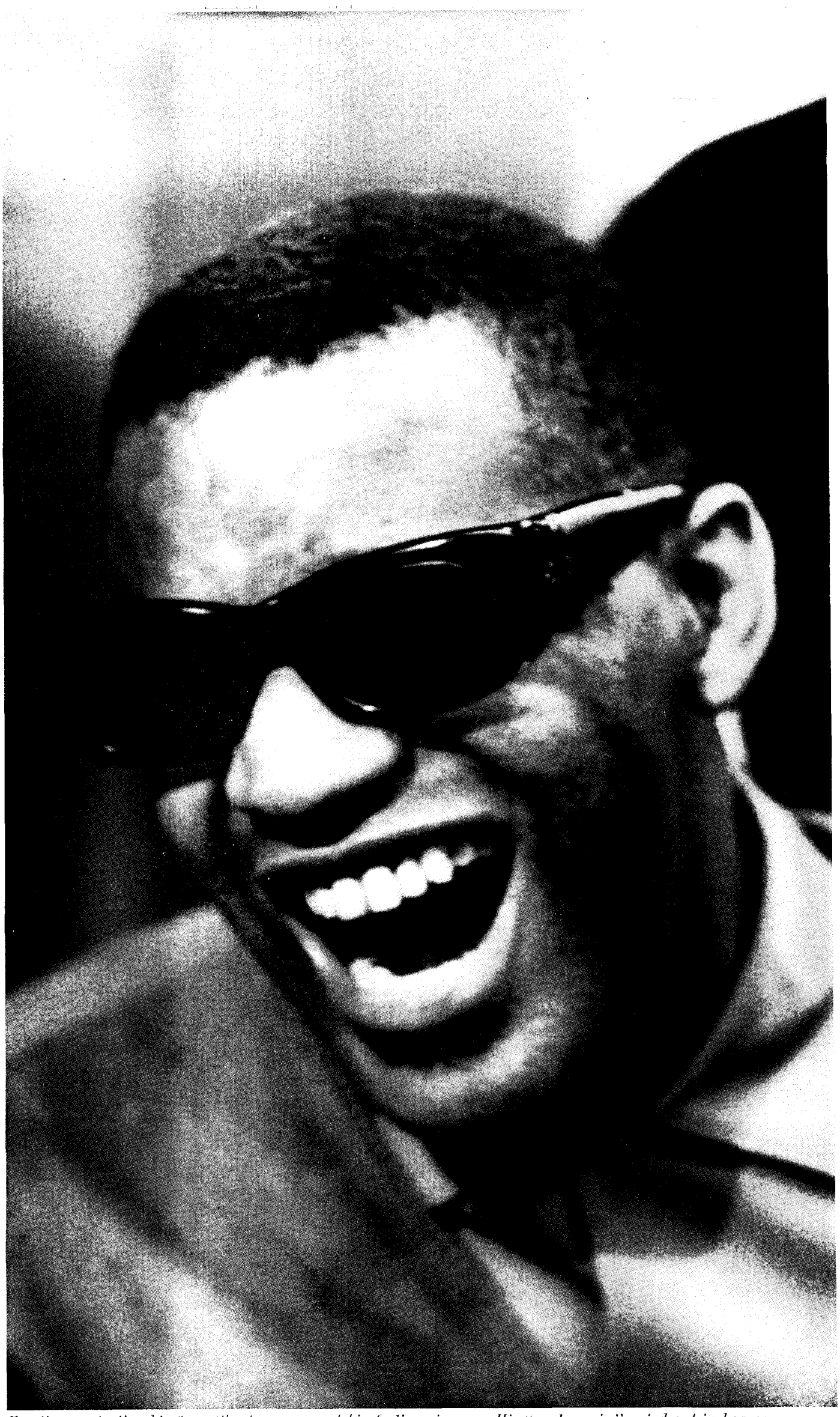
"As far back as I can remember, I was interested in music," he says. "When I was four, five years old, we lived back of a fellow named Wiley Pittman, who had a little café with a piano in it. He would help me get up on the piano stool and tell me to play, and of course I wasn't doin' nothin' but just hittin' the keys, but he'd call in his friends and say, 'Come on and hear what my boy is doin',' and they would applaud me." It was in St. Augustine, at a state school for the blind, that he learned to read Braille, took up piano and clarinet and began the tedious task of studying music by touch.

His father died when Charles was 10, his mother when he was 15. "I was in Saint Augustine, and a neighbor sent a ·legram, and they read it to me," says ıarles. "After they buried her, I couldn't ·at, and I had to go to the hospital for about six days. They kept sayin' if I could just cry I would be all right, if I could just break down and cry, but I couldn't, it was all up in my throat."

Armed with a high-school diploma, a pocketful of change and a reputation for being able to play any piece of music after hearing it only once, young Ray eventually headed for Jacksonville to try for a job with a band. He played with hillbilly combos, he played as a single and he played in a group called the Honeydippers. "Ray knew the worst kind of despair," an associate recalls. "He said once he was paid with a tin of jam, and when he tried to open it in his hotel room, he was so hungry that he opened it in too much of a hurry and everything fell on the floor. But with all his discouragement, Ray never lost his drive."

By the time he was 18, he had saved almost $900. He took a bus from Florida to Seattle, where he began working in Negro speakeasies. "I met Ray when I was about 15 and he was about 18," remembers Quincy Jones, a native of Seattle who is now a bandleader, composer and arranger of no little fame himself. "Even then he was always so damn *positive*, like he could listen to a record of Billy Eckstine's, and he could analyze the orchestration, tell you what each sideman was doing. And he was doing some pretty advanced arrangements himself, even at that time."

't wasn't until 1952, when Atlantic ords purchased his contract from a ıding West Coast label called Swingtime, that Charles's fortune took a turn toward



Emotion contorting his face, Charles pours out his feelings in song. His "soul music," cried out in hoarse, melancholy tones, is a mixture of blues and gospel singing. It grossed him two million dollars last year

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"If you don't like me at first, just listen a while and I'll find you."

what it is now. Atlantic, headed by Ahmet Ertegun, son of a former Turkish ambassador, specialized in creative jazz and rhythm and blues. In Charles, Atlantic quickly realized, it had a recording artist beyond the business sense of the word, despite the fact that Charles was then singing in blatant imitation of Nat King Cole. For Charles, however, King Cole's reign was soon to come to an end.

"It was just a case of one day I heard somebody say to me, 'Ray, you sound just like Nat Cole,'" Charles recalls. "And I said, 'Thanks.' I thought that was a great compliment. But then I started thinking to myself, and I said, 'Well, now, that's a great compliment. He said I sound just like Nat King Cole, but then the name of Ray Charles was not mentioned at all, so this is not really helping me, this is bettering him.' So I said to myself, 'Well, from now on, win, lose or draw, when I record, whatever company I'm with, they're going to have to accept me the way I sound myself.'"

Since then, Charles's musical declaration of independence has remained inviolate, and today there are more singers trying to sound like him than ever tried to sound like Cole. Among the growing list of singers who have done albums or records using Charles's songs, arrangements or style are Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis Jr. and Elvis Presley. Charles has never returned the compliment. "Whatever I say or whatever I play, I do it natural," he says. "Whatever way I feel the song, that's the way I sing it. When I'm sitting playin' a song, I play the notes the way that they come to me in my head. It's never a case of putting on or tryin' to make anything the way somebody else does it."

Often at his concerts Charles will halt his 18-piece orchestra right in the middle of a number simply because the sound of it is out of tune with the sound behind his shades. When Columbia Pictures offered him $20,000 to record a three-minute song as background for the movie *Walk on the Wild Side*, he turned them down. "Ray listened to a tape of the music for a week straight," recalls his friend and promoter C. B. Atkins, "then he said, 'No, man, I can't do it, I just don't feel the music.'"

"If you don't like me at first, just listen a while," says Charles. "I'll find you." The boast is true—Charles has captured perhaps the most diverse audience of any singer. He has galvanized white audiences in spots ranging from campuses—Cornell, Wake Forest, Penn State—to the Borscht Belt's Concord Hotel. Jazz musicians consider him one of their own, a sentiment reinforced by the fact that, for the fourth year in a row, he has been voted the No. 1 male vocalist by the International Jazz Critics Poll of *Down Beat*, the nation's chief jazz magazine. And recently Charles became the first Negro to be named among the top 10 performers by the Country and Western Association, a polite name for proponents of hillbilly music.

Charles himself calls his work "soul music," and other musicians have accepted his differentiation of it from the essentially Negro rhythm and blues and its white commercial counterpart, rock 'n' roll. One reason for this outsized respect is Charles's technically perfect musicality. But perhaps more significant is the special cachet, the near magical transformation, that Charles gives to a song when he sings it. In true blues tradition he sings about life as neither all joy nor all sorrow. By his voice alone he somehow manages to convey bitterness and ecstasy, even calm and frenzy, all at the same time. It is "soul music" because Charles sings from within himself.

In soul music, Charles has endowed rhythm and blues with the revivalist spirit of Negro gospel music, complete with shouts and exhortations, although his lyrics are something less than liturgical. The late Big Bill Broonzy, a preacher before he became a blues singer, once complained: "He's mixin' the blues with the spirituals. I know that's wrong. . . . He should be singin' in a church."

The controversy concerning Charles is not, of course, limited to the vocabulary of his lyrics. One of the occupational hazards for musicians is a taste for narcotics, and Charles's friends say that a part of the secret torture behind his shades has been his almost lifelong effort to avoid a drug habit. Charles denies, however, that he was ever addicted. "As far as I'm concerned," he says, "any amount of drugs that I might have taken at any time was just a case of a kid wantin' to try somethin' for the first time, and that's about the size of it. The only thing is that if people find you use drugs, they want to shame you and say you're the worst person that ever lived, regardless of how it happened to you." How it happened to Charles is something he is reluctant to talk about, but the evidence of it remains on both his arms. "He had some of the worst tracks I've ever seen," says Narcotics Bureau Sgt. Robert Keithley, who arrested Charles in Indianapolis in 1961. Charles, in fact, always wears long-sleeved shirts.

One of the first persons to see Charles after his Indianapolis arrest was Rick Johnson, a police reporter for the Indianapolis *Times*. "He appeared very disturbed and lonely," Johnson recalls. "He sat down on a bench in city jail and began to cry softly and then lost all control of himself. I asked him how he got started on narcotics. 'I started using stuff when I was sixteen and first started in show business,' he told me. Then Ray broke off and began to cry again. 'I don't know what to do about my wife and kids. I've got a month's work to do, and I have to do it. I really need help. I'd like to go to Lexington [the federal narcotics hospital]. I guess I've always wanted to go, but it was easier the other way. A guy like me has to have something to keep going. The grind is just too much.'"

In Indianapolis the charges against Charles were dismissed on the grounds that police, posing as Western Union messengers, entered his hotel room without a warrant. On a previous occasion, a Philadelphia court dismissed similar charges in 1955 after Charles testified that he thought he had been receiving anti-flu shots. He has never been convicted.

Hunched in solitary silence, Charles travels with his band to the next one-night stand.

Narcotics may be one of the reasons why Charles has tried so desperately to avoid the attention to which his artistry has committed him. Inside what jazz critic Nat Hentoff has described as "concentric circles of isolation," he has retreated to the security of friends he needs. Charles's inner circle consists largely of persons to whom he was a leader long before he had a purse that could buy leadership. "The best thing that could happen to Ray," Quincy Jones once said, "is to get rid of everybody around him on the road." Jones also said, "Ray is a dictator. I guess he has weak people around him because he wants it that way."

Of drugs and genius

Charles himself says that his narcotics problem is his own business. "As far as the public is concerned, I feel that I do not, at any time, advocate or recommend that anybody should go out into the world using drugs. I think that drugs is—I don't know any word to describe it, except to say it's one of the worst things that anybody could ever attempt to do. . . . It's nothing to be proud of and nothing to feel great over, and it's not going to make you intelligent or make you a genius. But I still feel that as far as myself is concerned, I feel that whatever I've done, I did it only to me."

Today Charles demands a $4,000-a-night guarantee against 50 percent of the gross, and averages $30,000 a week from his concerts alone. He has an apartment in New York and a house in Los Angeles, where his wife, Della Antwine, a former member of Cecil Shaw's Union Spiritualist Singers, lives with their three children. "They're his only love," says Duke Wade, his former valet. "Night life? Ray's got no night life. He's an entertainer, he's a part of somebody else's night life, and when he finishes, he goes home." His organization includes two full-time pilots, a manager, a valet, three production men, a bus driver, his band and the Raelettes, who could be a headline act themselves but who have turned down offers of separate bookings. "If I had to leave Ray," says Darlene McCrea, the contralto of the group, "I'd quit show business."

He refuses to play before segregated audiences and he has made the South accept his conditions. He owns a record company, a music-publishing firm, a travel agency, several apartment houses, and is thinking of building a motel chain. He also owns a reputation as a sharp businessman, although never at the expense of his musical integrity. Officials at Atlantic Records are still amazed at the way he negotiated a contract to put him within the more commercial embrace of ABC-Paramount. "We didn't even know about it until we asked him to sign," says Atlantic president Ahmet Ertegun. "And yet I'm not even mad at him."

His record royalties from ABC-Paramount totaled over a half million dollars in 1962, and although he left Atlantic four years ago he still receives $100,000 a year in royalties from that firm. He has just completed another oversubscribed concert tour of Europe, and other parts of the world are bidding for his personal appearance. Despite all this, Charles essentially is still doing what he was doing 10 years ago—one-night stands. His only television exposure in recent years was a short bowdlerized appearance last January on the Dinah Shore show, and the most anyone in Las Vegas is willing to pay him is $17,000 a week. Eddie Fisher gets $40,000.

"A vast amount of people say I'm a genius," Ray remarked one night recently while waiting to perform before some 2,000 screaming ticket holders while 800 turnaways milled outside. "Do you believe a poor man with no education can become a genius?" he said. "Do you believe a blind man can become a genius?" He ground out one cigarette on the floor and lit another from a lighter, raising the flame until he could feel the heat on his fingers. "They may say it They may say it. But I don't believe I'm in that category. I believe genius is a higher category. And I don't believe Ray Charles is even near it." THE END

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On patrol in Laos, a camouflaged soldier points the way to a Communist emplacement.

LAOS

THE WAR THAT NEVER STOPS

There are no great battles, but "incidents" and more "incidents" as the Communists take over a hapless Asian kingdom—bit by bit.

By JERRY A. ROSE

It was four in the afternoon, and the woolen heat covered men, animals and time itself in a blanket of lethargy. Vientiane, the capital of the Southeast Asian kingdom of Laos, lay dozing.

"This is the first day since I've been here (about a month) that I haven't done any work," remarked reporter Jacques Nevard of *The New York Times*.

Suddenly a bellhop dashed out of the hotel and headed down the sunbaked street toward the cable office, a sheet of paper fluttering in his hand.

"Who the hell is filing what?" Nevard muttered as he started back to work. At the end of two hours, Nevard had his story. He sat at his typewriter, bathed in sweat. The electricity in the Hotel Constellation had broken down again, so he had to work with two candles. But the keys clicked rapidly:

"... TWO HELICOPTERS OF INTERNATIONAL CONTROL COMMISSION FOR LAOS WERE SHOT AND WERE ON FIRE IN PLAINE DES JARRES REGION OF NORTHEASTERN LAOS TODAY ..."

Nevard's story, another "incident," took place not long ago. Similar incidents are taking place even now. No single one of them ever gets banner headlines, yet taken together, they represent a very major story—the slow but steady Communist takeover of Laos.

Laos is a remote and backward kingdom of barely two million inhabitants, most of whom simply want to be left alone. Yet because of Laos's strategic location, as the centerpiece in the mosaic of Southeast Asia, the great powers of East and West have fought over it for the past decade. In 1962 a conference of 14 nations agreed to "neutralize" Laos under a unique coalition combining Communists and conservatives under the leadership of a neutralist, Prince Souvanna Phouma. Ever since then there have been "incidents," as the Communists chipped at the foundations of the government they officially supported. Behind the political story is another story. This particular one involved not only a burst of Communist machine-gun fire and a shaken premier but a truckload of orphans and a bingo game and the grief of a handful of French soldiers. . . .

The St. Joseph School and Orphanage stands in the minute village of Xieng Khouang. The Bishop of Laos, Etienne Loosdregt, had gone to visit the school and orphanage as part of his rounds. He intended the visit to last a few days; it lasted over a month, for despite the "truce," he was trapped in the cage of war, along with four priests, five nuns, three teachers, four military men (all French) and 50 Laotian orphans.

"Every day the mortars fired at us," said the bishop, a man of 55 years (28 spent in Laos). He wears a big, steel-gray beard and has hazel eyes that study the world with an unsentimental affection. "Usually they started at nine in the morning and continued till about eleven. We had to stop all classes, and we couldn't walk more than one hundred yards from the orphanage. And still we had four children wounded."

For a month the missionaries and the orphans remained in dusty Xieng Khouang, under Communist mortar fire, waiting to be evacuated . . . and waiting . . . while a battle raged on the Plain of Jars, 15 miles northwest.

The Plain of Jars is a flat, bleak land, speckled with large earthen jars which some say were burial urns in the distant past; others say they were for rice alcohol. Here Premier Souvanna Phouma's chief military supporter, the 31-year-old Gen. Kong Le, makes his precarious headquarters. A wiry-haired little man, not quite five feet tall, Kong Le has about 6,000 men. He is surrounded by the Communist Pathet Lao Army, which totals perhaps 18,000 men. And the Communists were attacking—never a major blow, but a series of skirmishes. For weeks the only outsider in this trap was an English writer named Estelle Holt, a small, middle-aged woman.

"I am a quiet-living man," says Kong Le. "It is only history that makes me always at war. I like quiet things. Tell me, are English girls very pretty? One of my officers went to London and said English girls are very, very pretty and understanding." Kong Le neither smokes nor drinks, but he likes girls. He has married four wives and had four sons.

"Do you know what is my greatest ambition?" he asked.

Estelle answered, "It is to become military attaché in London because it is peaceful and the girls are so pretty."

Kong Le roared with laughter.

The telephone kept clanging with bad news. An aide came in with a message. Two companies were retreating under heavy fire. Kong Le's lieutenants were angry because he insisted on obeying Prince Souvanna Phouma's orders not to attack. The Premier wanted to maintain the "truce." Besides, there was danger in engaging in battle with the 9 to 11 battalions that have moved in from neighboring communist North Vietnam.

"I believe we could fight the Pathet Lao, even outnumbered as we are," Kong Le said. "But not when they are reinforced by Viet Minh (North Vietnamese) who are very good fighters."

The skirmishing went on, the telephon jangled, and Kong Le continued.

"I have to learn to be a politician, diplomat, general. I would like to stop, but I can't leave my men, and I want things for Laos. I want peace for Laos, and neutrality, and no more corruption, and I do not want Communism. That is not good, you know. You must believe me. I have lived close to Communism. I know what happens. I don't want it for my country, but I don't want war. No one cares for Laotians. They only wish to use our country as a corridor to somewhere else. I would like to stop and sleep a little, but there seems no time."

The telephone kept ringing.

At dusk, just as the red sun was settling behind a hill, Kong Le nodded toward it and remarked, "This sun won't come up again. It is *muht* [finished, done for]. Sun . . . *muht*. I . . . *muht*. My army . . . *muht*. And everything I hope for Laos. All, all . . . *muht*." Then he turned to the roses on his four rose bushes. They had lost their petals. "That *muht* too," he said quietly and pulled off the last petal.

At the St. Joseph School, Bishop Loosdregt and his missionaries received word that the endless skirmishing on the Plain of Jars was also *muht*—at least in a lull. They should prepare to evacuate.

The next day the bishop, the four priests, five nuns, three teachers and four military men plus 50 orphans piled into a convoy of trucks and cars and left for Khang Khay. It was a 10-mile trip over a bumpy dirt road—possibly mined—running through dense jungle. But th reached Khang Khay without incide With the end of their ordeal of mortar fire in sight, their spirits began to lift.

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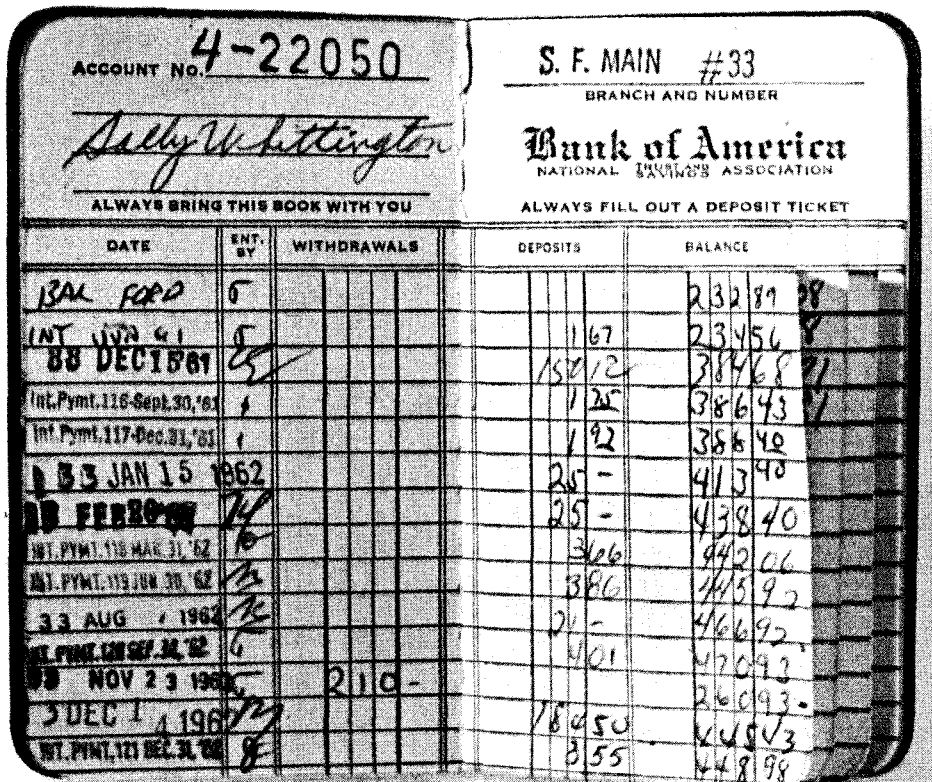

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THE WAR IN LAOS

Georges Fayard was particularly elated. He had spent almost two years in Laos with the French military (training) mission and would soon be returning home to Marseilles. He was now 29, and he would get married. Fayard looked at Sgt. Henri Simon, a veteran of the French struggle to hold Vietnam, and said happily, "Only thirty-nine days to go!"

"Ah, Georges," replied Simon, "why are you making plans? Tomorrow you may not be alive. It is bad luck to plan."

Eight miles southwest of Khang Khay is an airstrip, and helicopters of the International Control Commission picked up the orphans there. Shortly after they left, a tropical storm of rain and hail struck. The wind churned the jungle, and the day grew suddenly dark. Despite the storm a last convoy crept at 20 miles an hour along the muddy road to the airstrip. There were the four military men, two priests and two teachers.

Father René Charrier was sitting on the left-hand side of a truck driven by Father Rouzière. There were no doors, and the wind whipped the rain across them. Then they saw a small wooden bridge ahead in the darkness. They slowed to cross it. The front wheels of the truck crept forward toward the logs. Then came the explosion.

The blast of the landmine hammered the truck sideways. Father Rouzière automatically shut off the motor and the two priests sat still, dazed. Father Charrier's leg began to bleed.

One thousand yards up the road, on the other side of a second wooden bridge, Georges Fayard was driving alone in a jeep. He stuck his head out and looked back: nobody was following him. So he turned his jeep and headed back.

After some discussion it was decided that Fayard and Father Charrier would drive on to the airstrip for help. Georges Fayard slowly maneuvered his jeep toward the bridge which he had already crossed twice. He carefully followed the previous wheeltracks which he supposed were safe from mines. There was a splintering roar of 800 pounds of dynamite.

The explosion threw Father Charrier into the middle of the small river, 20 yards from the bridge. Shocked, dizzy, he instinctively began to dog-paddle toward the bank. The current carried him a little downstream, but he managed to make the bank and climb up. Then Sgt. Pierre Bellecave was next to him, helping.

Suddenly bullets from automatic weapons were piercing the darkness around them. The Communist attack lasted five minutes, and then there was quiet.

"I'm going to look for Fayard," Bellecave said, and he left. Father Charrier lay on the ground, shivering, his body covered with bruises.

Thirty yards upstream Bellecave found Georges Fayard's body hanging limply on a narrow footbridge. He returned to where Father Charrier was waiting and said, "*Il n'y a rien à faire. Il est mort.*" ["There is nothing to do. He is dead."]

Friday morning, the day after the ambush, Vientiane was sweltering but peaceful. There is always an air of artificial tranquillity and gaiety in Vientiane, and many people indulge in cheap whiskey ($2 a bottle) or an occasional pipeful of opium. At the airport that morning Premier Souvanna Phouma departed for Khang Khay to see the head of the Communst Pathet Lao, Prince Souphanouvong, the premier's own half brother, "to discuss the situation." Prince Souvanna was dressed nattily in a tan suit, bow tie and black Homburg. He smoked his pipe, looked cool despite the heat, gestured from time to time with a carved cane. Someone put a lavender flower in his lapel. He was accompanied by Indian, Canadian and Polish members of the International Control Commission, as well as the British and Russian ambassadors and a representative of the French embassy, Michel Cadol.

Later the same morning at the airport, the crown prince of Laos, Vong Savong, arrived from the royal capital of Luang Prabang to inaugurate the centennial celebration of the Red Cross. The American ladies of Vientiane had set up a hot-dog stand and a bingo stall at the fund-raising bazaar. All afternoon an American woman called out bingo numbers in three languages: English, French and Laotian. And even while her voice echoed over the loudspeaker for the benefit of the Red Cross, the "incident," which would require Red Cross aid, was developing to a crisis in the remote Plain of Jars.

"Glasses foggy?"

When Prince Souvanna arrived at Communist headquarters in Khang Khay, he learned about the ambush of the day before. Immediately he requested two I.C.C. helicopters to investigate. Under the glare of the midday sun they landed in a clearing near the bridge. French Sgt. Oscar Fabrello and Capt. Pierre Hennequin took a stretcher and retrieved the body of Georges Fayard.

They were lifting the stretcher into the helicopter when the first mortar shell landed less than 20 yards away. Then a machine gun opened up and began to spray the area. Sergeant Fabrello leaped out of the helicopter, over the body, and hit the dirt. Another shell landed, still closer to the helicopter. The abandoned body of Georges Fayard lay on the tilted stretcher, one end on the edge of the doorway, the other end on the ground.

The firing got worse. Fabrello got up and ran for a slight dip in the land—a bullet slammed into his back, pitching him headlong. A recoilless-rifle shell exploded near Warrant Officer Aimé Galland, the helicopter's mechanic, and fragments dug into his leg. A mortar shell burst. Sgt. Pierre Thelliez, the pilot, felt the bite of steel fragments across the right side of his body. Another mortar shell wounded an Indian I.C.C. member, Maj. Pritam Grewal. Then a shell burst directly on the helicopter, and its magnesium skin began to burn rapidly. It was the funeral pyre of young Georges Fayard.

Abruptly the firing ended. There was silence. The only sound was the burning of the helicopter. Michel Cadol, lying on the ground, noticed a long, deep gouge in the earth caused by a recoilless-rifle shell. Like an accusing finger, the gouge pointed in the direction from which the shooting had come, a hill 500 yards away. The hill was held by the Communists.

Back at Communist headquarters in Khang Khay, the I.C.C. commissioners were horrified to hear the sound of gunfire. Then the Pathet Lao liaison officer who had been with the helicopters drifted in and recounted his version of what had happened. The Polish I.C.C. commissioner, a small, doctrinaire man named Marek Thee, said it was the fault of Kong Le's neutralists. Since both the Pathet Lao and the neutralists carried Russian weapons, he said, shrapnel and bullets found on the scene would not prove that the Pathet Lao was to blame. The Indian and Canadian commissioners greeted the Pole's arguments with chilly annoyance. Like Laos's coalition, the East-West-Neutral I.C.C. usually exists in stalemate. At the scene of the bombardment, under a cruel sun, Michel Cadol took a tangerine from his pocket and began to feed sections to the wounded Fabrello. Oscar Fabrello was in great pain, a bullet lodged against his left lung.

Finally the commissioners of the I.C.C. arrived by jeep. They wanted to investigate, see who was "really" at fault. The second helicopter, slightly damaged, was flown out. Michel Cadol collected the ashes of Georges Fayard.

On Saturday evening, at Vientiane's military airport, the wing lights of a small two-engine Beechcraft C-45 cut through the darkness, and the propellers kicked up hot dust among the tense crowd of people. When the plane's door swung open, out stepped Premier Souvanna Phouma. His tan suit was rumpled, and his face drawn with weariness. The flower was no longer in his lapel.

That same evening, on the terrace of Vientiane's Café Royale, several tables had been pushed together. There sat the French and British ambassadors, the Danish consul, and other people, men and women. They sang French folk songs while a bearded French painter strummed a guitar. The songs were about love, marriage and good times.

At a nearby table sat two glum French soldiers. One, whose name was Julien, said moodily, "I'm getting out of here. I can't stand it anymore."

The other one, whose name was André, looked at the table of diplomats and said, "It isn't right that they should be singing—it isn't right." Suddenly André tilted the ashtray before him and spilled ashes onto the table. With his forefinger he pushed the ashes into a small pile. Then he pointed to it and said, "That's all that's left of our Fayard—ashes."

The wind from a fan caught the ashes and scattered them.

The Royal Laotian Army was not greatly concerned. A few days after the incident in the Plain of Jars they staged a parade through Vientiane. One soldier played whiny bamboo pipes called *khenes;* another beat on a makeshift bongo drum. They had bananas hanging from their belts and pornographic pictures pinned to their clothes. The soldiers danced through the street as they sang:

Oh, I have a big pipe
Which burns so bright,
And all through the dark
It gives out a light.

The girls, dressed in embroidered sarongs, giggled and blushed. Overhead the flame trees glowed vermilion. It was the day of the *Bang Fay*, the Rocket Festival celebrating fertility, asking for rain and good crops. There were rockets 50 feet long, made out of bamboo, decorated with colorful paper. On a bamboo launching pad they belched black smoke. Some exploded impotently on the pad, some rose in a small arc and fell, and others soared proudly across the sky and landed in the Mekong River. There was a prize for the rocket that went farthest.

This is Laos. This was the story of an incident in Laos. There will be more much like it. Back on the Plain of Jars, Gen. Kong Le now is receiving U.S. arms. Yet an artillery shell landed near Kong Le's jeep and another on his kitchen. It was accurate shooting. The guns are being manned by North Vietnamese. The situation becomes more serious.

"I have no idea how it will end," Kong Le remarked recently. "But we'll have to go on fighting. There is really nothing else to do." THE END

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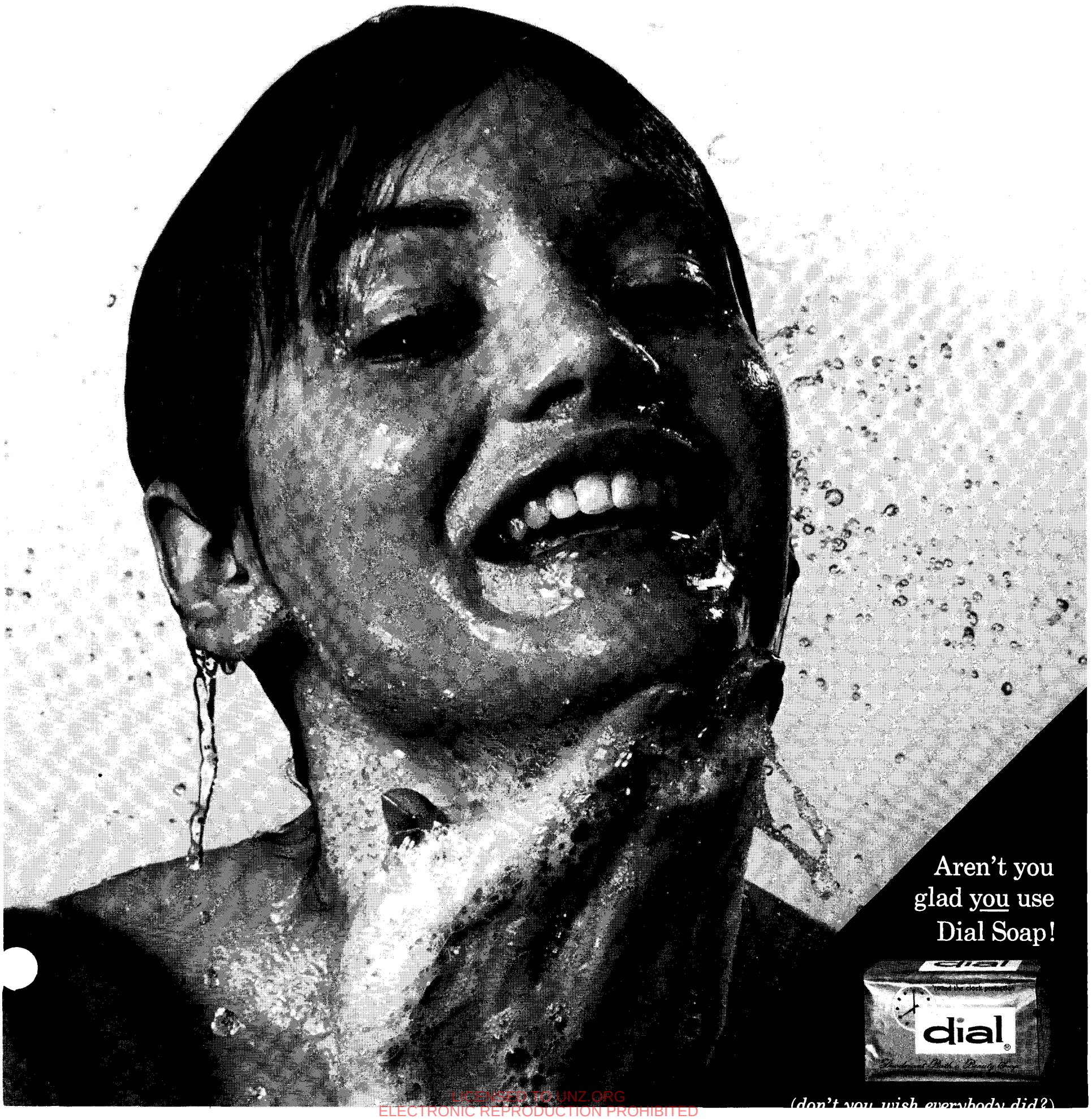

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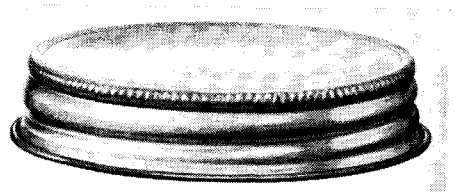

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By Ralph Lee Smith

THE HUCKSTERS OF PAIN

Peddling dubious remedies,
they extract $250 million a year from
millions of arthritics
who desperately search for relief.

"Micro-Dynameter" ($875) supposedly analyzes arthritis. It found corpses healthy.

Dr. Bumgarner, a short, stocky man with a warm smile of confidence, entered the office with a sheaf of papers on a clipboard and sat down behind the desk.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "you have fibrositis, a forerunner of arthritis, in your back. I am certainly glad that you decided to come to us early for treatment, before it got too serious. If you let this kind of thing go, you'll end up like the people you've been seeing outside in the halls this morning."

I do not have fibrositis—which, incidentally, is lumbago and is not a forerunner of arthritis. Nor do I have any other arthritic condition whatsoever—as one of the nation's most eminent specialists, who had just examined me in New York, would certify. I was simply feigning a "pain in the lower back" so that I could investigate the huckstering of arthritis remedies.

One American in every 15 has arthritis. an acutely painful ailment, and al- ;h proper treatment can help many ...erers, the most serious forms are incurable. It is thus an inevitable field for the promoters of questionable remedies. Out of it they make an estimated $250 million a year.

I had written to the Ball Clinic, in Excelsior Springs, Mo., posing as a bookseller who had recently developed a mild pain in the back. In a lengthy reply the clinic's director, William C. Edwards, invited me to come for an examination. He wrote that the basic charge for treatment was $42.00 a week, but there might be some additional costs of $7.50 to $25.00 a week for certain special treatments used in "intractable cases." I assumed that the basic charge of $42.00 per week for "quite comprehensive general treatments" would probably apply to my case, with, at most, one or two "extras." I intended to take, for one week, whatever treatments they prescribed, and I brought along $80. It turned out to be not nearly enough.

I had first been attracted to the Ball Clinic because it advertises extensively in newspapers and magazines. Established medicine does not yet know the causes of arthritis, but the Ball Clinic assures prospective patients that *it* knows. According to the clinic's handsome brochure, a primary cause of arthritis is "an imbalanced chemistry of the body in which the normal alkalinity of the blood and tissues is lost, or lessened, and in its place some degree of systemic acidity develops." Some other causes, the clinic says, are "systemic toxemia in which foreign matter enters the bloodstream," "vitamin deficiency," and "improper relation to the elements, placed here by a wise Creator for our sustenance, such as air, water, sunshine, heat, land and vegetation."

The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation takes a dim view of the Ball Clinic—and the numerous others like it, some of which have treated thousands of patients. The foundation says the Ball Clinic's theories about the causes of arthritis were "disproven by medical science many years ago." It adds, "Neither can their (the clinic's) assertion that they can cure arthritis be substantiated in fact." And a foundation official emphasizes, "I know of no reputable medical arthritis treatment center that advertises." Nonetheless, the ads help keep business brisk.

A driver for the Ball Clinic had met me at the Kansas City airport and taken me to Excelsior Springs, 28 miles away. The next morning I sat at breakfast in the clinic's dining room with a farmer from Michigan who had also come the previous evening, and a housewife from Indiana who had been under treatment for three weeks and had been told that she should stay another week. There were at least 50 other patients in the dining room, many using crutches or wheelchairs. Our meal consisted of a bit of warmed-up fruit, a small glass of warm chocolate milk, hot cereal with milk and a piece of toast. There was no sugar and no coffee. The clinic says that sugar and coffee are bad for arthritis, the housewife explained.

"They put you on a diet," the housewife said. "For every acid food you eat, you have to eat two alkaline foods. They've got lists of each kind. They say that meat is an acid, so we only get it once a week." I asked her if the treatments were helping and she said yes, she thought she was feeling a little better.

After breakfast my examination began. I told the doctor that the pain had started

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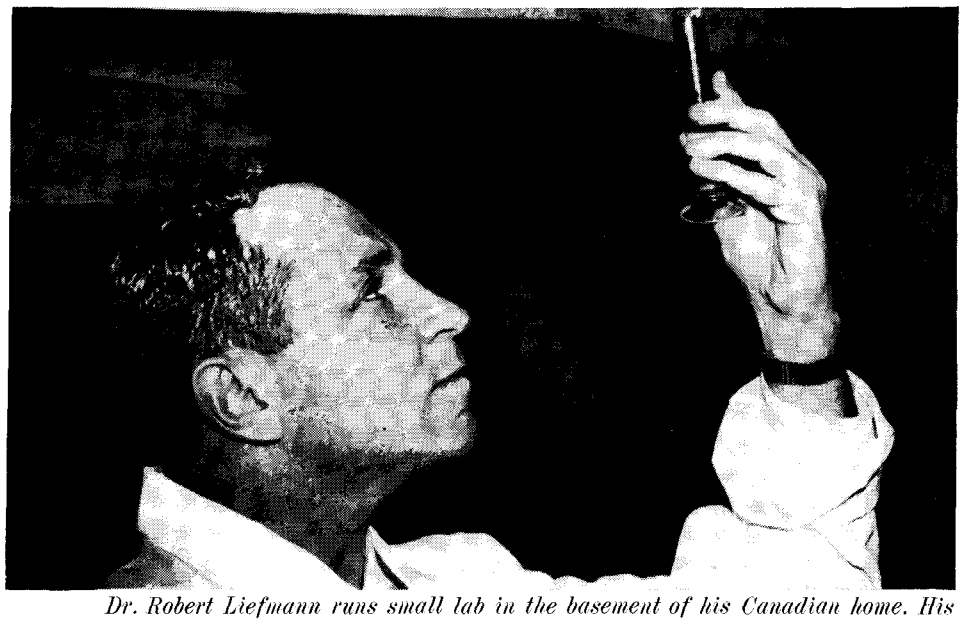
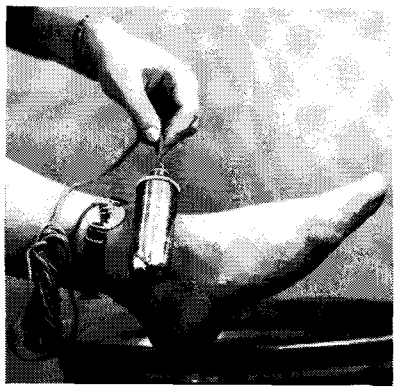
"IN YOUR PAIN YOU'LL TRY ANYTHING."

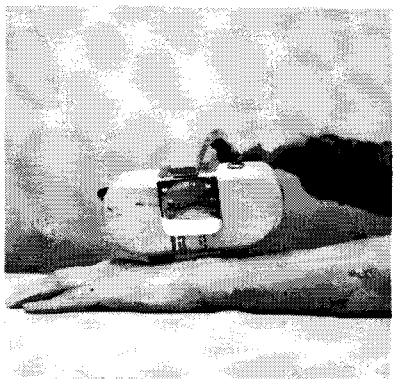


Dr. Robert Liefmann runs small lab in the basement of his Canadian home. His arthritis drug, which contains hormones, has been banned by U. S. authorities.

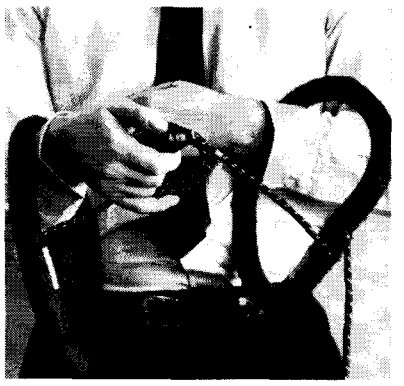
Maker of this mineral salt alleged it also treated leukemia and epilepsy.



Arthritic tied "Oxydonor" to ankle, then plunged leg into cold water.



"Polarator" only gave heat and shock, but its peddlers said it could heal.



"Inducto-scope" employed electric shock as a supposed arthritis remedy.

Most valuable asset of this "arthritis-cure" gadget is a glossy chrome finish.

An ordinary $2 copper bracelet, which allegedly healed arthritis, cost $30.

in my knee but had migrated to my lower back. Throughout the ensuing examination I took the general position that I didn't know what I had or how serious it might be. I let them do the diagnosing.

First Doctor Edwards, the clinic's director, who is a chiropractor, listened to my description of my problem and took down some facts of my medical history. Next Doctor Parisias, an M.D., took my temperature and blood pressure. He was the only doctor of medicine who saw me during my stay at the clinic, and that was the extent of his examination.

My next examiner was Doctor Gillie, an osteopath, who pounded my chest and back. When he got halfway down my back I said, "Ouch."

"Hurt?" he asked. I said yes. He pounded a little to the left. "Hurt there?" I didn't know whether it was supposed to hurt there or not; I mumbled something. He went back to the center of my spine and tapped a little lower. I winced. From there he went to my legs. His tapping of the "afflicted area" was the clinic's only examination of it.

I dressed and went across the hall. There Doctor Bumgarner, another osteopath, came in and gave me the diagnosis of fibrositis. Next was Doctor Tyler, a chiropractor, who recommended two weeks of treatment at the clinic. He said I had an acid condition in my body which the clinic would correct. "We will put you on a diet to change your system from acid to barely alkaline. We change your whole body chemistry here."

He wrote out the treatment form. Although they told me my case of "fibrositis" was "mild," the treatments included almost the entire inventory that Doctor Edwards had called "treatments necessary in intractable cases." Instead of $42.00 per week, the charge for two weeks amounted to $383.04—not counting room and board.

I went over the treatments item by item with Doctor Tyler. Here is a translation of some of the more cryptic entries.

Professional Service—three physical-therapy sessions and two chiropractic "adjustments" ("spinals") per week. (Says the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation: "Spinal adjustments as such not only are of no value in the treatment of arthritis of the spine but may in many cases lead to severe damage.")

Radio Wave—Doctor Tyler said the clinic uses a diathermy machine called "Diapulse." (When a newspaper columnist hailed this machine as "a dramatic breakthrough in the treatment of arthritis" and "the best treatment of arthritis now available," the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation replied that "the evidence from clinical trials to date does not warrant these statements.")

Colonics—flushing out of the lower intestine three times a week, plus three electronic treatments per week to "stimulate the colon." ("Colonic irrigation is a hangover of a theory of 'auto-intoxication' that was popular fifty years ago," says the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. "It was discarded years ago.")

Ignoring Dr. Tyler's warning about the importance of this regimen, I made some excuse about not being able to stay two weeks, and I returned to New York without submitting to the clinic's treatments.

Twelve million Americans have arthritis—more than are afflicted by cancer, tuberculosis and heart disease combined. Some member of one family in every five has it, and each year it affects 250,000 new victims. It is often thought of as "old people's disease," but this is only of osteoarthritis, a degeneration of the joints that often begins in the 50's. Another type, rheumatoid arthritis, attacks younger people, even children.

The cause and cure of most serious forms of arthritis are unknown. Some people are helped by the steroid hormones that have been discovered since 1948. But these drugs must be used sparingly because of their side effects, and some people cannot take them at all. Other treatments include injections of gold salts, physical therapy, surgery, and simple pain-killers such as aspirin.

Arthritis is one of the supreme experiences of pain. A former prizefighter says, "It got to be so terrible that I used to sit on the edge of my bed all night and cry." May Collins, a New York secretary, says, "It's like having the worst toothache you can conceive of, coming in wave after wave in whole areas of your body, day after day, year after year."

This suffering is the reason for the $250-million-a-year business in dubious or ineffective remedies. Almost half the nation's arthritics buy at least one such remedy a year, and it costs the average victim over $40. The problem is so serious that it will soon be tackled by a new Senate subcommittee on Frauds and Misrepresentations Affecting the Elderly.

There is another feature of rheumatoid arthritis that is a priceless asset to the exploiter. The disease is characterized by "remissions"—it comes and goes. Some such remissions last for years. If this happens after a patient uses Jake's Snake Oil, he will urge Jake's Snake Oil upon every fellow sufferer he meets.

An arthritic who attended a recent Democratic National Convention found a fellow sufferer, a highly educated state committeeman from Illinois, wearing on a string around his neck a "uranium nail" for "drawing" the arthritis from his body. "It's helped me a lot," the committeeman said, and gave his friend the address of the distributor. His friend promptly bought one. Price: $300.

Arthritis sufferers also spend excessive amounts for certain products of reputable drug manufacturers. These medicines often contain aspirin or its cousins, the salicylates, plus a number of "amazing ingredients" that are said to make the medicine far more effective than ordinary aspirin. Leading medical authorities say they know of no nonprescription pain-killer for arthritis that is more useful than aspirin itself.

Grove Laboratories, for example, recently launched a product called Defencin with ads that billed it as a "new kind of medicine" developed by scientists to give "a new more-effective answer to arthritis and rheumatism pain."

Doctor Ronald W. Lamont-Havers, medical director of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, pointed to the list of ingredients on the Defencin label. "The first ingredient," he said, "is phenyltoloxamine dihydrogen citrate—a big long name for an antihistamine. It's used to produce drowsiness, not to reduce pain.

"The second ingredient," he said, "is glyceryl guaiacolate, a mild muscle laxant. For one thing, these drugs r have a muscle-relaxing effect on man

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when taken orally—they must be injected. Far more potent ones than this are of little or no use in arthritis.

"The last ingredient is called acetylsalicylic acid—aspirin. A bottle of twenty-four Defencin tablets costs a dollar. A bottle of 250 aspirin can be bought for as little as twenty-seven cents."

Because products like Defencin are essentially dressed-up aspirin, they provide the arthritis sufferer with the benefits of aspirin—at extra cost—and cause no harm. But there have been literally thousands of other arthritis remedies which were proven to be essentially worthless. Tri-Wonda, once a fast-selling item distributed by Lela S. Weir of Jackson, Miss., contained, among other things, a mild laxative, and a cherry-flavored mixture of Jamaica dogwood extract and vitamin B_1 dissolved in 44 percent alcohol—enough to make almost anybody feel good. It took an eight-year court battle for the Food and Drug Administration to get this worthless product off the market.

Such products can cause untold pain by luring suffering arthritics away from proper treatment. Other "remedies" are actually dangerous in themselves.

Fred Walczak is an arthritic who had a close brush with such a danger. A powerfully built man, Fred was once a semipro football player and a rodeo rider. In 1946, at the age of 25, he began to feel stiffness and pain in his left knee, then in the base of his spine. The doctors told him that he had rheumatoid spondylitis, a serious form of arthritis that creeps up the back and "calcifies" the vertebrae, fusing them together one by one. "Sometimes it goes into remission after fusing a few vertebrae," says Fred's physician, Dr. John Calabro, director of the arthritis clinic at Seton Hall Medical College in Jersey City, N.J. "In other instances it marches right up the spine to the top, turning the spine into a rigid structure. So far Fred's hasn't stopped. At present his spine is fused about halfway up. He lives in pain much of the time."

The "miracle" arrives

Fred can walk slowly with two canes. He holds down a responsible and exacting job in the tax assessor's office in Bayonne, N.J., while his love of sport finds an outlet in fishing. Like most arthritics, Fred's ears perk up when he hears of a new remedy. He heard of one last summer from a Bayonne fire captain, another arthritic who lives in extreme pain. The fire captain's hands are curled up and deformed. His knee and hip joints and his neck were also afflicted so badly that he couldn't even put on his own shoes and socks. He was on "limited duty" at the firehouse, doggedly working on little chores. But on the day Fred dropped in, the fire captain was on top of the big ladder, plastering the firehouse ceiling.

"Wotinhell happened to your arthritis?" Fred asked incredulously.

"I'm feeling wonderful!" the captain grinned. "I read in *Look* magazine recently about a guy named Doctor Liefmann in Quebec who has a new arthritis drug called Liefcort. I went right up and got a supply. It's done wonders for me. This morning I tied my own shoes, and then went out and clipped my hedge!"

The next weekend Fred drove to Quebec. Liefmann's office, he found, was in his home—a magnificent 11-room house in a wealthy Quebec suburb, with a two-toned Cadillac sitting in the drive. When Fred entered the waiting room for a one P.M. appointment, there were about 30 people there, most of whom had been waiting since morning. They were from all over Canada and the U.S.

"One man from Michigan," Fred recalls, "couldn't bend his hip joints; he had been brought to Quebec lying in the back of a small Volkswagen bus. Another white-haired old lady from New England took two minutes to get from standing to sitting position in the waiting room."

Fred wasn't admitted to the doctor's office until four P.M. Sitting at the desk was not the doctor but a striking young woman, who identified herself as Mrs. Liefmann. She told Fred that Doctor Liefmann had been called away. "I don't know what she knows about medicine," says Fred, "but she is young, blond and beautiful." Mrs. Liefmann gave Fred a vial of Liefcort and told him the doctor would see him the next day.

"Doctor Liefmann is alert but calm, like a kindly college professor," Fred recalls. "He is a tall, lean man in his forties. He makes you feel that he is deeply concerned about *your* pain, and that he hasn't seen another patient all day. Doctor Liefmann checked my heart and blood pressure, the only physical exam I had during my two-day stay. I asked him if Liefcort contains any cortisones, because I can't take cortisones—they make me hemorrhage."

Doctor Liefmann said, "There are no cortisones in Liefcort." (This was not so.)

Fred bought seven bottles of Liefcort from Doctor Liefmann at $10 a bottle. They discussed the question of a further supply if Fred should need it. Fred has relatives in Syracuse, near the Canadian border. "Good," said Doctor Liefmann. "We can't mail it to you directly, but we can ship it to a town on the Canadian border and your relatives can drive there, pick it up, and take it into the States."

Arriving home, Fred took the Liefcort and it seemed to work miracles. His pain decreased; his joints became more flexible. For the first time in years he began to move easily. "Looks like I've licked it at last!" he chortled to his friends on the weekend fishing boat.

A bottle of Liefcort lasted five and a half days. With each bottle Fred felt more improvement. But just as he was starting on the last bottle, a stabbing pain suddenly attacked Fred's knee. It was different from anything he had ever felt before. "In the old days," says Fred, "the joint hurt terribly, but still I could put weight on it. Now the whole joint felt soft, as if it had turned into sponge rubber."

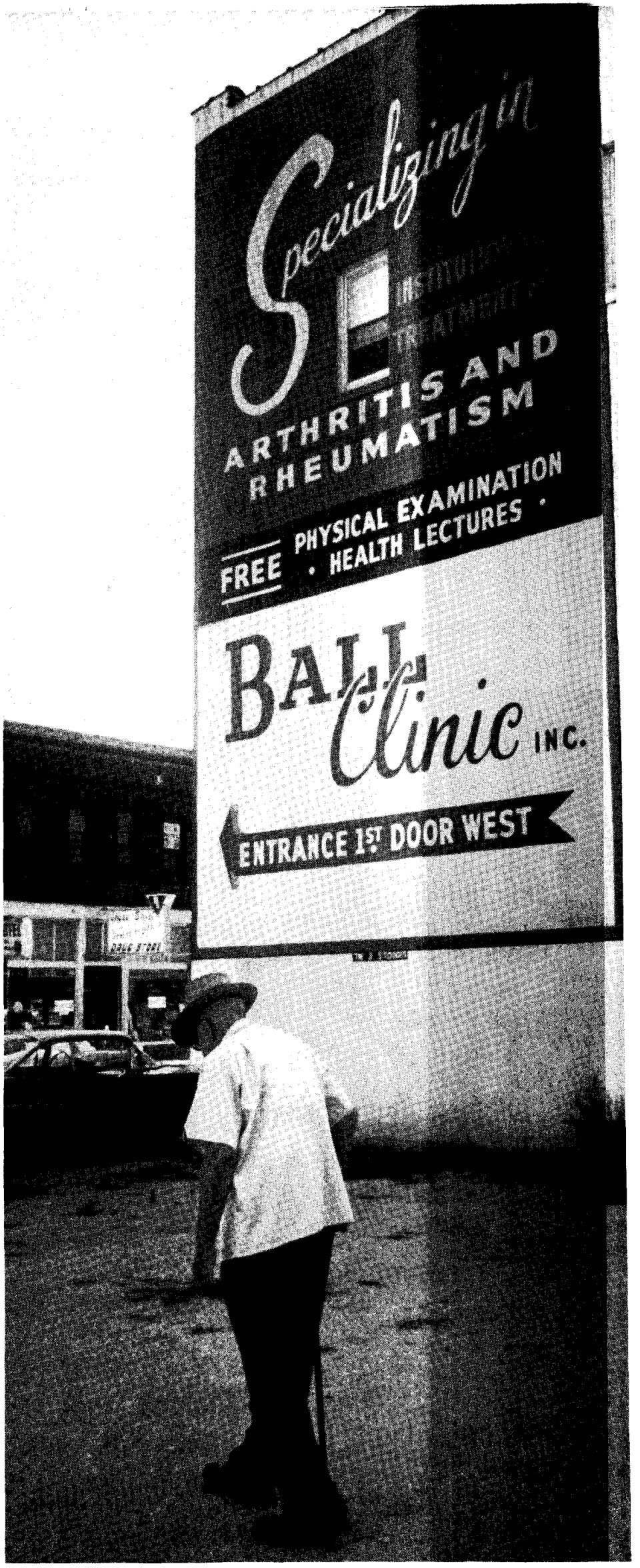
Fred called Doctor Liefmann in Quebec and described his pain. The doctor was his kindly old self. "Why don't you double the dose?" he suggested.

"Does that make sense?" Fred asked. "If the present dose brings on the pain, why double it to get rid of the pain?"

"It's all right," Doctor Liefmann replied. "Just double the dose. And to strengthen your bone texture, get some vitamin C and bone meal, and take both."

Fred now felt sure he was being misguided. "Thanks for your trouble," he said bitterly, and hung up.

He stopped taking Liefcort instantly, and the new pain in his knee faded away—and the old pains returned. The next time he saw Doctor Calabro he sheepishly



Arthritic limps toward clinic in Excelsior Springs, Mo. Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation warns that this clinic's claims of cures "cannot be substantiated."

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A VICTIM OF HUCKSTERS LEADS THE FIGHT AGAINST THEM.

told him the whole story. Doctor Calabro already knew about Doctor Liefmann. Born in the U.S., Liefmann had studied at McGill University Faculty of Medicine in Canada. In 1954, when he became a Canadian citizen, he took the exams for licensing as a private practitioner but flunked the surgery orals. Only in 1962, when he passed the oral examinations on his second try, did the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons certify him to practice medicine in Quebec.

In the interim he had been busy. He had a theory that arthritis is caused by "hormone imbalance." Working as a researcher at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, he implanted the pituitary glands of newly slaughtered calves into the thighs of six arthritis patients in the belief that this would restore the hormone balance and cure the disease. The hospital promptly suspended him. Later he was reinstated, but he quit with the comment, "You can't develop anything original here." He set up a commercial operation called Endocrine Research Laboratory and turned out skin tonics, hair-growing preparations and vitamins. Soon he was grossing $50,000 a year.

On September 10, 1956, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration checked an alleged baldness cure called R-20 in a store in Minneapolis. Analysis showed that it contained estradiol—a powerful female sex hormone—and alcohol. Estradiol and other sex hormones are touchy and potentially dangerous substances—and they don't cure common baldness.

"We traced the drug to a small firm called Dermal Research, at Rouses Point, N.Y., run by Liefmann," says FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick. "We went there to check, but he eluded us by stepping over the Canadian border. We charged him with unlawful delivery of the drug into interstate commerce. He failed several times to appear for arraignment at the Federal District Court in Syracuse, N.Y., and an arrest warrant was issued on December 10, 1957. He hasn't returned to the U.S. and remains a fugitive from justice."

By 1961 Doctor Liefmann had another product—Liefcort. "I just went downstairs and mixed it up," he was quoted in the *Look* article. "By God, I hit it right on the head." He hit the big money too. The *Look* article noted that the drug's value was unproven, but it quoted a number of people who said that the drug had helped them. That's all that was needed. By car, by bus, by train, by air, the sufferers flocked to Liefmann.

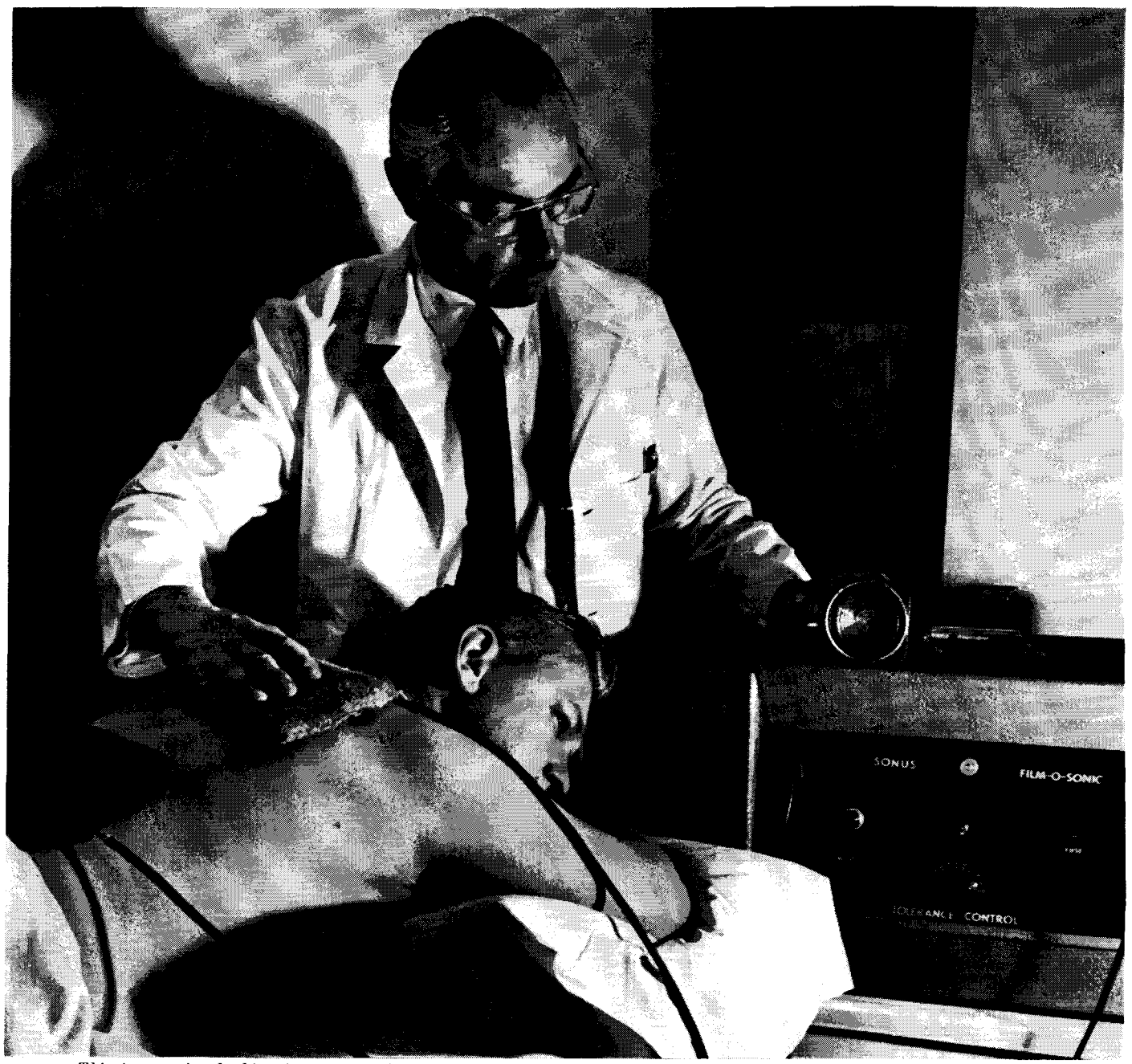
"Regardless of what Doctor Liefmann may have told Fred Walczak," says Dr. Russell Cecil, an eminent New York authority on arthritis, "Liefcort contains a terrific dose of prednisone, one of the cortisones. It also contains the male hormone testosterone and the female hormone estradiol—the one Liefmann used in his baldness cure. Neither hormone has any known value in arthritis.

"Now, as to the prednisone. Doctors sometimes use it, as with other cortisones, in treating some cases of arthritis. Cortisones reduce the pain and swelling and make the joints more mobile. But they can be extremely dangerous to some p tients. Among other things, cortisones can cause internal hemorrhaging, peptic ulcer, spontaneous fractures of bones and mental derangement. Doctors start patients on cortisones carefully, watch for ill effects, and keep trying to reduce the dose to the absolute minimum.

"But Liefcort contains ten times the normal dosage of prednisone. Patients see Liefmann for ten or fifteen minutes, haul a supply of the drug home, and start taking it with no supervision. Naturally it makes people feel better for a while. But if and when reactions set in, they can be swift and drastic."

Fred Walczak and the fire captain were lucky in abandoning Liefcort before suffering any permanent ill effects, though the fire captain accumulated 40 pounds of fluid, had some bleeding under the skin and became so euphoric that he felt he was floating on a cloud all day. These conditions naturally worried his wife, and he went to see Doctor Calabro.

Others haven't been so fortunate. A 71-year-old woman from California flew to Canada for a supply when she read the magazine article. She developed internal bleeding, was hospitalized, contracted pneumonia after an operation to stop the bleeding, and died. In testimony before the Senate Committee on the Aging in January, 1963, Doctor Lamont-Havers of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation said that at least two other arthritics have been killed by the drug.



This impressive-looking instrument, here demonstrated by a legitimate doctor, sold for $500 until seized by the Government. Called "Film-o-Sonic," it used recording machine that played "Holiday for Strings" to patient. Electric back pads are worthless.

Bootleggers profit

The FDA has banned Liefcort from this country—that's why Doctor Liefmann couldn't ship a supply directly to Fred. But arthritics are still flocking to Canada for it, and bootleg supplies are available here.

Why don't Canadian authorities also ban Doctor Liefmann's product? "Such authority as we have," says Dr. C. A. Morrell, head of the Canadian Food and Drug Directorate, "is over his activity as a manufacturer of a drug. Last year he submitted an application to us to permit Liefcort to be used by doctors for investigational purposes. Our investigators found that Doctor Liefmann was not adhering to the required standards for manufacture and distribution of the drug to qualified investigators. We therefore demanded that he cease distribution for clinical trial."

"What about his prescribing it for his own patients?" I asked.

"Since his graduation from McGill he has had the status of a doctor in the eyes of our national law," Doctor Morrell pointed out. "The Food and Drug Directorate is not empowered to interfere with or to supervise the practice of medicine by doctors. We therefore cannot interfere with his prescribing any drug for his own patients."

Along with a whole pharmacopoeia of questionable and dangerous drugs, arthritics are offered an array of mechanical devices that would fill up the Smithsonian Institution. One is called the Micro Dynameter. A handsome and impressi electronic apparatus, it is supposed to a alyze arthritis by measuring electric cur-

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ıcnts generated by metal plates applied to areas of the body. Actually it is a simple electrical circuit called a string galvanometer. The only thing that its jiggling needle measures is the relative moisture of the user's skin. The FDA went to court and got a condemnation order against the machines. In the trial an FDA inspector told the judge that he and his colleagues had tried the Micro-Dynameter on two cadavers, and the machine showed that they were in perfect health. When the FDA began to seize the gadgets last year, it found that over 5,000 of them had been sold for as much as $875 each.

Another such instrument is the Sonus Film-o-Sonic machine. Moistened, wire-connected pads are attached to the patient's body, and he puts on a pair of earphones. The machine passes a varying low current through him while he listens to *Holiday for Strings*. "Fundamentally," says the accompanying literature, "Film-o-Sonic equipment is designed to transmit a controlled volume of audible sound energy. . . . The soothing, activating energy comes and goes . . . leaving the patient with a relaxed, intrigued attitude and a sense of well-being."

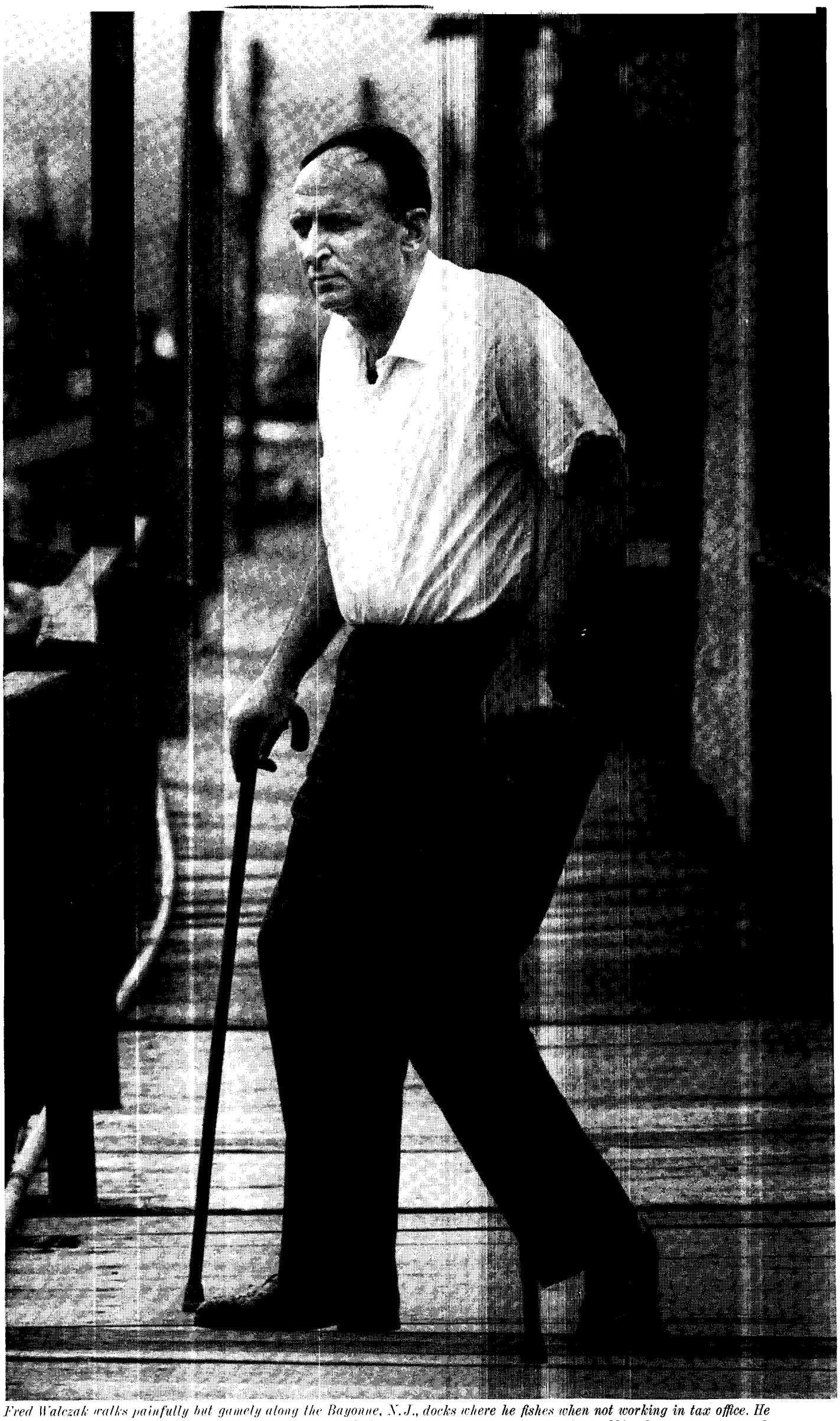
Among those who were intrigued were the FDA inspectors. They bought one of the $500 machines, took it apart and found that it contained nothing more therapeutic than the recording device that played the music. The FDA, taking legal action, seized several Film-o-Sonics and the company finally consented to con-ˈɔmnation of all the machines.

While the business in nostrums and dgets continues, research is striving to find answers to the great mystery of arthritis. Today an arthritic who seeks proper medical treatment promptly at the onset of his condition has a good chance of not becoming crippled and of leading a useful life. The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, headquartered in New York City, has 76 chapters throughout the country and will assist sufferers in finding the best types of valid therapy.

The foundation has also mounted an all-out offensive against quackery, led by an indomitable arthritic named Jerry Walsh, of Columbus, Ohio. In 1940, when he was 18, Jerry had been chosen the city's athlete of the year and had just signed a contract to pitch with the Boston Red Sox. Then he got rheumatoid arthritis as a Christmas present. For more than seven years he lay flat on his back, in torment. One of the fortunate persons helped by cortisone and surgery, he can now get around slowly on crutches.

But during his years with arthritis Jerry Walsh has spent thousands of dollars on worthless remedies. Not long ago he hobbled to the witness stand and bitterly told the Senate Committee on Aging of his desperate search for relief of his agony. "Horse chestnuts, vibrating machines, liniments, tonics, diets—you name it and I've tried it," Jerry said. "On one diet I didn't eat for thirty days." A senator gently asked how so many people could be so completely fooled.

Jerry's impatient answer explained why the hucksters thrive and why r victims keep paying. "I can guarantee you that in your bed of pain you will try *anything*, at any cost." THE END



Fred Walczak walks painfully but gamely along the Bayonne, N.J., docks where he fishes when not working in tax office. He was among many who went to Canada to try arthritis remedy banned in U.S., but stopped when his stabbing knee pains worsened.

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Martin Sommers

For 27 years nearly every article that appeared in this magazine reflected in some degree the mind and personality of one man. His name was Martin Sommers, and on the masthead he was listed first as Associate Editor, later as Foreign Editor until his retirement last year. Neither title did justice to his superb editorial talents, nor measured the breadth and depth of his contribution to the *Post*.

From a head that looked too big for his short, bandy-legged body there poured a daily torrent of story ideas, both foreign and domestic. He knew writers all over the world, both good ones and bad ones, and he had a genius for keeping the good ones producing at top performance and for spurring the bad ones to write better than they knew. When they turned in a piece that pleased him, his praise was unstinted. When they failed, his criticism was gently phrased, and his suggestions for rewriting were so clear and sensible a child could follow them. When only a little carpentry was needed, he did the job himself. Thrashing about in his chair, running his hands through a mop of silver-blond hair that gave him, in his younger days, the look of a lost angel, he would stab at a manuscript savagely with a big black pencil, muttering incoherent phrases of anger or approval. With masterly craftsmanship he excised the useless word, clarified the muddy sentence, smoothed the awkward transition, cut out the soft spot where the writer had spread a compost of verbiage to conceal a lack of facts.

His loyalty to his writers was boundless, as was theirs to him. He knew that reporting in depth is travail, that writing is a lonely trade, and that writers as a breed, for all their superficial arrogance, are tremulous men who welter in an agony of self-doubt. Writers therefore admired him for his honesty, his fairness and his competence, but they loved him for his gentleness. He hated to be the bearer of ill tidings. If the piece was good, his first word on the telephone was a jubilantly bellowed "Fine." If he bore bad news, he would sputter, croak, inquire about the author's health, speak of his own trouble with his liver, tell a joke or two, and by such delaying tactics convey, without saying so outright, the dire tidings that the writer's latest effort was a failure. Always, however, he would end on a note of buoyant confidence that the author's rewrite would set the editors dancing in the halls.

"There were long periods when Marty was overworked, because so many writers sought him out," said Ben Hibbs, Sommers's old boss and balance wheel. "I tried several times to lighten his burden by assigning writers to other editors, but in two or three months they'd all work their way back to Marty."

His interest in the men who wrote for him went beyond mere professional help. He nursed them through wife troubles, money troubles and periods of mental block. Broke and panicky in Bangkok or Cairo, they'd cast on him all their doubts and fears and frustrations. Back would come a cheering cable—and a check.

"He would have made a good priest," said Colonel John Virden, who wrote for him. "You felt impelled to pour out your secret troubles to him. You could trust him absolutely."

He had been in his time a high diver in a carnival—billed as Desperate Otto—a reporter on small Midwestern papers and on the Paris *Times*, a reporter-rewrite man and night city editor on the New York *Daily News*, and a war correspondent in China and the Normandy invasion. Out of this experience he somehow developed a prescience, a clairvoyant sense of where the attention of the world would focus next. As Foreign Editor of the *Post*, he never handcuffed a writer by telling him what the story ought to be; his genius lay in knowing where to send him. Merely by reading the news intelligently, he could sense the flow of the tides of history. Many an example of "*Post* luck" therefore was not luck at all, but Sommers's unerring judgment of when and where the news would break.

He was a complex man, torn by fierce hates and fiercer loyalties. His friendships ranged the world, from Wall Street bankers to Hong Kong bartenders, from Main Line matrons to fat old French women who ran small restaurants in Paris. He loved writers, whether great or obscure; dogs, newspapermen, honest cops, and waiters who plied their trade with diligence. He hated all phonies of whatever stripe. He distrusted press agents and all politicians. He loved above all the U.S.A., which he served in two wars, and his bitterest anger was directed against fanatics of the far left or right who would do it harm.

He was as proud as Cyrano of the enemies he had made, but it was friendships that sustained him. Standing at a bar after the day's work was done, he would recite these lines by Hilaire Belloc:

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.

He knew laughter and friendship in full measure until the day he died, July 17, 1963, at 63, in Philadelphia. And here in the office those of us who loved him, and leaned on him, and learned from him, drink to his memory.

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Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. It won't rub off, won't brush off. Loving Care leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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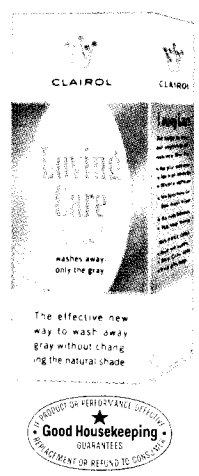
CLAIROL
Loving Care
washes away only the gray
The effective new way to wash away gray without changing the natural shade
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES

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